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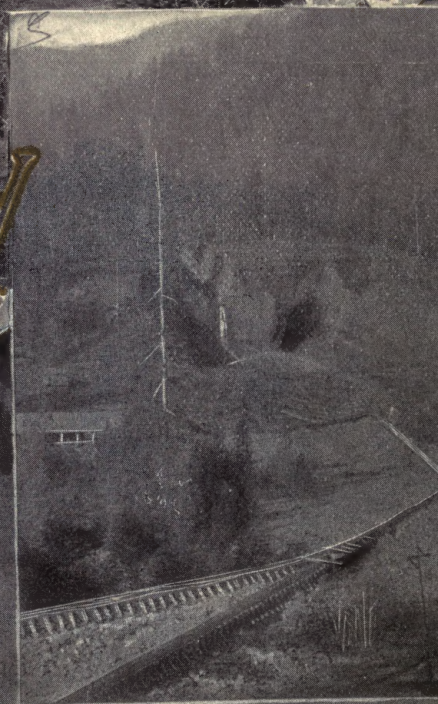
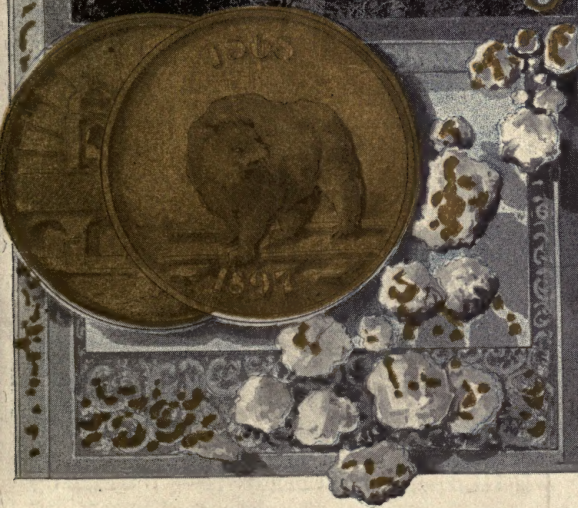


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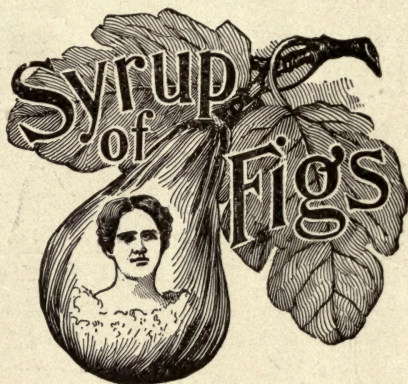
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VOL. XXIX.

No. 169.

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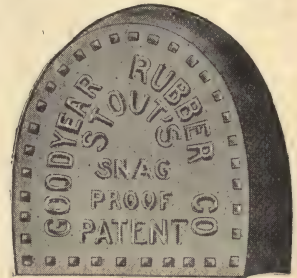
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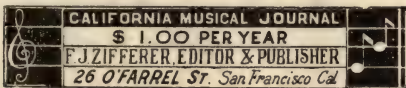
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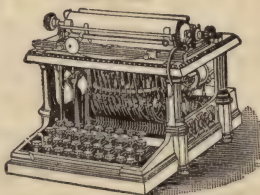
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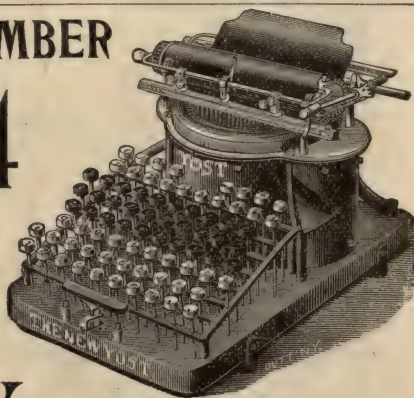
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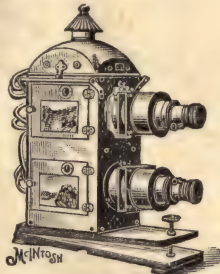
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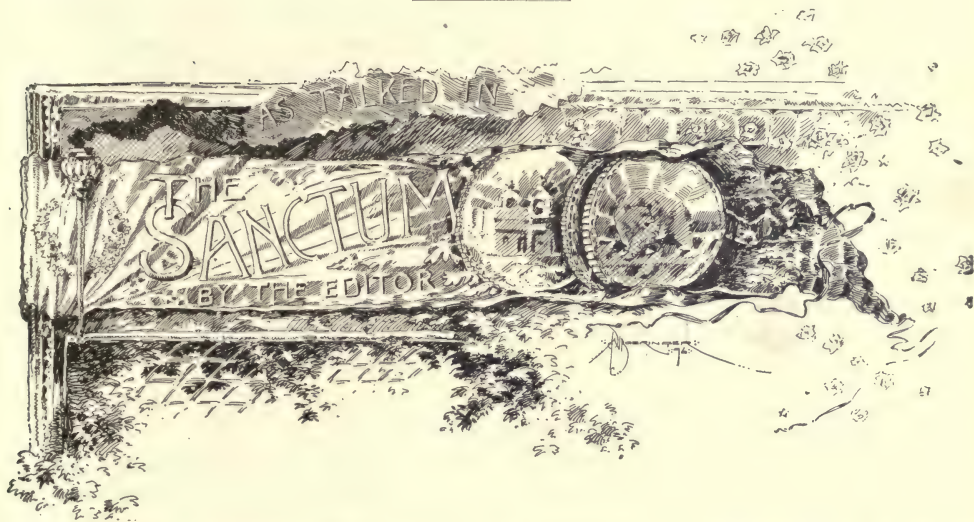
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“I read an article in a magazine within the year, that I had read not a month before in a New York publication. I did not feel called upon to announce my discovery to the world; for the plagiarism was an improvement. I remember writing a story one winter. I worked hard over it. I felt inspired. The plot slowly but surely developed. Incidents grew into scenes and what at first seemed to be embryo thoughts gradually formed themselves into rounded paragraphs. At last it was finished. I read it aloud to the family. As I read, something about it all seemed strangely familiar and as if led by an unseen hand I arose, went to my library, took down an old scrap book, and turned to my story with a well known but almost forgotten author’s name signed to it. It was a bitter moment, and the experience was curious. For years I distrusted myself, and even today I am always expecting some one to rise up and demand an explanation and apology.”

The Artist. “You flatter us.”

The Poet. "Our Contributor says of himself as Hawesworth said of Johnson, 'You have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world.'"

THE plagiarism-hunter found plenty of sport in the literature of the past campaign.

Moreover, it was wonderful how boldly the profession was carried on and how little attention was paid to the revelations of the plagiarism-hunter. A few years ago half the big New York papers devoted a page a day of parallel columns to convict Senator Ingalls for stealing an oration. It seemed to be a clear case, but Ingalls got the credit of the oration and the very name of the original orator is lost. In any case he improved upon it, which met all of Byron's requirements of a plagiarist.

"A good thought is often far better expressed at second-hand than at first utterance. If rich material has fallen into incompetent hands, it would be the height of injustice to debar a more skilful artisan from taking possession of it and working it up."

The campaign plagiarist, in the magazines and out, worked generally on the same model, — he combined in an article on some phase of the burning questions of the day extracts, without credit or quotation marks, from speeches, essays, editorials, statistics, and campaign literature, under one head and signed his name to the pot-pourri as the veritable author. He did it skilfully, therefore he was excused with a smile. Again he was within the Byronic definition,—

"Plagiarism, to be sure, is branded of old, but is never criminal except when done in a clumsy way, like stealing among the Spartans."

In August, 1894, there appeared in the *OVERLAND* a story called "Kaala, the Flower of Lanai," rather a pretty bit of Hawaiian folk lore. The writer's name was Carey and his manuscript had been in the Sanctum since the November previous. On the following Sunday, after the appearance of the *OVERLAND*, the *Call* had a Hawaiian tale entitled, "Kaala, the Flower of Lanai," reproducing the story without either credit or signature. Very promptly the magazine called the attention of the newspaper to the apparent theft, whereupon the *Call* demanded an explanation from one Hayne, the ambitious author who had sold them the manuscript. Hayne promptly denied having ever seen the August *OVERLAND* and proved beyond argument that his "copy" had for several weeks previous been in the *Call's* possession. The tale was written the preceding January, he claimed, and like Carey he was unable to conceive how his exact ideas and phrases could possibly have occurred to anyone else. Further to complicate the situation, Hon. Rollin M. Daggett, ex-United States Minister to Hawaii, wrote referring the *OVERLAND* to King Kalakaua's volume, "The Legends and Myths of Hawaii," for the original version of "Kaala."

Both the contributors, however, denied any knowledge of the existence of the book, and a month later a Honolulu paper wrote an editorial denouncing the editor of the *OVERLAND* for stealing bodily, word for word, the story "Kaala" from its old files, and signing a fictitious name to it.

And that was not the end. A year later a well known Hawaiian gentleman, of good literary standing, submitted "Kaala," the same old "Kaala," even to the punctuation marks, for the magazine's consideration. It was not considered. The same arrangement of gray-matter could not have been in all these brains, — or was it possible? Only the X ray will ever reveal.

Two years ago there was received in the Sanctum a delicious Irish story that was read with enthusiasm and published with a blare of trumpets. It was out of the ordinary—full of delightful waggish wit and picturesque conceits. From the opening sentence it brought a smile to the lips and left a feeling of good digestion. At once the writer was asked to become a regular contributor, but before his next was received the following letter came to the editor's desk:—

The paper in the last issue of the *OVERLAND* entitled "Told in the Dog-Watch," by "T. J. B.," is a plagiarism. It is taken from page 580 of "Burton's Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor," published by the Appletons in 1858. Its real title is "Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec."

"T. J. B." may have a plausible excuse. Yet I think that even he would recognize a difference between his methods and Doctor Holmes's, who confessed, "I have often felt, after writing a line that pleased me more than common, that it was not new, and was perhaps not my own." Neither do I think that even Byron would pat "T. J. B." on the back and remark, as he has done, "Commend me to a pilferer. You may laugh at it as a paradox, but I assure you, that the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

The Reviewer. "I never heard of any one plagiarizing the Poet."

The Poet. "No one ever plagiarized Vergil."

The Reader. "Yet one must get the straw for his bricks somewhere."

SUCCESSFUL plagiarism all depends upon the caliber of the plagiarist. To copy verbatim requires no brain, but to draw from Homer and Theocritus as Vergil did and leave behind the *Æneid* requires something more than a lead pencil and white paper. It was Tennyson who spoke of the "masterly plagiarisms" of Vergil and Milton, and yet his work is a perfect mosaic of gems from almost every writer in ancient and modern times. Of Milton it has been said: "The lilt of old songs was in his ears, the happy phrases of old poets, the jewels, five words long, from old treasures. He had the opulent memory of the profound student, and these things crowded thickly into his thought with each new suggestion from without." *Æsop's* fables can be found in the older Hindoo literature. Goethe never claimed all the credit for his immortal *Faust*. "What," he asks, "would remain to me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different poems, a thousand different things. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature: it bears the name of Goethe."

It would have done the soul of Molière good if he had have made the same frank confession regarding "Don Juan." Washington Irving "lifted" the "Story of the German Student" in the "Tales of a Traveler" from one of Hoffmann's "Contes Nocturnes," and the very same story was afterwards used by Alexandre Dumas, the elder, in "La Dame au Collier de Velours."

Goldsmith's "Madame Blaize" is a close translation of a poem by the Frenchman De la Monnoye. Thackeray's "Romance of the Rhine" is nothing more than Dumas's "Othon L'Archer." Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" was probably modeled on Wordsworth's "Michael"; his "In Memoriam" was suggested by Petrarch; his "Dream of Fair Women" by Chaucer; his "Godiva" by Moultrie, and his

"Dora" by Miss Mitford. The debt of Boccaccio, of De La Salle, of Chaucer, Shakespere, and Molière, to the old French "Fabliaux" will never be discharged.

One of the most amusing cases of unconscious plagiarism that was tragically comical in its results, happened to a once well known Philadelphia magazine. Its editor unearthed in a German monthly Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country." It struck him as one of the best things of the century and he promptly retranslated it back into its original English, and published it in the magazine with a salvo of hurrahs that was heard from Bangor to the Golden Gate. He and his magazine were laughed into their graves by a good natured public.

The modern writer is indebted more than he realizes to the ancients for the most conventional phrases. On three successive pages of Fielding may be discovered the well worn expressions, "The eternal fitness of things," "Distinction without a difference," and "An amiable weakness." Sir Walter Scott is caught using in "St. Ronan's Well," "Fat, fair, and forty."

The Bible is full of epigrams and catch-words that are discovered and rediscovered yearly by every new batch of strictly original litterateurs. There are certain expressions that are always used without quotation marks and yet not one in a hundred stops to think from whence they come, — for example, "It is not good that the man should be alone," "There were giants in those days," "In a green old age," "Darkness which may be felt," "The wife of thy bosom," "He kept him as the apple of his eye," "Quit yourselves like men," "A man after his own heart," "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," "Great men are not always wise." It must be annoying to the author as it is to the inventor to stumble on a brand new idea and then be informed that it is as old as the Alexandrian Library.

The Contributor. "I have made up my mind after listening to one of the Parson's sermons that there is such a thing as being too original."

The Parson. "Thank you. I can't say as much for this conversation."

The Bookkeeper. "Joaquin Miller wants to know if it is safe for him to come in?"

The Office Boy. "Proof."





SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

SHOULD THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS BE PRESERVED?¹



HERE are in California, in the area lying between San Francisco and San Diego, numerous ruins that excite the curiosity and often the veneration of the tourist. Some of these structures are partially in use as churches and parish residences; others are a mass of debris with an elevation standing, a crumbling tower yet raising its low form above a segment of shattered cloister, and again there is nothing but a shapeless rubble of worn adobe bricks.

¹See also John S. Hittell's "California Under the Friars," *Californian*, May, 1891; "Early Jesuit Missions in Lower California," by Rt. Rev. W. I. Kip, *OVERLAND*, February, 1893; and "Studies of the California Missions," by Francis Fuller Victor, *Californian*, May, June, July, 1882.

Where the buildings are sufficiently preserved to admit of occupancy, a good idea can be had of the plan upon which they were built. They were not alone churches, but they were quarters, generally a walled rectangle, containing apartments not only for priests, but for the soldiers' barracks and guardhouses, shops and storehouses, and more dingy places yet for Indian servants and laborers. The structures were mostly built of adobe,—clay bricks dried in the sun and containing more or less vegetable mold. It is due to the unstableness of this material that the disintegration of these buildings so early set in and that today, though the most ancient of them



SANTA BARBARA.

is scarcely 125 years old, they are in decay, and the best preserved are hardly more than the remains of buildings.

If the tourist would extend his journey into Lower California, and through Arizona, he would find at intervals the ruins of like structures ; and as he went on he would get an idea that those missions were a continuous chain from Point Lobos to Cape San Lucas and from San Diego to Mexico, and that they were propagated and spread by the same spirit and under the patronage of the same power.

From this view of the structures themselves we may get an idea of the uses which they were designed to serve. They were the citadels of the theocracy which was planted in California by Spain, under which its wild inhabitants were subjected, which stood as their guardians, civil and religious, and whose duty it was to elevate them and make them acceptable as citizens and Spanish subjects. Other pioneers have blazed the way for civilization by the torch and

the bullet, and the red man has disappeared before them ; but it remained for the Spanish priests to undertake to preserve the Indian and seek to make his existence compatible with a higher civilization. What means they took and how they succeeded, will be the inquiry of these pages.

In 1697 the Californians were populated solely by numerous tribes of Indians. Of these, those of Lower or Baja California were in habits and modes of life the worst. Living in a hot, dry region, they needed neither artificial heat nor clothing. Accordingly they went mostly naked, were improvident, idle, and had no fixed habitations.

Nowhere can we find a more perfect exposition or get a nearer view of man's primary relation to Nature. Without a precept above that of an animal which seeks out and devours its food, these Indians had not the first idea of shaping human labor to the elevation of their existence above the beast plane.



SAN CARLOS AT MONTEREY.

There attended them, too, all those circumstances which philosophers tell us are incompatible with civilized society. Among them was perfect individual freedom. There was no jealousy ; no hatred of each other within the tribal bounds. There was neither apprehension of birth nor fear of death — both functions were regarded as natural. There was no property. There was no marriage bond, — all herded together in a common band. Nature being always benign, with no thunders to terrorize and no storms to frighten or freeze, they had no gods to conciliate, and no conception of a future life. They were human animals, highest of all animals, and in perfect harmony with the nature which had brought them forth.

California had been visited at various times after Cabrillo's discovery in 1542,

by divers English buccaneers and adventurers. Drake and Cavendish, and Woodes, Rogers, George Shelvocke, and more, had sailed from England with their armed ships to sack Spanish towns and seize Spanish shipping, and they found their most defenseless prey and richest, readiest booties on the coast of Mexico and in the interception of the galleons from the Philippines, to pounce upon which they lurked in the region of Cape San Lucas.

In 1615, Juan Iturbi found pearls in the Gulf of California, and thenceforth for some years adventurous wealth-seekers, some sailing under patent monopolies from the crown, turned to this channel of wealth-getting.

Meanwhile settlement in California had never taken root. No attempt to colonize had followed the solemn claims of Cabrillo made at various spots from



CARMEL MISSION NEAR MONTEREY.

San Diego to Monterey, and when Drake came, nearly forty years after, and nailed the profile of his queen to a post on the California shore, the Spaniards were not stirred by that event.

True, a part of this indifference came from the failure of certain earnest attempts to gain a footing in the new land, and in part, it cannot be doubted, it was due to the languor into which the administration of Spanish affairs had subsided. Cortez, with the energy of a conqueror, had visited the gulf coast of the peninsula in 1535, and made a desperate struggle there to maintain himself and his people, but without avail. Not that he was driven off by the population, but the arid and unresponsive wilds denied him sustenance and promise.

And the country continued for years to repel all schemes to plant Spanish life within it. The territory itself was the back bone, perhaps the coccyx, of that mountain skeleton set along the coast to the indefinite north. Its gigantic, bare,

and broken undulations might have leaped and hardened from the waters which lashed its either shore. For seven hundred miles it struck south, and from sea to gulf, a width of from three hundred to forty miles, it maintained its sterile character.

Although there floated in the murky atmosphere of Spanish credulity a belief that within this strange country there were ready wonders of gold and gems, yet those who had probed the question with their ships had found nothing to feed this fiction, and the bleak coasts remained untenanted by the Europeans. There were reasons, however, which rendered it highly needful to the Spanish sovereign that this unexplored land should sustain some settlements of his own people. It was desired that a supply station for the Philippine galleons be fixed near Cape San Lucas, and then those fabulous straits of Anian were believed to open from the Pacific to the Atlantic in the latitude of



SAN ANTONIO OF PADUA.

Newfoundland, thereby making it easy for the English to reclaim the "New Albion" which Drake had named in California years before.

But the political designs of his Majesty regarding the new country were to find support, and indeed, execution, in a quarter which had never been thought a likely or possible aid. It was known in Mexico that this sterile country was inhabited by human beings who worshiped strange gods, and were far abroad from the true faith. To the zealots of the Roman Church this fact was a worry and a responsibility that sunk all other matters into insignificance. In charge of God's apostolic Church, believing that every soul which left the body unanointed by the holy oil plunged straight to the infernal, they thought it their highest duty to expend all their efforts toward rescuing these benighted people.

It was this thought which stirred in Father Kuhn, a German Jesuit, called in Spanish Eusebio Francisco Kino, a desire to accompany Admiral Isidro Atondo y Antillon, when on March 18, 1683, he sailed with two ships from Chacala, Mexico, to make another attempt to colonize the new country.

Two other Jesuits accompanied Kino, and landing at La Paz, where Cortez had disembarked years before, they remained in the country three years. During this time the priests were industrious in placating and teaching the Indians. A church was built and many conversions made. But however much the enterprise was a success in a spiritual way, it did not impress Atondo with its temporal results. The country had never sustained them; they had always needed supplies from home, and as the future promised no better, they sailed away.



SAN GABRIEL.

*The report of Atondo to the viceroy at Mexico destroyed all official plans of having California settled by civil authority. It was remarked, however, that the efforts of Kino and his brethren had gone farther and cost less than those of any others, for after all, the problem was not alone the occupation of the country by Spanish whites, but it was the maintenance of them there amongst a wild people.

It was the staying qualities of Kino and his companions in a country which all other Spaniards had abandoned, and his desire to remain with the Indians and their mutual regrets at having to part, that led the Mexican council to think that perhaps the key to the settlement of the new country had been found by Kino, and induced it to solicit the Jesuit order to undertake the task.

They twice declined, in spite of the

eagerness of the German father. He withdrew to his Sonora plains, but not to rest. The zeal of the sainted Francis Xavier, in whose emulation he had retired from his mathematics at Ingolstadt, burned within him, and he devoted himself to exciting an interest in his missionary labors that they might be resumed.

Juan Maria Salvatierra, a brother Jesuit, large in body, strong and rugged in feature, in spirit dauntless, caught Kino's fire. The agitation soon inflamed notable minds and private subscriptions started the "pious fund," through the increase of which all the missions in Lower California were begun and sustained. The money, private and public, was invested in farms in Mexico from the annual profits of which the income of the missions was derived, and they were thus, in a measure, maintained through-



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION.

out. Kino, Salvatierra, Ugarte, Jayme Bravo, these names mark the heroes of the fifty years of Jesuit occupation of Lower California. They were great men, greater than any that afterward appeared in Northern California, save one. Garbed in the habit of monks, they worked wonders in the wild desolation about them. Statesmen and diplomats in Mexico when seeking patronage for their work, they were generals, superintendents, taskmasters, and spiritual instructors, among the heathen in those desert mountains by the western sea.

In 1767 they were conducting fifteen missions in Lower California when, without notice, without accusation, or trial, or opportunity for defense, and without indemnity for the loss of their possessions, they were driven from the country.

It was in the attempt at the abolition of the Jesuit order, then in disfavor at the courts of France and Spain, that the Spanish soldiery drove the Jesuits from California. The same ships that carried

the expelling troops took thither the Franciscan friars to succeed them. This order continued the missionary occupation for sixty-five years, at the end of which time antagonistic influences had grown up about it, that caused the work to be abandoned.

This order differed greatly from the Jesuits. It was a mendicant order, and one of its vows was poverty, another obedience. Unlike the Jesuits, they abhorred controversy, and they did not confine their membership to men of learning. Thus the Franciscans were just the order from which an irritated government expected the least annoyance with the greatest amount of work and the most energetic progress.

Nor was it deceived. The work in the new field was placed by the college of Saint Francis in the hands of Junípero Serra, a native of Majorca, then in his fifty-fourth year. Born Miguel José, son of lowly toilers, he early developed a desire for holy orders. At eighteen years he became a monk, and thenceforward



SAN DIEGO.

his life was spent as a missionary among savage races.

Junípero was a zealot. The apostolic memoirs which his ardent mind devoured, filled him with anxiety to model his life after the most self-accusing of the ascetics. His physical vigor and mental strength, his fixity of purpose and tireless application, were coupled with a benignity of spirit, a kindness, even a gentleness, of manner that made him the most fitting man then in New Spain for the work. His experience, too, in the establishment of missions in the Sierra Gorda of that country had helped to fit him for the new task.

Arriving with fifteen priests on the 12th day of March, 1768, at Loreto on the gulf coast of California, Padre Junípero Serra assumed, in solemn ceremonial, control of the missions of the new territory. But the design of Carlos III. was to do more than hold the ground,

it was to push the conquest to the north-west coast. Thither under the vice-royalty of the Marquis de Croix, King's Minister in Mexico, Junípero and his brother friars proceeded. José de Galvez, named visitor-general, with Catalonian soldiers, artisans, muleteers, Indian neophytes, and others beside the friars, in three ships and two land parties from Loreto to San Diego in the spring of 1769, got under way.

Junípero followed some days after the starting of the last train, a land party headed by Portolá, and overtook it at an abandoned camp of Moncada's where he paused to found a mission. The place was called San Fernando de la Vellicata, after a canonized Spanish king, and was considered on the frontier of the peninsula. After appropriating supplies and stock to the new ecclesiastical venture, the train resumed the journey.

It was a wild trail. Some of the voy-



MISSION BELLS.

agers died, others, footsore and weak, were carried in litters on shoulders scarce stronger than their own. On the first day of July, 1769, as the sun set above the rolling curves of the hot sand hills, the straggling column wearily ascended its final slope. Below lay the bay of San Diego! Beyond was the bluer ocean, and in the land-locked harbor rode the Spanish ships! The Te Deum pealed out on the soft-salt air the music of devout glad voices, marvelous enough to the natives who stood about.

At San Diego California nature, severe and rugged as they had known it, seemed for the first time to break into beauty. Here was started the first mission of Alta California. On the sixteenth day of July, on which in 1212 the Christians had vanquished the Moors, Junípero blessed the spot, and with Viscaino and Parron raised the cross of Spain. There was mass and firing of arms on ships and shore, and the stakes were driven, of which all the mission buildings were at first constructed.

As regards these squalid natives, however, things fared not so well. Gloomily enough they looked upon this strange invasion. They mistrusted those who had come among them. To all overtures they returned but suspicion and doubt. Greedily they accepted what was given them for the clothing of their naked bodies and the women gladly shed their squirrel skins for better garments; but of food, lest they swallow poison, they would take nothing.

When gifts failed, the natives turned to pilfering. They boarded the *San Carlos* at her anchor and stole there. Soldiers were sent for its defense and then, the mission guard being weakened, the savages conceived the purpose of a general raid to dislodge the strangers. Armed with clubs and spears, they broke through the mission palisades and into the low structures. Four soldiers, a carpenter, and a blacksmith, sprang to the muskets, — while on their knees within the hut which served as a chapel, Junípero and Viscaino, non-combatants, with beads and crucifix, implored the favor of God. The assailants were repulsed with loss, while of the defenders but one was killed. The Indians submitted thenceforth peaceably for the while to the presence of the newcomers.

Meanwhile, on July 14th Portolá, who was governor, Padres Crespi and Gomez, with Moncada and others, some sixty-four in all, started north to fix a settlement at the harbor of Monterey. They reached the bay, but were unable to recognize the port described by the early explorers. The wide crescent horned by the Point of Pines and by Año Nuevo failed to impress them as being a harbor, and they passed north to the bay of San Francisco, which they were the first to discover.

It was not until a second expedition had been made in search of the coveted place, this time attended by the ship *San Antonio*, that the spot was located. Amidst

profound rejoicing, with the clangor of bells on tree boughs, the cross was raised and the ground consecrated. High mass was sung, and Junípero preached a sermon. The military on the King's account claimed the country and a record was made.

The site of the mission was, however, shortly thereafter removed to the bank of the river they called Carmel, several miles southerly, where there were surroundings of fertile acres and timbered heights, with ample water. Here was firmly fixed the mission of Monterey, called Mission de San Carlos del Rio Carmelo, otherwise sometimes known as the Carmel mission, founded in the summer of 1771.

Thus were begun the two missions whose foundation in Alta California was planned by the college of San Fernando and the visitor-general, prior to the departure of the company from Mexico. Junípero was enthusiastic over the promise offered by the new region which needed but seed and labor to render harvests that would sustain the new establishments, an achievement never reached by the missions of the peninsula.

Eagerly, therefore, did the Father President write his official coadjutors of the possibilities of the new country. He asked for supplies, materials, more priests. The *San Antonio* was sent back, and at San Blas on the continental coast of Mexico, it met the *San Carlos*, these three years geese-bottomed in San Diego harbor, waiting for word from viceroy or other, which failing, Villa had brought to this place, himself, alas, to die.

The *San Antonio*, received with plaudits which resounded to old Spain, was straightway loaded and started again for Monterey, where she arrived May 21st, 1771. She bore ten fathers to Junípero, who, on embracing them, conceived the immediate founding of other missions.

San Antonio de Padua was the next



OLIVE MILL AT MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

mission and this was fixed in a small valley of the mountain range which the soldiers called the Santa Lucia. This valley was grown to rich grass, studded with oaks and pines, and settled by Indians who lived in hive houses, fashioned of sticks and fibers and clustered in rancherías. A little river ran through its center, which the settlers called Salinas. Portolá and Padre Crespi had seen this place as they traveled between Monterey and San Diego, and had marked it for a mission.

Junípero blessed the ground, sprinkling it with holy water, hung up the bells, and in an ecstasy fell to ringing them and shouting, to the astonishment of the neophytes, the seven soldiers, and the three sailors, who made up the company. The images and ornaments were unpacked, and on July 14, 1771, the first mass was

sung at an altar built under a booth. The soldiers constructed a stockade, rude barracks, and other buildings, and padres Miguel Pieras and Buenaventura Sitjar were left in command.

San Antonio Mission was in 1813 rebuilt in adobe blocks with red-tiled roof, its long cloistered structure fronted by a square white chapel, standing to this day. The history of it, too, lacks not of grimness. It withstood an Indian raid in 1775, when a converted red man lost his life, and a priest escaped but narrowly. Friar Francisco Punjol died strangely, it was believed by Indian poison, and found sepulcher beneath its stones. Padre Sitjar, too, is buried there, the first of the padres to put in writing the speech of the San Antonio Indians. The fruit of his learned labors is still kept among California relics.

Following the dedication of San Antonio, Junípero delegated padres Benito Cambon and Angel Somera to found in his stead the mission of San Gabriel Arcangel, in the valley of the San Miguel, far to the south and east, where the first party from San Diego to Monterey had camped on July 30, 1769.

The ship San Antonio had carried Crespi and his company to San Diego, from whence they struck to the north and west. Some hundred and twenty miles in this direction, they came to the region where they were to plant the new church, dedicated to San Fernando. It was a wide plain, watered by a bold river which bore westward the melted snows of the cloudy peaks of the north and east.

September 8th, 1771, was the date of the founding of this mission. The Indians received them with scowls and threats which broke into a demonstration. But frightened by the gaudily painted banner of the strangers, suddenly unfurled, they ran away, leaving the pious company to their praises and genuflections for this miraculous deliverance.

The next valley selected for a mission site lay twenty-five leagues southeasterly from San Antonio, and like the vale in the Santa Lucias, had been observed in passing by Portolá and the Monterey party of 1769. There was an ample stream running through it, bounded by sloping hills from whose summits could be seen the ocean scarce ten miles distant. It was here on September 1st, 1772, was founded the mission of San Luis Obispo del Tolosa, Junípero officiating and Padre José Cavaller in charge.

Thence Junípero sped to San Diego to meet the captains of the ships just from Mexico, which had been unable to reach the northern port because of head winds. Prevailing upon Captain Perez of the San Antonio to buffet the winter storms in passage to Monterey, where supplies were

desperately needed, he himself took passage on the San Carlos for Mexico.

Marques de Croix had been recalled from the vice-royalty to be succeeded by Antonio Maria Bucareli y Ursua, and Visitador-general José de Galvez had gone back to Spain, whereby two firm and powerful friends were removed. Bucareli, however, proved to be a friend of the missions. The stalwart priest was received with distinguished consideration by the college of San Fernando, and Bucareli invited him to communicate in writing the things most needed. Junípero wrote a document remarkable for its scope, comprehension of minutiae, and perspicacity. Bucareli received it, read, marveled, and was won.

In consequence of this business the relations between the missions and the military, the civil and the ecclesiastical, became more defined. Junípero had in California insisted that the military should be subservient to the priests, that the conquest was spiritual, not temporal; but Pedro Fages, comandante of Monterey presidio, said nay. Mexico removed Fages, and Fernando de Rivera y Mondada, who succeeded, was advised that the missions should have control of the Indians, *in loco parentis*, and that if a priest demanded removal of a soldier from a mission he must forthwith retire to the presidio.

There was \$38,385 computed as the annual expense of government in Alta California, salaries of all save governor and commissioner to be paid in goods delivered there at advance of one hundred and fifty per cent upon original cost. The annual salary of a priest was \$400, and since each mission had two padres, its yearly portion of commodities from Mexico was eight hundred dollars.

After two years of absence from California Junípero returned. He had twice been sick unto death, and a sore which afflicted his leg, festering from lack of re-



SAN MIGUEL.

pose, had fretted him with pains, but could not stay his restless spirit. The Dominicans, too, jealous of the growing power of San Fernando, demanded share in the California exploit. Junípero opposed the proposition, but a Catholic government was impartial and said yea.

"Then we'll divide the country," replied Junípero and his college; "let our brothers of Saint Dominic proceed to the well installed missions of the south, while we continue in conquest of the northern wilds."

"Agreed."

Eight fathers of Saint Francis, flanked by fifteen guards, pushed past Vellicata, leaving eighteen Dominicans in control in the south. On August 19th, 1773, they were at the Arroyo de San Juan Bautista, south fifty miles from San Diego; and on its bank, amidst Te Deums, they raised

an alder cross which bore, "Division de las Misiones de Nuestro Padre Santo Domingo y de Nuestro Padre San Francisco: Año de 1773."

It was May 11th, 1774, when Junípero arrived from Mexico. The ship Santiago had arrived two days before and relieved a famine at the Mission Monterey, then proceeded north to sound the waters and explore the coasts.

The Indians who had in 1769 pilfered, then raided, the San Diego mission had not been so subdued as to render them incapable of rising. On the night of November 4th, 1775, eight hundred, it is said, plunged down upon the little settlement, now moved six miles farther up the valley, amid plowed fields and late planted vines. Two priests were there, four soldiers, a blacksmith, and two carpenters, one of them ill.

With Indian deceit the body approached, and was unsuspectingly met by Father Luis Jayme.

"Amad a' Dios, hijos."

They pounced upon the incautious friar, dragged him off, and cudgeled him with their clubs until he exhaled the ghost. They then rushed upon the hut where was barricaded the little group of whites. The blacksmith, sword in hand, fell pierced by arrows; the sick carpenter was killed. Firebrands flung upon the roof ignited the thatch and drove the inmates to a small adobe. Here in desperation and with success they fought, Padre Fuster shielding the powder sack with his friar's frock from the lighted brands until the Indians retired in the early morning.

From San Diego Junípero proceeded to the site of the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, named, it is said, for a pious Italian, the erection of which had been started a year before. It was some eighty miles south of San Diego, on a spot overlooking the ocean. The coast line forms a bight here protected from the northern winds by a bold cape. A little stream runs down from the uplands, and at its mouth the ships might make a landing. The soil surrounding was rich and deep, and spread in wide and pleasant pastures. Padres Fermin Francisco de Lasuen and Gregorio Amurrio had proceeded to work, when their labors were interrupted by news of the San Diego horror. Thither Junípero and Padre Mugartegue turned and applied their efforts with soldiers and neophytes; the walls were soon up, the ground broken for crops, and the fifth of the missions was installed.

Years later, a priest, Gorgonio, with taste in architecture, designed a structure modeled from the Byzantine cathedrals. Its adobe walls were five feet thick, its proportions 100x150 feet. Its roof, vaulted

eighty feet from the ground, was covered with tiles and surmounted by domes surrounding a great tower resting upon columns, in which swung a heavy bell. The interior was decorated with a solemn grandeur, lavish were it not pious; the walls, niched for images or hung with paintings.

Alas for this noble fane, for priestly pride and barbaric splendor, the edifice was doomed to sudden wreck and demolition. In 1812 an earthquake tumbled it down one feast day of the Immaculate Conception, on the devotees at morning mass. Thirty were killed and many wounded. The shattered ruins were abandoned.

Padre Francisco Palou and Padre Benito Cambon were named as the priests assigned to the San Francisco mission. It was founded on June 29th, 1776, the spot selected being on the bank of the laguna called Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, which discharged its waters into an ensenada, since christened Mission Bay. This lake has now vanished, and its very bed is well nigh obliterated. The Mission Dolores stands today, dim and dingy though it has been once rebuilt.

The new mission called San Francisco de Assisi was in an amphitheater of plain with brown bare hills beyond, on the tops of which the big elk sometimes gazed in brute wonder at the strange structure below. But the formal consecration of this mission did not occur until October 9th. The chapel, 5 x 18 varas, and the rectory, 5 x 10 varas, had been completed, and since the founding of the mission the presidio had been established. The San Carlos was in the harbor, and Captain Fernando Quiros, with sailors and ship's bunting, and Comandante Moraga with his soldiers, marched thither from the presidio, and there were pabladores who came through with Captain Juan Bautista de Anza from Sonora with



SAN LUIS OBISPO MISSION.

their families to settle in the new land, Padres Palou, Cambon, Tomás de la Peña Saravia, José Norcedal, and others, though Junípero was in the south, and could only dream of their gathering and the expansion of the glorious work.

Three months afterward the mission of Santa Clara was founded. It was located at the head of the plain of San Fernandino, through which the Guadaloupe river found its way, and in an area of fertile and well watered soil. The broad spread of nearly even surface was dotted with clumps of oak, so that the soldiers spoke of it as "El Llano de los Robles." Those who trod in military brogans bestowed names as did those who moved in sandals. With the former, names were given as the characteristics of the spots suggested. Thus a valley near where now stands San Luis Obispo, was found to be inhabited

by many bears. "Cañada de los Osos," became the soldier name. A subsidence in the Santa Lucia mountains suggested to the military view "La Hoya de la Sierra de Santa Lucia." But Crespi covered this with "Las Llagas," because the day they saw it was that of the "Impression of the wounds of St. Francis."

The Santa Clara valley was on that January day grown to tall green grass through which the deer browsed, and wild ducks floated on the rivers. Here on January 12th, 1777, they raised an altar and Padre Tomás de la Peña said mass, and the pious Assisi maiden had a mission. A square of seventy yards was marked off and a church and priests' residence was built on one side, while on the other was constructed the shop and offices; the military barracks, storehouses, settlers' abodes, and neophytes' huts, oc-

cupying the remaining two sides of the quadrangle. Padre José Antonio Murguía joined Peña as a resident priest.

Crude enough structure of mudded stakes and tule thatch, it was doomed to a brief existence. Two years later a freshet washed it out, and Padre Murguía, famed for his stone church in the Sierra Gorda of Mexico, bent his zealous efforts to the building of another. This was fairly

proportioned, of excellent architectural plan, and was then the best built house in California. Beneath it Murguía was interred. Strongly anchored, it stood upwards of thirty years, but on May 15th, 1784, an earthquake shattered it and it had to be abandoned. Some eight years later another church was built and this, with square low tower and cross on apex of the gable roof, stands today.

John E. Bennett.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED.

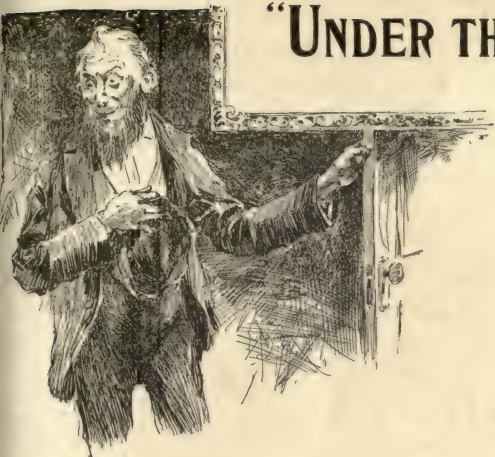
'T IS said that the good old fathers
Who sought this Western Coast,
Bearing o'er ocean and desert
The consecrated host,

Feared not so much lest hunger
Of the body drive them back,
As that wine and oil and wafer
The sacrament should lack.

So they brought the vine and olive
And saved the seeding grain,
And set them round the missions,
Far from their sunny Spain.

And California fears not
For storm or hostile fleet;
For mission grape and olive
Still grow amid the wheat.

Charles S. Greene.



"UNDER THE HEADIN' OF THRUUTH."

V. MR. CUSACK JOINS A "THROUPE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. LOFTY'S
DIARY.

"I SEE," remarked Mr. Cusack, as he produced his pipe, "the settlers has been gettin' up another Injun up-risin' over in Jackson's Hole. Seein' the Colonel is smokin' I suppose you 'll not mind me? Thim Injun uprisin's is a mighty good thing for the Western counthry. None av the pickings wud iver come our way at all, if we did n't sthir Uncle Sam up wanst in the while. Thim Easterners do be so wrapped up in thimsilves that they lose sight of the nades of the West intirely. Talkin' av Injun scares reminds me av one I had wanst mesilf. It was in '63, an' I was doin' some odd jobs av haulin' up at the Dalles, an' I owned a good team an' a dead ax wagon. Wan day there got off av the stheamer a fly-by-night minsthrel throupe,—eight men there wor an' wan woman, the wife av wan av thim. Moulton his name was, an' he met a sad end aftherwards.

"A harmless, good-natured lot they wor, an' they were thryin' to bate their way over to Bannock City,—Idaho City it is now. They gave a show at the Dalles that night, an' me heart warrumed up to the poor jolly divils, for I niver saw a crowd that tuk whatever luck fate sint wid more philosophy. So whin they approached me about me tame, I fell in wid thim an' we sthruke a bargain; an' you 'll think it was wan that did little cred-

it to me as a man av business. But the upshot av it was, I was to haul their sthuff over the mountains, an' they were to give their show in every little place we sthruke; an' I was to take me chances av gettin' me pay at the ind av the thrip. They scraped up all the money there wor in the crowd,—twenty-eight dollars it was in all, I remimber well,—an' bought provisions and some blankets. But they wor mighty short av blankets, I can tell yez. An' we loaded the sthuff, an' their three or four champagne baskets full av 'properties' as they called 'em, onto the wagon; an' Mrs. Moulton climbed up on the sate beside av me, an' the byes cut thimsilves a walk-in' sthick apiece, an' off we stharted.

"There was wan consumptive fellow, the manager av the throupe, that we all expicted to lay alongside the road somewhere; we had to give him a lift wanst in the while the first couple of days or so. But Lord love you! we wor a month on the road, an' before the thrip was over he could walk his twenty or thirty miles a day wid the best av 'em, an' sthow away more bacon an' banes than annybody. 'T was the makin' av him.

"Well, at the ind av the very first day out, we sthruke a snag. We came to a ferry an' there was not a cint among the whole gang to pay the toll. So two av the byes, they got some tin helmets out of wan av the champagne baskets, an' a couple av sthuffed clubs, an' got out in the middle av the road in front av the toll house, an' they did what they called a 'grand combat scane,' an' hol-

lered, 'Lay on, McDuffy! Lay on!' till I thot the ferryman wud bust his suspinders laffin'; thin they did a clog dance; an' thin the ferryman he tuk us acrost, an' wished us a plisint journey an' good luck.

"Me life! but that wor the happiest crowdiver I traveled wid. Not wan av thim wud have changed places wid the Prisdint; an' the fun an' the jokes. I have met wid wan or two av thim in the years that has gone since, that have done well in the wurruld, an' nade ask for nothing, but it's my belafe they wud trade it all off to be back in thim days wid the light hearts an' the good legs av thim, together wid the impty pockets an' the appetites like a wolf's. It's a fine thing to be young an' take no heed for the morrow. In ivery little hamlet we come to, we gave a show an' made a sthake to replenish the sthores, so that the bacon an' banes an' dhried apples an' Rio coffee niver did run out completely, though many 's the time they got mighty low.

"But I'm not gettin' on to the Injuns. The Injuns wor not as tame in thim days as now, an' the Malheurs wor makin' throuble thin. Whin we got to La Grande in the Grande Ronde Valley, we heard bad tales av thim, an' as we wint on from there iverybody we met scared us worse an' worse. We got oursilves ferried across the Snake above the Payette, so as to save oursilves the fordin' av that sthrame, an' wor congratulatin' oursilves that we had come as good as to our journey's ind widout mishap. But at the ferry they tould us av two prospectors bein' kilt but a few days before. But we wor only a few days' journey from Bannock thin, an' on we must go. So the nixt mornin', bright an' airly we sthorted on. We had to cross the divide before we would see water again afther we left the Payette, an' it was near an all day pull up hill before we rached

the top. We wor all purty well bate out, an' the horses about giv out wid the drooth. We felt mighty joyful whin we pulled up on the summit an' looked down into the valley av the Boise, away below us, an' see the river windin' like a silver wire through a purty green sthrip av cottonwoods and meadows. I thot it the purtiest sight I iver saw, an' the horses see it too, an' pricked up their ears and braced up for a home run.

"We had got down the hill an' half way acrost the valley, whin Mrs. Moulton says, 'Sthop! Luk at that!' An' shure enough, out from a clump av cottonwoods betwixt us an' the river came two Injuns a horseback.

"It was ivident they had sane us, long before we did thim, for they commenced whoopin' an' cavortin' an' circlin' around on the plain. We watched them a good while, an' we made up our minds, Injuns they shurely wor, an' av coorse where they came from were a plenty more or they niver would be so bould. An' sthills we cudn't make out what cud be their notion in carryin' on so, if it were their intintion to ambuscade us; onless indade, the ambuscade wud come in behind us by ways known to thimsilves, an' it wor the disign of these fellows to scare us back into some thrap.

"To go back was impossible at anny rate, for even if we cud have made it, the horses niver cud have gone over the ground again widout wather an' rest; so we resolved just to go on an' sell our lives as dearly as possible. There was just wan weapon in the party, an' that was my revolver. We allotted that to the best shot in the crowd, an' it was planned that he was to thry an' pot the first Injun that came near enough an' get possession av his arrums. As for the rest av us we arrumed oursilves wid the hatchet and the two or three knives that wor in the camp-kit, an' clubs an' stones,

an' on we wint, wid our hearts batin' a tattoo against the inside av our ribs.

"Thim two Injuns comminced circlin' around us, but they wor mighty careful to kape out av range. What was ahead av us among the cottonwoods we had no ijea, but we all ixpicted it wud be bad enough; an' the byes closed up around the wagon, an' tould Mrs. Moulton to crawl under the sate, the first arrow or bullet that whistled. Well, gintlemen, under the headin' av thruth thim byes wor funny and light-hearted, but they wor as brave as Cæsars, ivery wan av thim, for they were lookin' death square in the face an' not wan showed the white feather.

"We hild a short council av war an' fixed on a plan av action, which was to fight the best we cud, till the last man fell. Moulton made us all swear that the last man av us left alive wud put the poor little woman beyond harrum's rache from the red divils, in case the worst came to the worst.

"Well, prisintly we see a white tint glimmerin' through the threes, an' we thot that did not luk like Injuns, so we wint on wid more confidence, an' nobody molested us; an' shure enough our Injuns came up laffin' an' hollerin', an' they turned out to be a couple of young fellers from Boise. They said they had been

campin' there a couple of weeks, huntin' an' fishin'; an' had had more fun than iver they had in their lives before, scarin' the immigrants. They had scared us bad enough, if the sthory wud be tould under the headin' av thruth, for not wan av us but belaved our last hour had come!"

"I suppose," remarked the Judge, "you saw the joke when it was explained to you?"

"Saw the joke? Yes, we saw the joke, an' so did some others; for we tuk thim two byes, war paint an' feathers an' all, an' we put them in the Boise an' give 'em the best duckin' iver they had since they were ship-wrecked the last time. I bet they did n't scare no more immigrants that fall."

"Well, what became of your 'throupe'?" asked the Colonel after a pause.

"O, we wint on over to the mines, an' we did well; the byes made lots av money for a year or two. Thim two av thim got murdered, an' some wint wan way an' some another. Those wor great days, whin yez wud pay a dollar for an orange an' think nothin' av it. Now yez will luk twice at a nickel before yez will give it up for car fare. I must be gettin' along. The ould lady will be waitin' the supper for me. Good avenin', Colonel. Good avenin', Judge, an' Misther Crandall."

Batterman Lindsay.

TOMORROW.

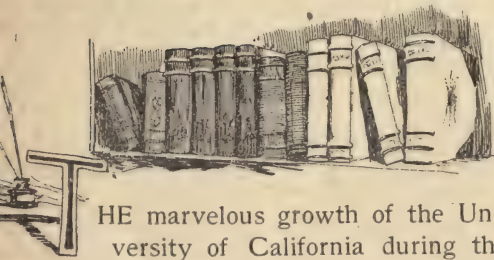
A RAINBOW art thou, fair Tomorrow, still
Luring us onward with that fabled gold
Where ends thy far arch. Blithe we follow — till
Death doth our steps withhold!

Eager to garner that illusive store,
Blindly we hasten towards the shining way,
Unheeding half the blossoms crushed before,
Thy fields we leave, Today.

Ella M. Sexton.

THE GROWTH OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE STATE COLLEGE OUTSTRIPPING THE STATE.



THE marvelous growth of the University of California during the last decade is one of the direct consequences of the rapidity of the settlement of the State, after 1850. A statistical study of this growth and of its causes gives results which astonish even those most familiar with our educational system; and the conclusions which may be reasonably drawn from an analysis of the development during the last ten years are so extraordinary that they will scarcely be believed without a full presentation of the evidence upon which they are based.

It is perfectly safe to say that in less than fifty years one out of every twenty adult persons in California will have a college education. Incredible as this statement may seem, it is safely within the limits of the truth. If it errs at all it is in being too conservative, for it falls somewhat short of what might reasonably be drawn from the facts. During a period in which the increase in the population of the State has been but one third, the attendance in the colleges at Berkeley has grown five-fold. In 1887 the number of students enrolled in the colleges at Berkeley alone, not including the professional colleges in San Francisco, was 306. This was 2.7 per 10,000 of the population. In 1896 it was about 1,500, which is 10.9 per 10,000. The student body has grown four times as fast as the population.

In order to ascertain what proportion

of the present generation is enjoying the advantages of a college education we must make the comparison, not with the whole population, but with the persons in those age classes from which students usually come. By this means we can judge what the future effect will be. Making this comparison, we have the following result: In 1887 one young person out of about 250 of all those in the ages from eighteen to twenty-one was in attendance at Berkeley. While in 1896 the proportion is about one in sixty-five. This very favorable showing will soon be entirely eclipsed. The last entering class at Berkeley numbers over five hundred and is one third of the total enrollment. If we compare this number with the average number of persons in each of the age classes from eighteen to twenty-one, we get the surprising result that the people of the State are now sending one out of every forty of their children to the State University.¹

So important is this result for all speculations as to the future of the State, that it cannot fail to be of interest to show exactly how it was reached. The chief difficulty was to ascertain how many there are in those age classes from which the students come, for not since 1870 has there been any enumeration of the population by age classes. In 1894 there were according to the school census 310,000 children in the State between the ages of five and seventeen years. It is from the upper age classes of those included in that census that most of this year's entering class came. The average

¹ If we add to this another one in forty for the attendance at the professional colleges, at Stanford, and at the other colleges within our boundaries, which is certainly a conservative estimate, we have as the proportion of the present generation attending college one in twenty. This was the basis of the prophecy at the beginning of this article.

number in each age class was 24,000. But the lower age classes are much better filled than the upper, firstly, because a good many die between the ages of five and of seventeen years, (in California about 1,500 annually in all of the thirteen age classes in question,) secondly, because the older age classes come from births which occurred in a smaller population than that which provided the younger children, and thirdly, because, in California, the proportion of women is much larger now than formerly. Making proper allowance for all of these factors, it seems scarcely possible that there are on the average more than 19,500 persons in each of the ages from eighteen to twenty-one. But in order to be perfectly safe let us call the average 20,000. It follows, therefore, that the entering class of 500 came from this average of 20,000 or one to forty.

Having ascertained how large, in proportion to population, the increase in the attendance at college has actually been, it will be interesting to study its causes, to speculate as to whether the rate of increase will continue to be as great during the next ten years, and to question whether the growth is a healthful one.

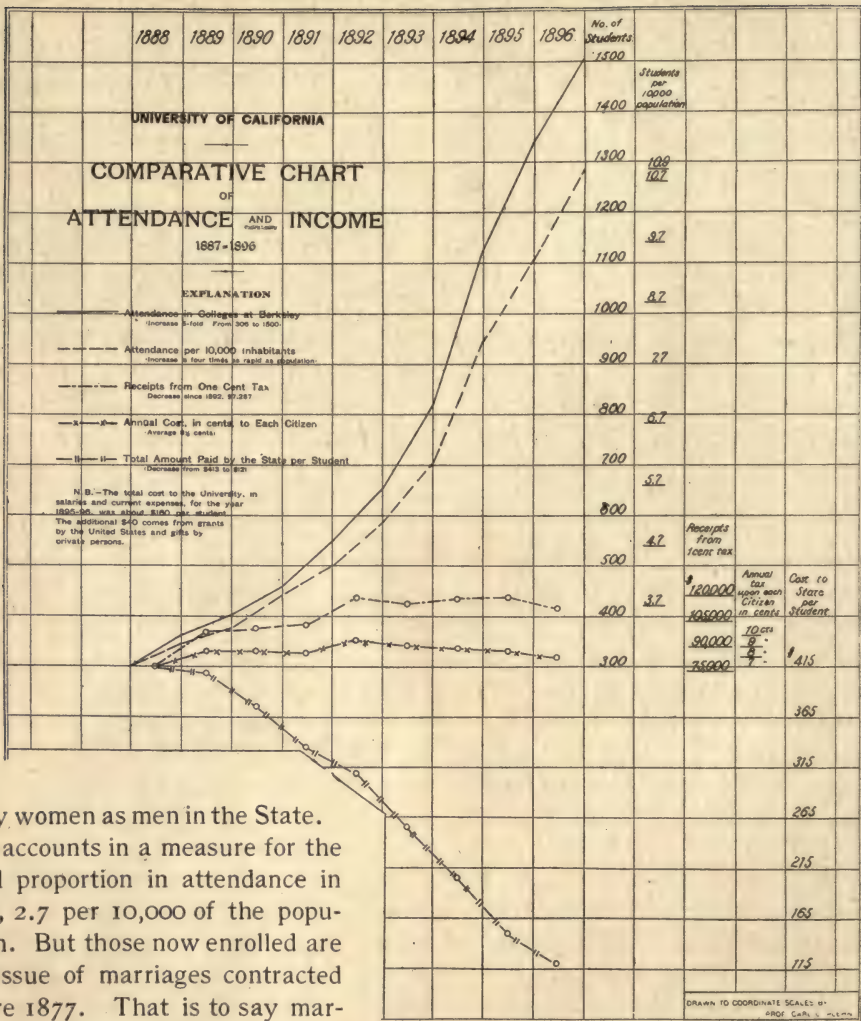
The causes of the increase are perfectly apparent now, although they were certainly not foreseen ten years ago when provision was made for the support of the University. The first cause is undoubtedly the increase in material well-being of the people of the State. As is well known the per capita true valuation of property in the State has increased ten-fold since 1850. It is now about \$2,300. This improvement in material prosperity affects the University in two or three ways. First, it makes it possible for more people to bear the expense of sending their children to college. Second, it opens many new occupations which college trained men and women can enter

upon. Third, it enables the establishment of High Schools which prepare for the University. The rapid increase in the number of High Schools in the State during the last few years is a remarkable indication of the development of the demand for higher education. As late as 1889 there were only twenty-one High Schools in California, but during the college year just past eighty-seven preparatory schools applied to the University for accrediting. These schools are established by the direct vote of the people, who tax themselves for their support. They form, therefore, a perfect index of the extent to which the people of the State feel it necessary to provide the means of higher education for their children.

The second cause of the recent increase in the student body is found in the peculiar composition of the population of the State and is very interesting. The number of women has been and still is below the normal, there are, therefore, less than the normal number of children, five to seventeen years old in the State. In the country at large the school children form nearly thirty per cent of the total population, but in California the proportion is only twenty-three per cent. But this proportion was until recently very much less even than twenty-three per cent, as will be seen from a consideration of the following table which shows the number of women to a thousand men at the different census periods:—

1850.	80 women to 1,000 men.
1860.	391 women to 1,000 men.
1870.	603 women to 1,000 men.
1880.	668 women to 1,000 men.
1890.	725 women to 1,000 men.

The students who entered the University ten years ago must have been for the most part the issue of marriages contracted before 1867, that is during the time when there were less than half as



many women as men in the State. This accounts in a measure for the small proportion in attendance in 1887, 2.7 per 10,000 of the population. But those now enrolled are the issue of marriages contracted before 1877. That is to say marriages in addition to those already considered which resulted from the increase in the number of women in the period between 1867 and 1877. This increase was of course rather large as the number of women by 1877 was about two thirds as large as the number of men. Since the number of women has not increased so rapidly since 1870 as it did before that date, the generations hereafter arriving at the University are not likely to show so large an increase each year as has been noted in the past decade. Although if the number of women in proportion to men goes on increasing, as it is reasonable to expect it to do, the in-

crease of children in proportion to the population will not cease.

But there is one peculiarity yet to be explained. As has been said there were in 1887 two hundred and fifty persons who so far as age alone was concerned might have come to college for every one who did so. The number of children in the State from 1867 to 1887, as indicated by this proportion, is so large in comparison with the number of women that it is evident all could not have been native born. There were not women enough to have been the mothers of so large a number. Many of the young men in the

State in 1887 of whom so small a number came to college must, therefore, have come in as immigrants from other States and countries. That no larger proportion of these persons entered the University is explained by the inadequacy of the preparatory schools up to that period, and by the strong temptations which the peculiar economic conditions of the State offered to those who were willing to go to work at once.

A consideration of the causes which have led to the rapid growth during the last decade does not warrant the expectation that the increase will be the same high rate during the coming decade. Still the increase will not be by any means small. We can reasonably anticipate a still further increase in the wealth of the people of the State, and in the number and, especially, in the efficiency and attendance of the High Schools. The classes now entering the High Schools are larger each year and those which will graduate in the next few years are in most instances very much larger than those which went out during the past few years. When a new High School is established it takes some years before the graduating class attains its usual size. We can also reasonably anticipate a further increase in the number of children. As has been said those entering the University now represent the births of a time when the population contained only about 650 women to 1,000 men. Those entering ten years from now will come from a population containing about 700 women to 1,000 men. Moreover, the total population will be larger. At a rough estimate it seems probable that the attendance at the University in 1907 will be somewhat more than double what it is now, or over 3,000 in the colleges at Berkeley. In comparison with the five-fold increase during the past decade this two-fold increase seems very small. But it must be

remembered that the causes of the increase in the past were unusual, and have in great measure disappeared.

The question has frequently been raised by those whose attention has been drawn to this phenomenal growth as to whether there be any danger of over-education. The reply commonly made by prominent educators to this question is that education is in itself a good thing of which we can never have too much, that no matter to what walk in life the college graduate may come, he is the better for his education. This reply is undoubtedly correct. But it still fails to satisfy those objectors who feel that a college education is wasted if the person on whom it is bestowed does not find some occupation in which he actually makes use of his training. Fortunately the danger, if it really be one, that is anticipated is not at all imminent. It is a well established proposition of political economy that the supply of workers in any one line can never be permanently too great. The fear that any large number of our college graduates may become cobblers or be compelled to earn their livelihood with the pick and shovel is not well grounded. There may of course be isolated instances of that kind. But there is no more danger that there will be too many teachers, too many lawyers, too many doctors, too many civil engineers, too many electricians, too many chemists, too many expert miners, etc., than there is that there may be too many carpenters, too many masons, too many compositors, etc. Every boy who goes to college has as good an idea of what he can do for a living when he graduates as the boy who learns a trade has of his chances of success. The one may make a mistake, so may the other. But even if the student do err in his judgment, and on graduation find that competition for the particular places he expected to fill is too severe he is, if any-

thing, better off than his neighbor who having learned a trade finds he has made a similar mistake, for the student has a greater choice of other occupations to which he may turn. Nor is the community as a whole likely to suffer from such mistakes. Let us suppose, for example, that too many young men prepare to be teachers. What happens? The various school boards find it easier to fill the places at their disposal. They get better teachers at lower prices than before. Certainly the people will not complain if their children are better taught at less cost. Some of the poorer teachers will be driven to find some other occupation. They will go into business, or possibly enter some of the other professions. In any case they are not the less efficient for their training. But the "over-supply" cannot last long. As soon as the fact that teaching "does n't pay" becomes known, the number preparing for that kind of work will fall off, and in a short time the normal relation between the supply and the demand will be restored. It would seem, then, that we need not concern ourselves as to this imaginary danger. The extraordinary growth of the University is an indication that in the judgment of those most concerned the opportunities open to college graduates have increased in like proportion.

There has been nothing artificial about this growth. It has not been forced in any way. The authorities of the University have been compelled by the lack of funds, by reason of the already crowded condition of class rooms and of the overstraining of all the facilities, to refrain from any positive encouragement if not actually to discourage further increase in attendance. If in spite of this the people of the State still continue to send their children in ever increasing numbers to the University, it must be from a strong conviction that a college education is necessary.

This rapid growth was never anticipated and the failure to provide for it has plunged the University into financial difficulties of the most serious character. Ten years ago the State provided for the support of the University by an arrangement which presupposed that the increase in the attendance would keep pace with the increase in wealth and prosperity in the State. The income was to be provided by a tax of one cent upon each one hundred dollars of assessed valuation. This sum, which was at that time sufficient to provide for all the current expenses and even for some new construction as needed, would, it was expected, increase in the same proportion that the student body increased. But these expectations were disappointed by the fact that the student body has grown four times as fast as the income. Through the one cent tax the residents of the State each contribute about eight cents annually to the support of the University. For that sum the University is now required to do four times as much work for the people, or for each resident, as in 1887. The effect of this can be best shown by a comparison of the expenditure per student in 1887 and in 1896. In 1887 the State contributed, all told, from every source \$413 toward the cost to the University of each student. But in 1896 the sum thus received was only \$121. In consequence of this the expenditures of the University have had to be reduced far below that which is necessary to secure the greatest efficiency. The total amount available from all sources, including, in addition to that contributed by the State, the income from grants by the Federal government and from gifts by private persons, is now only about \$160 per student annually. The collegiate department of Harvard which corresponds in general to the colleges at Berkeley spends \$250 per student annually. Harvard is run as economically as is consistent with efficiency, as is evi-

denced by the frequently recurring deficits. The sum available for the current expenses of the University is now but little more than half of what is needed to run the University without any sacrifice of efficiency. In as much as the people of the State have evidently made up their minds that their children require a

University education, it is necessary to add to the funds available for the payment of current expenses. An increase in this particular is quite as necessary as an increase in the funds for buildings.

The appended table gives the data from which the above article has been drawn.

Year	Population of State	Attendance in Colleges at Berkeley	No. of Attendants per 10,000 of the Population	Assessment per capita of the Population	One Cent Tax per capita of the Population	Actual Receipts of the University from One Ct. Tax Year ending June 30	Actual per capita Tax Paid by Citizens	Annual Cost to the State per Student
1887	1,105,120	306	2.7	\$865	\$.0865			
1888	1,139,466	363	3.1	970	.0970	\$ 76,580.79	\$.0693	\$413
1889	1,173,812	401	3.4	950	.0950	98,348.38	.0863	408
1890	1,208,130	457	3.9	910	.0910	101,205.89	.0862	376
1891	1,250,416	547	4.3	992	.0992	102,434.52	.0847	335
1892	1,293,702	650	5.1	986	.0986	119,830.12	.0962	310
1893	1,335,988	815	6.1	906	.0906	115,575.06	.0924	254
1894	1,378,274	1,124	8.1	874	.0874	118,123.39	.0884	206
1895	1,420,560	1,336	9.4	797	.0797	119,824.73	.0869	150
1896	1,462,846	1,500	10.9			112,543.56	.0792	121

Carl C. Plehn.

ART AND HEART ON THE HEIGHTS.

BY THE POET OF THE SIERRA.



THE sweetest flowers grow closest to the ground. There is no art without heart. The art of all art is really to know nature — yourself. Better to know of your own knowledge the color, the perfume, the nature, the twining, of a single little

creeping vine in the cañon than to know all the Rocky Mountains through a book. Man reads too much and reasons too little. Great artists are not great readers but great observers. They see with the heart. The world seems to think the artist should be content and busy with

book, brush, or pen. His heart, like a field, must lie fallow long to bring forth greatly. And do you know there are poets, great poets, perhaps the very greatest, who never touched a line and great painters who never knew a brush? A certain man comes here now and then who has a picture gallery in the cañon, which he says is worth a million. Few if any of us have the capacity to see all the pictures of this millionaire.

It is high time that the art world and the lesser half of the world should be on terms of better understanding: We of the art world are too apt to think that the rest of the world is heartless. The rest of the world is too apt to think that the art world is headless. The truth is,

as said before, a man in trade may be at heart a great artist; while a great artist could in many cases make money as well as any other man; only he might be too ready to give it away to some less fortunate than himself.

Another thing let us note by way of prelude. Poets, painters, composers, fashioners of beautiful forms, are the gentlest and purest and most temperate of all human beings. Take the poets, especially those of America, turn on the high white light that beats upon the throne. You will not find a fairer galaxy of names in all history. Even poor Poe, it is now seen, was the victim of envy and malice,—the forty failures assaulting the one success. You also find fifty would-be musicians defaming their betters; and so on all along the line.

It is best that we should get at the truth. A truly great poet can be great in almost anything, as witness King David, Michael Angelo, Milton, and so on.

We are a sort of hillside Bohemia up here, only we have no tape; not even a tow string or "strings" of any sort on any man or any woman. We don't want to know what anyone has been or pretends to be, nor are we curious to know what he is. These are matters of his own account with his Maker. We are never numerous, we are never very good, never very bad. We have some rules, or rather some ideas, that have formulated, melted together, and rounded down, as the years rolled by, but we do not intrude them on anybody, nor are you to believe that we all live up to the best of them; at least I know one who does not. He finds that man is still heaving a great stone up hill by day to find it rolling back on him at night. Yet he hopes and believes as his years pass that he grows a little better; as the human race grows better and better, while the centuries surge past.

Very reluctantly I here write down some of the ideas, rules, lessons. The sudden renown of a little brown-faced student here, a mere lad of twenty, famous in a day as a poet, almost compels some sort of statement; for people are coming here, some from far away, to ask idle questions, wasting their time and mine. One poor woman grimly demanded the terms for teaching how to "write poetry in paying quantities."

But mind you, I cannot write of this young man. Merit is always shy of mention, and it would hurt him and help no one to tell of him, or how he came to fame even while yet a boy. I can only give the general rule, tenets, lessons, by which we try to live.

In the first place, then, this Robin Hood's Bohemia on the hillside is rather an accident than a design. The first plan was to catch, coop up, or cage, the wasted energies of the State that had become a nuisance under the general name of "Tramp." A house was built on a large slice of land with the idea of gradually sobering these nomads with the thought that an acre with an orchard, cow, and so on, would be better than a bed in the hayfield or jail.

Well! read three volumes between the lines along here. Anyhow I learned a lot. In the first place, these poor creatures are nearly all if not quite all crazy, and the marvel is that with their irregular food and wretched drink they are not still more insane. Such experiences! And such emphasized types. Lots of them literary. Yet I still think that if I had been far away from any town, so that they could not have left the "Rest" any time of day to get drink and come back at any time of night to sleep, the idea would fairly have been of service to the State.

Our last experience was with a hairy and wild French cook, who had written

a play,—for Mrs. Langtry, he said,—and he summoned mother and me late at night to the Rest to hear him read it. What a sight! He had cut holes in a white bolster case, and with hairy head and arms thrust through, a yellow window curtain about his waist, and an old pistol in his belt, he strode up and down, reading, gesturing, roaring, lamp in one hand and papers in the other, for hours. At last the lamp was out and the other tramps fled to the barn, but mother could not get away and we had to stay till dawn, when he fell exhausted on the lounge, and that day the Tramps' Rest was forever "closed for repairs."

Then we kept on planting and planting and making roads and fountains for another year or so very quietly. I would work with the men for about half the day and work with my pen the rest, for I had put all my small fortune in the land, so must write to keep things going. One day a young man who had studied to be a preacher came. He put off his coat and worked hard all day. This was the first "student." He stayed and stayed, and to this day comes at intervals and toils and meditates, and then goes his way, as years ago. He has now some fame with his pen, although it is doubtful if he is yet writing poetry in "paying quantities."

Gradually others gathered about, young men and women from colleges and universities. No one was ever asked to come. No one was ever asked to go. Not a dollar was ever passed between us. The young men were ready to work when anything wanted to be done. The women were useful as companions to my venerable mother.

Some students, not attached to schools, stayed a long time. One woman with her son stayed five years. Another stayed three years. They were a benediction for mother. Some men stayed

one, two, and three years. The stranger always found a cot, oftentimes a cottage all to himself. He always found a storehouse with simple supplies, and even after the place was planted to trees and built up, there was always wood to get, cows to look after, horses, hens, and so on,—and a gentle foreman who has had the management of the place from the first to tell what should be done. His effort always has been to keep students from doing too much work rather than too little. It is doubtful if the place has ever lost a dime or if I have lost a day by anyone after that first grim and terrible experience with the poor tramps.

And now what is taught, and how, and when? Frankly and truly, nothing, or almost nothing, is taught and almost no time is given to the students. It is all in the atmosphere or sense of peace. There simply are three or four tenets or principles of life insisted upon. The first of these is that man is good. This admits of no debate. Sit down a little time as you stumble headlong in the dust up and down the steep of life,—steeps of your own making or imagining as a rule,—and wait for the stars or the moon or the morning. You will then see that all the world is beautiful, beautiful,—magnificently beautiful. And meantime get a little acquainted with your own soul. You will find that you are better, a great deal better, than you believed as you stumbled so hurriedly and so blindly along in the dust, looking all the time down in the dirt for money. You will also find that those about you are better, vastly better than you believed.

No debating of any sort is allowed. See what a saving of time! If I could divert the time that is wasted in idle dispute for ten years into a right direction, I could make an Eden in any country. I simply say to my students, "There is not a man or woman with the breath of

God in his or her nostrils who is not good or trying to be good according to the strength and light. It is your privilege and duty with your better culture and opportunities to give light and light and light continually, and not so much by word as by deed; not by the letter which killeth, but by the spirit which maketh alive.

The truth is there is a great deal more good in the world than it has credit for. I doubt if there is a home, never so poor, but has some little unseen altar on which is daily, almost hourly, laid some little sweet sacrifice, some little touch of pity and tenderness for the poor pale mother, the weary worn father, the little sick baby. It is our place to give them more and more love to lay on the unseen altar, more light, more light, more light; so that they may have more heart, hope, strength.

The second lesson after the love of man is the love of nature. As there is no entirely bad man in his right mind, on earth, so is there no entirely ugly thing in nature. My daughter's pony died one night, and as she dearly loved the poor beast, I had it buried under a little willow in the ditch. But the coyotes disturbed the earth and bad odors drew a circle of vultures.

"That seems to disprove the second tenet," said the student.

"Wait and see. Nature is too majestic to make haste. Perhaps even now she is building even better than you know."

This was six years ago. Last month a party of campers came by and asked consent to spend a week under the little willow. For it was now as broad as the barn. I was told in Jerusalem that Jesus passing down the valley of Jehosaphat with his disciples came upon the remains of a dog. They gathered their garments and with lifted faces hurried by. But

Jesus, pausing a moment and reaching his face a little, said softly, "What beautiful teeth!"

The third and undebated lesson after the goodness of man and the beauty of the world is the immortality of man. I do not attempt to prove this. I could not. I could not prove that the sun will rise tomorrow. But it will rise, I truly believe. There are some things that are above the ordinary rules of evidence that control a public court. This is of them. Yes, there may be those who will not live again. You may sow your field as carefully as you can, yet there are many worthless grains that will not come up, but will rot and resolve again into earth. And may it not be that this fearful disease of unbelief is a sort of crucial test? May it not be that if you be so weak as to say you shall be blown out as a candle and so drop into everlasting darkness, that it shall be so?

We begin the next life where we leave off in this. I see this in the little seeds that sift down from the trees and lie under the shroud of snow in the hollow of His hand, the winter through, waiting the roaring March winds to trumpet through the pines and proclaim the resurrection. I read it in every blade of grass that carpets God's footstool, every spear is a spear to battle for this truth. Every blade of grass is a bent saber waving us forward with living evidence of immortality, for it has seen the resurrection, and each and all began where they left off in the life before.

A fourth and very practical lesson is on economy. Nature wastes nothing, nothing; least of all does nature waste time. Yet nature is never in haste, and this practical lesson broadens and broadens as we go forward. Ah me, the waste that is in this world at the hands of man! Looking away down yonder, I can count more than forty church spires. More

than forty great big churches ; and not one single place, except a library or two and a station or two, where a stranger can wash his hands or observe the simplest decencies of life without going into some saloon. Forty great empty churches, with soft cushions, some of them, yet not one place, outside of the jail, where a man without money can lay his head.

The other day one of my women students dropped quite a handful of beans where she was washing them at a fountain. When I saw those beans there in the grass and mud, I got down and picked most of them up and took them to her. Nothing was said. After a time, chancing to look that way, I saw she was down on her hands and knees hunting for beans where I had left off. I am sure she will never waste anything any more.

If we could only save the time and money that is wasted in barber shops. The barber is not a bad man, but we make him a slave, and then we will hardly speak to him on the street. I am sure he is often disgusted with some dirty customer. We make his place an unclean place of unclean stories. We make more than one hundred thousand fairly good men most abject slaves. What a waste of their manhood ! What a waste of our time and more, and all to flatter our own vanity, to conceal our honorable years, to fly in the face of nature, and to appear what we are not.

And the funerals ! Poor Dickens crying out with Victor Hugo, "Please, please, no funeral when I am gone !" And yet see what we do ! My students, and there may be many before I leave my ashes on yon pine-set peak, will not depart from this lesson. Yes, we have our own little "God's acre" ; for death is here, as elsewhere, gentle, dark-browed mother Death, and we lay our dead there with our own hands, all repeating the Lord's prayer. No waste of words or money or

time. And we pass that way in our walks to the cañon and the redwoods, and we are not sad. The cows rest there by the gums. There is no waste there. No poor man must water and weed them for hire. Earth to earth, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes ; and all who care to come without noise or display and lay their dead with ours can do so.

Finally, in this the dark age of getting and getting, — and if getting and getting is not a crime, it is the parent of crime, — one word as to the question about "producing poetry in paying quantities." Does poetry pay ? Aye, poetry pays as nothing on this earth ever paid. Where would Rome be today but for her poetry ? She would be in the dust and despised with Nineveh and Babylon. But her poets preserve her, and to this day we are paying Italy millions and millions only to look upon the scenes they saw. Jerusalem is but a little place on the map. You can cover it with a pin's head. Yet is Jerusalem bigger in the minds of all good men than the whole world beyond the Gates of Hercules. And how much are we paying Scotland for Burns and his one little book ? Let no land be impatient of her poets. The poets have died that their lands might live, in some cases.

"No, this is not a "School of Poetry." It is not even a fit place for it. But all along the Sierra, from Tacoma to San Diego, there are thousands of fit places, remote from the roar of trade and the intrusion of the foolish.

And these few simple lessons, not from books, toil, faith in man, love of nature, certainty of immortality, the simple but severe teachings of economy in all nature, these are at hand for all, and anywhere that the morning sun of this land of song shall find you.

As for methods or detail of teaching the divine art of song, I have none. I never read, nor allow anyone to read to me a

manuscript. The reasons are too many to mention, but mainly, it would destroy individuality. We are born alone, we must die alone; and so should meditate, work, live, alone. The loads of verse that find way here from the four parts of the world of course can't be read.

Some general rules of course prevail. The first is some concession to the fact that the world is going at a swifter pace than of old, however. Even Homer could not find either publisher or readers today. Therefore, cut, cut, cut. Then work it over and cut again. Then, in most cases, — burn. Don't be afraid to rub out the sum. You are only at school, as a rule. And above all don't write for either fame or money. Write for your own soul, the good, the beautiful. First, the kingdom of Heaven, then all the rest. You had as well plan to sell for gold the children of your body, as of your brain; as for praise or fame, it is always paid when due, in these later, swifter days; for the world is waiting to reward good work. So be true; be brief. It was the short Roman sword that went to the heart.

Nor shall the true artist fear hunger. No one who is willing to work can go hungry in this fruitful land, and no one who is not willing to work, and live simply and apart from the tumult of trade, should aspire to be a poet, painter, composer, or fashioner of beautiful forms. For on all triumph in this life is laid a mighty tribute. You must render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Take counsel of nature. Look at the trees casting down their golden leaves generously at the end of the year's fruitage, fearing nothing. They lift their arms in attitude of prayer to God, certain that they shall be garmented again and glorified and made over more beautiful than before, all in due season. Look at the rose, — the generous rose,

That tears the silken tassel of her purse
And all her perfume o'er the garden throws.

In brief, to be a poet, artist of any sort, you must not only feel your art, but live your art; humbly, patiently, continually live it. And do not disdain others in other walks of life. I repeat, the greatest poets never penned a line. Let us concede the same in other lines of art, for it is true.

In the line of economy, it is urged that artists, if not all men, should rest and rise with the birds. There is a deal of nonsense about "midnight oil," and little or no good. God made the day for man; but the night for beasts.

In the same line, it is foolishness to fight back. See what a saving of time, temper, energy, by refusing to answer the low and envious who make a target of your fame. Equip yourself as best you can and then descend into the arena to fight, and to fight forward, not back. The man who stops and faces about to hit back at those who stab in the dark and when he is disadvantaged, as is always the way, is a weak man and ready to run. No truly great man will ever hit back. There is no need of it, either.

We hold, with Socrates, that a man's first duty is to the State, and that however delightful it might be to house in Arcadia and forget all care, we are all born to responsibilities and must each account for the talent given him.

Among other mild reforms, we hold that when a man has done with a great fortune, it should go to the State, proportionately with the widow and orphan, when he leaves it.

This crowding the law courts and compelling good citizens from their work to listen to the perjuries and the hard lives of depraved and miserly old men certainly is demoralizing. Besides that, since these enormously rich men have done nothing all their lives for the State, they ought to do something at their death. There has never been a great poet, painter, composer, patriot, great and good man of any

sort, from Job down to Lincoln, but has left ninety-nine per cent of his fortune to the State that cherished and protected him. If Rothschild should die tomorrow and leave all his hundreds of millions to England, yet he could not leave England as much as Shakspeare left her.

But, as said before, we intrude nothing. We simply plow and plant and sow. When the State gets ready to reap it will reap.

We are clear also that lawyers, doctors, and preachers, are too plenty. We feel that the best of them are farther away from the good God who said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," than are the farmers. These idle men all must eat and eat of the best, and yet they look with disdain on the farmer who keeps God's first law and on whom they all feed in defiance of His eternal edict.

There is a huge marble tablet in Rome, representing the famous throwing of the book of mortgages and taxes into flames. This was done repeatedly; as often as the country became mortgaged to the city. For Rome held that so long as the country round about her stood, Rome would stand; and when the country fell, Rome would fall. This is history from the be-

ginning. With us, all up and down the Union, the country is mortgaged to the city, yet no emperor steps forth with edict of reversal. Danger!

We also say that there is a difference in the size and cost of dollars. Some dollars have dirt on them, some have tears, and some have blood. A laborer's silver dollar is bigger any day, ten to one, than a rich idle man's double eagle of gold.

The world is waiting for ideas, not words. Workers along these lines can read lots that is not set down here, but it is fit in conclusion to disclaim anything new or startling. Another decade will find us farther along; for we fight forward alway, never back. We are never idle or unpractical, and therefore never weak or helpless. Meantime let it be reported and remembered that there are thousands of better places than this stony and conspicuous steep for little social art centers like this, — better than this; and the heart of it all must be heart. Heart first, and then the hand will follow. "All religions are good," said Confucius. Yet the simple precepts of the Sermon on the Mount dim all the other religions of the earth after. Because the Sermon on the Mount is drawn entirely from the deepest well of the heart.

Joaquin Miller.



A REDWOOD STORY.

THE COURTING OF AN OX DRIVER.



HERE, Duke, whoa haw, come here!" As the dust cloud swayed to one side, a long string of plodding oxen could be seen dragging a pair of heavy trucks, while the driver walked by the side, now and then ac-

celerating the lazy movements with the sharp brad in the end of his goad-stick.

It was before the days of steel and steam. Almost the only thing left today to recall the olden times of oxen and mules, is the name of the machine which does their work—the "bull-donkey."

The teamster was the great man of the logging camp. It took a special gift to make twelve or fourteen great, lazy, hulking oxen "get down and lift." The man who could do this of right held the place of honor in the camp, and oftentimes was paid the salary of a bank cashier. And how these great men could swear!

Tom Howe, the teamster, worked in a small logging camp in the redwoods of northern California. He was a "Blue-nose," and had grown up in logging camps. Before going to California he had been a river-driver; after that, an ox-driver. Feminine society was sadly lacking in the woods, and Howe had made the acquaintance of few women. This seclusion and a natural diffidence made him painfully bashful. He looked upon womankind with great reverence, but he had never been placed in a position where a continuous contact with female society could exert its softening influence upon him. In the bunk-house, among his fel-

low-laborers, he took his rightful place as the chief man of the camp; but before a woman he was a dumb sufferer.

The cook at the camp where Howe worked was a woman. As helper—or "cookee," as a logger would say—she had a girl, probably nineteen years of age; a red-cheeked, healthy, comely girl called "Hanner." She was christened "Hanner," but I will call her Hannah to keep up grammatical appearances. She helped about the cook-house, waited on the table, and having missed the opportunity for so doing at an earlier age, went to school in the village which had grown up about the mill for which the camp supplied the logs.

Hannah's presence about the table interfered greatly with Howe's enjoyment of his meals.

"Tom," enquired Big Smith, chaintender, "what makes you bolt your meals and skip out like you was afraid a tree was going to fall on the cook-house?"

"Just on account of that girl," replied Howe. "What do they want to have a bit of a girl loafing around the table for anyhow! It appears to me like she done nothing but watch me all the time just to see me make a fool of myself. Seems as though every time she looks at me I spill my coffee or burn myself with a hot potato. A woman's got no business in a logging camp."

That was early in the summer. As time went on Howe became, to some extent, reconciled to Hannah's presence in the cook-house. Her rosy face and quiet ways may have had something to do with that, although they by no means overcame his timidity. Big Smith, who

appeared to be a very observant person, one day remarked to Howe,—

"Seems to me you ain't so much set agin having Hannah around."

Howe was non-committal. "I don't know about that."

"Well, I do know. But you better look out. That long chopper, Reddy Burns, has a weakness that way himself."

"What difference does that make to me?" said Howe indifferently.

"You recollect the time Reddy slashed Gray on the leg when they was swampin' together in the spring, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, of course Burns said it was accident. I saw him when he cut Gray and there was n't no accident about it. I can tell when an ax glances accidentally or when it slips on purpose. You know Burns and Gray had a row in the bunk-house only a little while before that. Gray said Burns broke more timber than he saved when he was chopping, and Burns jumped Gray about it. If you go to trying to take that girl away from him, he'll fall a tree on you. I think he's half crazy anyway."

"I ain't taking no girl away from nobody," Howe replied, and walked off.

Howe usually left the mill on his last turn to the woods about the time that school was out. As a consequence, Hannah passed the team nearly every day in the week. For a long while Howe only greeted her with a nod or word of recognition. She was sauntering along, swinging her dinner-pail one day, and looking at Howe in a friendly way, but passing on as usual.

"Two miles is a pretty long walk for you, ain't it?" enquired Tom.

"O, no. I don't mind it much."

"You might just as well ride as not," he stammered, his face growing red even under its thick coating of dust. Every evening he had been intending to offer

her a ride on the trucks, and each time he had let her pass without daring to speak.

"I'm afraid I shall be in the way, won't I, Mr. Howe?"

"Not a bit," replied Tom with much emphasis. "Not a bit. Only these trucks ain't very nice things to ride on. But I guess it's better than walking in the hot sun, and not much slower."

"Well, if it's no trouble to you. It is rather warm walking."

Howe stopped his team and dusted off a place on the hind bunk for Hannah. Howe did not dare offer to help her up, as he felt awkward and did not know how to go about it. He then got his team under way again, all the while congratulating himself on his address.

After this, Hannah rode home from school every day. Howe, growing bolder, even came to helping her up to her seat, and at last got so far as riding along talking to her a very little bit while the oxen plodded quietly onward.

One evening in the bunk-house, Smith, the observant, remarked to Reddy Burns, the chopper,—

"Have you noticed Howe lately, Reddy?"

"No," gruffly replied Burns. "What's he been doin'?"

"Haven't you seen him bringing Hanner home with his buggy every day? I tell you it's a stylish outfit—six yoke of cattle to haul one girl with, and she not a very big one."

"What do I care what Howe does, or Hanner either?"

The look that accompanied the remark did not escape Smith, but he went on,—

"O, I just thought you was a little gone on Hanner, yourself,—all the boys are, you know."

"Well, you just mind your own business. I can find out for myself what Howe's doin' if I want to know," and Burns turned to his own bunk. Smith,

remembering Gray and the glancing ax, seemed to consider that he had carried his gossip as far as it was safe.

THE strokes of an ax rang out clear and sharp through the deep shade of the thick redwoods. The chopper rested on the handle of his ax and listened. Tick—tick; very faintly the ticking sounded, but for all that, loud enough to be plainly understood. He looked about to see that no one was near enough to be endangered by the fall of the tree. The logging road was near; probably the top of the tree would reach it. All seemed clear. Suddenly, however, a clear, strong voice was heard.

“Whoa haw, come 'ere, Duke.”

Then the rattle of chains and creak of yokes were audible. The chopper—it was Burns—started and looked down the road. He saw the heads of the leaders appearing around a bend. Gradually the plodding team wound into view, moving in a veritable fog bank of dust. Then the rumbling trucks came in sight. Sitting on the hind bunk, was a girl. The driver of the team was walking beside the wheel cattle. An insane gleam came into the chopper's eyes as he gazed out, standing on the staging and almost concealed behind the huge body of the tree in which the ticking still continued and increased. He clutched the handle of his ax, braced himself, and stood like a statue, watching the slowly approaching team.

HAVE you ever seen the fall of a California redwood? The death of a hoary giant through whose veins the sap of life has been flowing for three thousand years? Nowhere does the woodman's ax bring about a mightier wreck, a more magnificent death. The tree, a giant seventeen feet in diameter, has been “gunned” and a bed prepared to re-

ceive it,—any irregularity in the ground being almost certain to cause a break and the loss of hundreds of feet of timber. The cuts have been made and between every stroke the chopper listens for the first signs of the coming fall. First there is a faint ticking; slow and measured, it is the death-watch. The ticking grows louder. Then it stops for, possibly, a minute; a faint breeze is playing for the last time through the leaves of the doomed giant, and as he feels its gentle pressure he struggles to regain his balance. The breeze lulls; the ticking recommences and grows in intensity. But it grows very gradually, for that immense bole stands as straight and is as evenly balanced as the most finely poised shaft of granite ever erected by the hands of man. The chopper has leaped from the staging to the ground and stands watching the last act in his work of destruction at a respectful distance, for it is unsafe to be too near the monarch in his death agony. Suddenly a quiver runs up the mighty stem, to which every twig and leaf responds. Before the mind can comprehend the cause of this tremor, there is a sharp, sudden report, as heavy as the report of a cannon and as sharp as the crack of a rifle. A second and a third follow; the great tree sways; there is a sound like the rush of a whirlwind, followed by a stunning crash and jarring of the ground like the passing of an earthquake, and there is a gap in the forest.

HANNAH rode contentedly along upon the trucks, unmindful of the clouds of dust raised by the shuffling feet of the oxen, while Howe trudged on by his team, his goad-stick resting across the shoulders of the nearest ox. Neither could hear the ticking of the death-watch in the trunk of the tall, straight redwood that stood by the roadside but a short distance ahead.

On plodded the team. The trucks were exactly in line with the bed prepared for the tree. Howe's quick eye detected the shiver which ran through the leaves of the redwood before the report of the rending wood reached his ears. The life of a logger is full of dangers, and to him a quick comprehension is often more valuable than an accident policy. The first crack had hardly started peeling through the woods before he was by the side of the trucks, had clasped Hannah around the waist with one arm, and was bounding back along the way they had just come. He was none too quick, for the cloud of dust, leaves, and twigs, sent out as the top of the tree crashed into the road completely enveloped them. But he and Hannah were safe. Mingled with the first thundering crash and just as he had turned to rush from its path, Howe imagined he heard a shout, but whether of warning, of triumph, or of despair, he could not have told.

Were this a love story, a chance for an affecting scene would now be offered. But both Howe and Hannah were extremely plain, common people. As the dust cleared away and they turned to look at the spot they had just left, Howe said,—

"Pretty close call that, was 'n't it Hanner?"

"Yes, and if you had n't lifted me off the trucks, I'd have been killed."

"I guess you would," modestly assented Howe. "I wonder why that"—but he checked himself, for he felt like expressing himself after the usual manner of ox-drivers when their feelings are wrought upon. "I wonder why the chopper did n't yell at us?"

The chopper would never tell him why he had not given warning of the impending danger. He was lying at the foot of his victim, the tree, with his skull crushed. A limb had fallen upon him.

There were repairs to be made after the accident and Howe had a little leisure time. He put in one day thinking and one day acting, and the next day was Sunday.

The dwellers in cities and towns know nothing of the restfulness the Sabbath brings to the modern hewers of wood. The worn and tired oxen are scattered about the barn-yard; some lie chewing their cud and giving great groans of satisfaction; others lazily rub some pet sore spot against the bark of a tree; while others have gone to the barber for a Sunday hair-dressing, even as their master is wont to do, and stand with lowered heads and looks of ineffable content on their honest faces while a comrade with his rough tongue combs their hair into little wavy licks.

The men enjoy the day of rest as fully as the dumb brutes. Some lie about in the shade and smoke and spin yarns; others sit on their bunks and do their week's mending; still others read; and all rest.

Tom Howe had spent a full hour at his toilet after the Sunday dinner. He appeared extremely nervous, so much so that Big Smith, watching him while shaving, had enquired,—

"What you trying to do, Tom?"

"Shave,—can't you see?"

"Oh; shaving are you? I thought the doctor had ordered you to bleed yourself."

Having completed his toilet, Howe went to the cook-house. The dinner dishes were washed and Hannah was sitting at the long table in the eating room, reading. She looked wonderfully attractive in her light summer dress, brightened up with ribbons. As Howe stepped in at the door, Hannah looked up and greeted him pleasantly, and her cheeks took on a deeper glow than that with which health and bright sunshine had already suffused them. Her feminine intuition told her

that Sunday afternoon in a logging camp did not call for such elaborate toilets as the one Howe displayed. She also noticed his uneasy, nervous bearing and a certain determined look on his countenance; but this she did not quite understand. As he stepped into the room his manner displayed both trepidation and determination; a combination of fearfulness and boldness. A coward will, in moments of extreme danger, sometimes exhibit what might be mistaken for extreme bravery, but which, in fact, is only the result of desperate fear. Thus, the course Tom Howe was about to pursue might be taken to be an exhibition of overweening self-confidence, when, in reality, it only came from an overwhelming bashfulness.

"Hanner," said Tom, in a rather shaky voice, "Hanner, I would like to speak to you a minute."

"All right," replied Hannah. "What is it?"

Howe fumbled in his pocket a moment and then drew out a paper which he unfolded and spread before Hannah, the determined look on his face meanwhile giving place to an anxious one. It was a marriage license, wherein the names of Thomas and Hannah appeared prominently. Hannah read, gave a little gasp, and looked up at Tom. With that look his anxiety left. Its message drove his bashfulness from him and he stooped over the upturned, rosy face and implanted upon her lips a rousing kiss. Then he slowly folded up the paper and returned it to his pocket. This done, he took one of Hannah's hands and said:—

"There's no use in waiting. Get your bunnit, Hanner, and we'll go and see the preacher."

And Hannah got her bonnet.

E. Lincoln Kellogg.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.¹

BY J. H. STALLARD, M. B., LONDON, FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD, LONDON, ENGLAND, AND ONE OF THE SANITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE LONDON "LANCET."



THAT the municipal government of San Francisco is a public scandal, no one disputes. Many of the supervisors have acted as the corrupt tools of bosses and corporations. Every function committed to their care has been inefficiently and extravagantly conducted, and public opinion is certainly now ready to adopt a charter present-

ing the prospect of reform. The question is upon what principle shall such a charter rest, so as to secure an efficient and an honest government, based upon the consent, confidence, and co-operation, of the citizens at large.

A new charter may be constructed upon either of two great principles, — the one autocratic, the other fundamentally democratic and republican. Under the first, the predominating power is concentrated in the mayor, who is held definitely and personally responsible for the efficient administration of the various departments. It is a periodically elected dictatorship.

¹An address to the students of political economy at the Stanford University, at the invitation of E. A. Ross, Ph. D., and H. H. Powers, A. M., Professors of Political Economy, etc.

It is the chief remedy proposed for removing the necessity for boards and commissioners not responsible either to the council or the people, and above all it is proposed as a defense against corrupt and untrustworthy councils like that of San Francisco.

In the words of Mr. Seth Low, "The mayor is made responsible for the conduct of the city government on its executive side and is equipped fearlessly with the necessary power to discharge his trust." The success of this system is said to depend on the principle of separating the legislative function of the council from the executive function of the mayor, a principle which is advocated by some very distinguished professors of political economy as being well adapted to the peculiar conditions of American cities, in many of which it has been adopted with considerable success.

The other system is founded exclusively on the principle of popular representation and control. The citizens are regarded as members of a great corporation, who unreservedly confide to an elected committee of their own body all the necessary powers and responsibilities for the maintenance of an honest and efficient government, both legislative and executive. This main committee, whether called a council or a board of supervisors, imposes and collects the taxes. It is charged with their safe keeping, due appropriation, and economical expenditure. Within the scope prescribed, it enacts the by-laws, enforces them, and punishes those who disobey them. It determines the number, qualifications, duties, and salaries, of all the executive officers. It appoints the heads of all departments but removes them only when there is cause for doing so, all the subordinate officials being subject to civil service rules.

The council so elected distributes the work of management to standing committees of its own body or to specially appointed officers, but retains its paramount control.

The taxpayers hold every member responsible for his vote and actions, all of which are carried on in public, and whilst the council is elected as a practically permanent body, new blood is infused by the election of a proportion of new members at every annual election.

The principles and practice of the two systems have been described and discussed by Mr. Albert Shaw, the only American who has personally investigated them both, and whilst he disclaims the intention of prescribing European remedies for American maladies and says rightly that Americans must deal with their own problems in their own way, he nevertheless leaves no doubt as to his preference of the English system and loses no opportunity of denouncing the illogical condition of American city government.

He says that 'American citizens have neither learned what in the experience of the world has come to be regarded as a sound constitution or framework of municipal government, nor have they made up their minds as to what positive tasks should be entrusted to its care. Contrasting the two systems, he says the first is unrepresentative, and does not solve the problem of harmonizing the authority of the mayor and the authority of the council. At best the relation between the two cannot be other than that of a shifting, unprofitable, and illogical compromise. Logically the mayor must ultimately swallow the council or the council must swallow the mayor. He says that municipal government elsewhere than in the United States, after having constituted a ruling power, do not erect a separate one-man power and give it the means to obstruct the ruling administrative body and to diminish its scope and responsibility.

The duties of municipal councils are chiefly administrative, and the line between legislative and administrative work cannot in practice be accurately defined. It is not easy to see where, in the nature of things, the proper functions of one authority end, and where those of the other begin. It is extremely difficult to apportion the duties and responsibilities between an American mayor and council, and between the two, definite responsibility too easily disappears. He says city government in America defeats its own ends by this division of authority and he regards this division as one of the principal causes of the comparative failure of city government in the United States.

Infinitely superior, says he, is the English system by which the people give the

entire management to an elected council. it is simple, logical, and effective. The location of responsibility is perfectly definite. Mr. Shaw declares their system to be worthy of practical attention in the cities of the United States.

It is strange, says he, that the present school of reformers on the autocratic plan should not have been earlier opposed by another school which would advocate the concentration of all authority and responsibility in the council.

Permit me to hope that you will study this important question, and that the Leland Stanford Junior University may have the distinguished honor of being the first to inaugurate such a school, for assuredly, no greater benefit would be conferred upon the citizens of the United States than by teaching them sound principles of civic government.¹

And now let us examine the special conditions of American cities which are offered as the excuse for the failure of American as compared with English city government and are also used as argument in favor of an autocratic mayor. Mr. Seth Low is probably the best authority.

As to method of legislation. "American legislation," he says, "advances from below upwards, that of England from top to bottom. The people are divided into governors and governed." This is utterly untrue. Every great advance in English legislation originated with the common people and was wrung by force from an unwilling aristocracy. The Charter riots of 1846 were repressed by force, the leaders were imprisoned, and yet the main principles for which the common people then fought are embodied in the law today. The old municipalities, "rotten boroughs," were the creations of the aristocracy, who fought for their maintenance to the very last. Municipal reform came from the common people and was carried by them in spite of all the efforts of the so-called govern-

ors. One can hardly believe Mr. Low to be a democrat.

The immense tide of immigration is regarded as another peculiarity. "The immigrants," says Mr. Low, "come from the governed classes. Before long they are entrusted with the franchise, which they do not know how to use. This foreign element settles in the larger cities and impedes wise government." But this immigration to the cities is a feature of the age, and everywhere the immigrants belong to the lowest and most ignorant of the laboring class. The ignorant Italian peasants who flock to the cities of America also invade Milan and Genoa. There are proportionately more ignorant Irish in Glasgow and Liverpool than in any city of America, with the probable exception of New York, and yet those classes have never proved to be an obstacle to municipal development in either country.

These remarks do not apply to German, Norwegian, Swedish, or even English immigrants, who are for the most part sufficiently educated to take an interest in city government.

"Time," says Mr. Low, "is a necessary element in making a great city, and so far from condemning the imperfections of American cities, everyone should marvel that so much has been accomplished."

"Whenever, [says Mr. Shaw,] one ventures to suggest that American cities are meagerly provided with the best modern facilities and make but a sorry show in comparison with European cities, there comes the unfailing reply that our cities are yet in their infancy whilst those of Europe are of venerable age." But as regards municipal government they are often younger than their American counterparts. Their citizens are not as rich as ours. They stagger under heavier burdens of taxation. Their revenues are smaller, they have had to encounter and remedy the prejudices, mistakes and abuses of many generations,—and yet, in face of disadvantages far greater than our own, they have successfully grappled with the problems of municipal government and have solved them more promptly and successfully than we have.

The oldest city charter in America is that of Boston, granted in 1822, fifteen years before the introduction of municipal reform in England. Of the 303 English city charters now in operation only 178 date from sixty years ago. The charter of Birmingham was granted in 1838; but it was not until 1851 that

¹In reply to an inquiry as to the policy of separating the legislative and executive functions, Professors Ross and Powers have favored me with the following:

"All attempts to separate the two functions either end in governmental impotence or complete unification. The remnant of separation still existing in the Federal Government has only caused deadlocks which have made government for the time impossible. In Congress these difficulties have steadily led to this powerful government by committees of the House of Representatives. The two functions make together an organic whole, and in all cases of conflict the victory will ultimately remain with the power of the purse."

it attained its present completeness. "It is not easy," says Mr. Shaw, "to believe that a city which has attained such splendor of development and such perfection of administration could have accomplished it all within the working lifetime of one man."

Rapid Growth. Mr. Low states that American cities have grown with a rapidity to which the Old World presents few parallels and that London, Berlin, and Rome, are exceptions because they are the seats of government. But Mr. Shaw says this is an unconquerable delusion, and that many of the cities of Europe have grown much faster than those of the United States, amongst the examples quoted he mentions Milan, the population of which increased thirty per cent in ten years. The population of Amsterdam has been more than doubled. In 1890 Hamburg had 34,000 people and Boston 342,000. In 1890 Hamburg had 568,260, and Boston, only 448,000, the areas of both being alike. In the decade ending 1890 Munich and Breslau grew faster than Cincinnati. Manchester in 1838 had a quarter of a million. Today within a radius of twenty miles there are over three million souls. At the beginning of the century the population of Glasgow was about 100,000, and today in a district only four miles wide and seven long there are at least one million souls. In England, and in Europe generally, mere increase of numbers has in no instance prevented a corresponding development of a good and successful government. In San Francisco the population has increased seven hundred times in forty years, but there is no proof that this development is the cause of the bad government now complained of. On the contrary, it may be clearly shown that the real cause is the absence of any fixed and definite principle in the construction of the government itself. "Americans," says Mr. Shaw, "are forever overhauling, repairing, and reconstructing, their municipal institutions without any guiding principle or logical system, in a capricious and arbitrary way in each city and State according to its own designs." And this is well known shown in the history of San Francisco, which has had a number of charters thrust upon its citizens. They have been so altered and

tampered with by respective legislatures that definite responsibility is entirely lost.

The business of charter-making flourishes in San Francisco. They are made to order and with wonderful dispatch. It took thirty years to finish an English charter, but they started with a sound and substantial frame-work and each addition made the basis stronger and the entire structure more perfect. In San Francisco the workmanship and foundation must both be bad; for each successive attempt has ended in a failure worse than the one before it.

Thirty freeholders are chosen by the people. These gentlemen are for the most part owners of real estate, merchants, a few second rate lawyers, with a sprinkling of business agents and auctioneers. All of them are honest, amiable gentlemen, most anxious to do their best, but without any profound acquaintance with the business entrusted to them. Some have schemes of their own for remedying the evils with which they are personally acquainted. All have a profound faith in American methods of government. They have heard of Boston's great improvements and the wonderful reforms effected by the mayor of Brooklyn. They see no hope of securing the immediate adoption of any radical change and after a few weeks of dilettante deliberation they advise the trial of the "one man" power, and thus make one more attempt to control the conduct of corrupt and inefficient councilmen. No one proposes to take instructions from an authority like Mr. Albert Shaw, who tells them that the best American municipal governments are nothing but a compromise, weak, illegal, and inefficient, or from Mr. Bryce, who says, that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States; that extravagance, corruption, and mismanagement, mark their administrations.

"There is not a city," says he, "with a population exceeding two hundred thousand where the poison germs have not sprung into vigorous life, and in the smaller ones of seventy thousand it needs no microscope to note the results of their growth."

Mr. Shaw tells them Americans cannot wisely ignore the lessons that European cities have to teach; that there is

no substantial difference between the conditions of an English city population and our own ; that the problems are the same ; but the one sound principle of council government is fixed, uniform, and agreed upon, from one end of Europe to the other, with the single exception of France, where the institutions of the first Napoleon still prevail against it.

And we may add that in England abuses have been swept away incomparably greater than any that exist in San Francisco, and that after sixty years of trial the council system still retains the confidence and approval of the citizens.

It is thus demonstrated that there is no substantial difference in the conditions of any modern cities, and further that none of those conditions have obstructed the development and extension of good municipal government. And if council government is relied upon throughout Europe as the only condition of success, it becomes interesting to inquire why in America it is so generally regarded as the cause of failure. The explanation may be obtained from a close examination, and I propose to contrast the American with English and Italian city governments.

I select England first, because the franchise is there open to every one but paupers, and even that exclusion is only temporary ; because the English municipal government has been slowly evolved by a people remarkable for their adaptation of government to the means and requirements of the people ; again, because the municipal system is a proved success ; and lastly, because as a former member of two of the larger councils of London local government, I am acquainted with the methods employed and the results obtained.

Although the cities of Germany, Prussia, and other European States, are governed by elected councils, the mode of election, the franchise, and the powers conferred upon them, are so different and so far removed from democratic principles that any comparison between them would be useless and unprofitable.

Italy is chosen because the conditions of the suffrage are exactly similar to those of California, and because the municipal councils have been constructed with the greatest care and skill. A commission of able lawyers and statesmen was employed

to draw up the municipal code, — which render charters quite unnecessary, — and after two years of inquiry and deliberation their labors ended in the law of 1889. This law has already accomplished the greatest and most peaceful revolution of modern times. The vandalism which was steadily obliterating every vestige of Roman and Italian glory has given place to a careful preservation of all antiquities. The great cities are already in course of reconstruction. The harbors are being improved ; the streets repaved, sewered, and provided with tram cars of the latest type. A system of public education has been fostered under extraordinary difficulties, which has already resulted in an appreciable reduction of public ignorance. A sanitary administration has been constructed, the equal if not the superior of any in the world. Without in all cases acquiring the ownership of water works, gas works, and other public utilities, terms have been made with corporations, which will protect the public interests. Good men have been uniformly elected, and from one end of Italy to the other the modern spirit of practical progress and of sanitary reform is making relentless assaults upon the oldest cities.

The Franchise. It will be generally admitted that all good municipal government must be based on a just and honest franchise, broad enough to include the interests of the poorest citizen and sufficiently strong and well defined to exclude strangers who have no interests in the city's welfare. In California the municipal franchise is conferred upon citizens of the United States who have resided in the city ninety days prior to registration, and only persons are excluded who can neither read nor write. No property qualification is required.

In Italy illiteracy is the only effective disqualification. This absolute educational restriction has hitherto existed in no other country. The enrolment of citizens depends on house occupancy, service in the army, and tax payments, which are adapted to the condition of the people and which vary from four to forty dollars in the year. The electoral bodies of Italian cities include practically all the men who can read and write, and even the interests of illiterate citizens are to some extent provided for. The illiterate

father has the right to delegate his tax-paying qualification to his literate son.

The municipal franchise in England is somewhat different and is rarely understood in this country. There is no disqualification of the ignorant and the only citizens disqualified by law are pauper recipients of public charity. This restriction is, however, only temporary.

Wealth alone will not enable any man to vote. Residence is for all classes the only necessary condition. The owners of city property must reside within seven miles of the city hall. In the same way occupiers of city property must be tenants for a year and the rental qualification is made low enough to include the smallest shop keeper and the poorest laborer, one dollar a week. But provision is also made for the enfranchisement of people unable to occupy a whole house. In tenements, lodgings, and lower rented property, the landlord or proprietor is permitted to pay the local taxes, and as his tenants pay their share in rent they are entitled to register as rate payers and be placed upon the city register. A lodger who pays one dollar weekly for a year has therefore the right of registration.

It is thus evident that the English franchise does not depend on a property qualification. The poorest laborer, without a cent of capital or a foot of land, who lives on weekly wages and pays one dollar weekly for a single room, is qualified exactly on the same condition as the millionaire, and that one condition common to them all is residence for one year.

The first important difference in the franchises thus described relates to the proof of residence for the period prescribed. In America registration depends only on the affidavit of the applicant, whilst in Italy and England no affidavit is sufficient and the only acceptable evidence in Italy is the annual payment of the lowest tax rate and in England of the lowest grade of rent.

The result of this difference is that in America there is no security that the municipal suffrage is confined within its proper limits. Lying in politics is not considered an offense and the register is crowded by corrupt persons not qualified as the law intended. The short period of residence makes it easy to evade the law without detection. Crowds of strangers

who have no intention of becoming citizens and who have no city interests have their lodgings paid for them by bosses and political partisans for improper purposes. The register is systematically stuffed with the names of tramps and vagabonds who hope to vote without detection and receive reward. Just before election a posse of policemen goes out on a voyage of discovery to detect the stuffers. This is like locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. The stuffers are already registered and the police fail to find them. As the very foundation of representative government is thus made rotten there is no firm and honest superstructure. It is to the exaction of unimpeachable evidence of continued residence, in other words of real interested citizenship, that the Italians and English owe much of their success.

But the continuous payment of a small rent, whilst it has no restrictive effect in Italy, has the effect of purifying the English system by excluding the ignorant and careless class of citizens. In Glasgow one third of the householders evade the payment of rates and so forfeit their claim to the franchise. Thousands of families live in tenement houses for which the landlord pays the local taxes. It is within the power of all such persons to obtain the right to vote, but they have neither the ambition nor desire. In England the poorer classes have not long enjoyed the advantages of public schools. They have no political education, no political ambitions. The ballot and an extended franchise were only granted twenty-eight years ago, and it is therefore not extraordinary that so many should be disfranchised by their own neglect. But all this is changing rapidly, and the day is imminent when political interest will be as general as it is here. Meanwhile in all the great cities of England, including Glasgow, working-men pay the city taxes either directly or indirectly in the form of rent, take an interest in public affairs, and do not fail to vote.

This is especially the case when they live in separate cottages as in Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Leicester. In Birmingham there are 95,500 inhabited houses and the municipal register contains 92,700 names. In Leeds with 78,000 inhabited houses there are 67,500 voters.

But in England the municipal suffrage is broader, wider, and more truly universal than that of San Francisco. The Constitution of California protects the rights of the poor but fails to recognize the rights of the rich. Hundreds of merchants, professional men, owners and occupiers of city property, and even artisans, all of whom do business in the city and who are most deeply interested in its good government and welfare, are denied the city franchise simply from the fact of residing outside the city limits. The city government is elected under a selected suffrage. At one end the worst and most venal are illegally put on the register. At the other end the best and most intelligent are excluded. The influence of the excluded class could not be otherwise than salutary, and a reform in this direction would tend to counterbalance some of the objectionable features of the present plan.

In all English cities, resident females owning or renting city property are entitled to the franchise. In Birmingham 11,600 voters are females, and if representation and taxation are to go together this privilege is right.

Before leaving the subject of election, it may be desirable to note that in Italian communes of over ten thousand population, the law provides that the elector shall vote only for four fifths of as many names as there are councilors to be elected. This arrangement gives considerable opportunity for the representation of minorities, a positive advantage in city government. In London the county council faithfully represents the people, and minorities are certain of representation. Six working-men sit side by side with lords and millionaires, and have an equal vote. Their services have been most valuable not only to the citizens but to their fellow workmen.

Doctor Gavin advocates the adoption of the single vote which he says is the only form of proportional representation that can be adopted in most States without a constitutional amendment.

If then, the success of English and Italian city government in any degree depends upon the suffrage, it is largely if not entirely due to the rigid and exact enforcement of the residential qualification, and to such an extension of the city limits so as to include the more pros-

perous class of citizens. I would therefore suggest the possibility of devising some test of residence not dependent on property or assessment for the local taxes. If the time of residence could be prolonged, the proof would be more reliable and the detection of stuffers would be easier, or perhaps a notice of intention to become a citizen might be required some reasonable time previous to registration. Or the English system might be introduced. In England the register is made up annually and is exposed to public view. A revising barrister holds a public court at which objections can be made by any one, and when the objection is valid the name is officially removed. In any case there should be a separate city register.

The extension of the city limits is certainly within the power of the legislature. In these days of railroads seven miles is too limited a distance and it would only seem reasonable to give the right of voting to real citizens, say, at San Mateo and Menlo Park, thirty miles away.

The intermixture of municipal, federal, and State elections is a special feature of American city government. The franchise is the same; the register the same; the votes are given in the same booth; the names of the candidates are printed on the same sheet; and by this close association the municipal struggle is diverted from its true object to one of party politics. There is no reason why the government of a great city should be Democratic or Republican. Democrats and Republicans alike can be good citizens. Good citizens interested in honest municipal government must act together. Politics tends to separate them and paralyzes all efforts for good municipal government. Men are led by habit and association to take a partisan view of city politics, and it is largely on account of the agency of great political parties that the condition of municipal affairs presents so bad an aspect.

Instead of voting as a citizen of San Francisco, he votes as a citizen of the State or States. By this temptations to fraud are more than doubled. Once upon the register the American voter becomes part of a great political machine. He looks for political preferment and a sharing of the spoils. He expects to be repaid for

everything he does. He spends thousands to receive an office for which the salary is ridiculously small and hopes to recoup himself by means more or less corrupt. All this has been purposely changed both in England and Italy, where the municipal elections are kept entirely separate. There is a separate register. The expenditure of candidates is strictly limited. The nominations for office are unlimited. The municipal elections are annual and fixed so as not to coincide with the general. During the first years of municipal reform in England party spirit ran high and political influences were in full blast, but after a few years politics ceased to play the principal rôle in municipal affairs, and today whilst the political opinions of the citizens are fairly and rightly represented in the city government, men are not elected on account of politics but for their knowledge of business and their capacity for city government. There are no spoils to share, no monopolies to cinch. Jobbery is utterly unknown and there is always a reservoir of honest practical citizens ready to take office, who are certain to enjoy the confidence and respect of the entire community. Such men need no mayor to govern them, or to appoint chief officers in their behalf. They are not trammelled by checks and balances. None of their executive duties are turned over to boards and commissioners over whom they have no control, and they are assured that the officers they appoint will remain in the public service so long as their public duties are faithfully performed.

Biennial election is a special feature of the government of San Francisco. At the end of two years every supervisor vacates office, and the re-elections are extremely rare. In England every councilor is elected for three years and every alderman for six. The people elect the councilors and the councilors elect the aldermen. One third of the councilors retire by rotation every year and one half the aldermen every three years. In Italy every commune, or ward, elects five councilors, and one retires every year.

In San Francisco there is no settled government. No sooner does a supervisor begin to know his duty than he vacates

office. There is no fund of experience available for the newly elected. The government is sure to be overturned either by politicians or some temporary craze amongst the citizens. The supervisors have therefore no permanent interest in the city government. In Italy the annual election of one fifth of the council secures a stable government by experienced councilors, and in England the same result is obtained.

Italian councils acquire an abiding interest in the city's welfare and in England are continually re-elected by the citizens. Councilors are not uncommon who have served the city twenty years, and after serving the office of mayor have returned to the rank of councilmen.

The number of supervisors in San Francisco is twelve, one for each ward. In Italy five are elected from each ward and in England three. In Italy a city the size of San Francisco would elect eighty councilors. In Birmingham the council numbers seventy-two. In San Francisco the evil of so small a body has been repeatedly demonstrated by "the Solid Seven" and the "Solid Nine"; but in England such a thing as wholesale bribery is beyond conception. Council government requires the election of a sufficient number of councilors, to whom the committees which undertake the supervision and general control of the several departments.

The spoils system in the opinion of Mr. Chamberlain is one of the fatal mistakes of American city government and the best evidence of this is that the people are determined to get rid of it. But it is a great mistake to suppose that the adoption of civil service rules is the cause of the successful civic government in England, where the spoils system was never practised. Under the ancient rotten boroughs, when nepotism and political antagonism were rife, when incapacity and malfeasance were almost universal, permanence of appointment was the only protection against discharge, and when reform came on, thousands of incompetent officials lost their appointments and were paid to go away. The municipal government of England was established thirty-six years before civic service was heard of, and has only adopted it within the last few years.

J. H. Stallard.

LAST HUNT OF THE PAWNEES.

A SAVAGE CHEVY CHASE.



AN ACCOUNT of serious contentions and the probability of worse between the Western tribes of Indians in the summer of 1873, Major William Burgess, United States Indian agent in charge of the Pawnees at Genoa, Nebraska, had wisely concluded that his wards ought to abandon the idea of making a trip to the upper Republican country after buffalo and other wild game, which for years had been their regular practice, and to aid in dissuading them from this expressed purpose he summoned commissioners from Washington. In due time they arrived and a big council was held under the broad-spreading trees that shaded the agent's headquarters. Nearly every one entitled to speak had had his say, the excitement created by a hot discussion of the question had somewhat subsided, and it seemed about settled that the hunt should be "declared off," when suddenly "Te-lah-hut-la-sharo" (Sky Chief), a prominent and favorite leader, who thus far had refrained from participating in the controversy, sprang to the space reserved for the speakers in the center of the throng. In a ringing voice he said:—

"Brothers, you have spoken; we have heard. It will never be as you say. The Great Father of the white man and the red man made you what you are, made us what we are. This country belongs to us. No man can say to me, 'You shall do this,' or 'You shall do that.' While I live I expect to be as I was born, an Indian. As an Indian I am proud and I will do as I please. The buffalo, the deer, the antelope, and the

streams and prairies where they stay,—all are ours. I go on this hunt ere many moons have passed, though I never go again; many warriors and women and children go with me. I have spoken."

A shout of universal applause and approbation greeted this eloquent outburst of oratory, and forthwith the council adjourned without day.

For several days thereafter the head village of the Pawnees, situated near the agency, was in the bustle and excitement of preparation. Those who were not to join the hunting party, anticipating a share in the benefits of it, cheerfully aided those who were.

At evening and far into the night religious and other ceremonies were enthusiastically observed. Singing, dancing, feasting, praying, and conjuring, was the order during those nocturnal hours. The gods were invoked at every step in the preparatory proceedings, their wrath propitiated and favor besought in the customary manner; and at last, every thing being ready, the date for departure was fixed.

On the morning of July 11th, a most favorable and auspicious day, the hunting party, composed of 150 fighting men and their women and children,—nearly five hundred in all,—left the village, crossed the treacherous Loup river without serious mishap or notable incident, and leisurely wound its way over blooming prairies toward the southwest. Being in no hurry, the members of this caravan were prepared to have a pleasant as well as profitable time. They laughed and chatted gleefully, and gayly chanted snatches of war and love songs. Fairly intoxicated with the invigorating breezes,

charming scenery, and anticipation of joys in store, they seemed like beings possessed, giving vent to an exuberance of spirit by playing petty practical jokes upon each other or by indulging in athletic sports and games as they traveled. Even the stern old warriors, who, when occasion demanded, could instantly be transformed into demons, relaxed their wonted rigidity of manners, condescending to laugh heartily at the pranks of their progeny.

A number of prominent chiefs accompanied this expedition, but though not divested of the ordinary authority according to rank or grade, the Indians were all under direct command of John Williamson, a popular employee, selected by Agent Burgess to go with them and head the line of march to the hunting grounds, so as to preclude the possibility of trouble with white people in the few settlements then springing up in the western part of Nebraska. Williamson was just the man to trust with such an important mission. He had the confidence and respect of the chieftains, and through them found no difficulty whatever in keeping the young warriors from making predatory raids. A man by the name of Platt was permitted to accompany Williamson. These two were the only white persons with the party.

After traveling a distance of less than ten miles, the caravan halted, and an encampment was made on the green, velvety banks of Prairie creek, a cool, sparkling little stream that meanders in graceful curves through grassy meads and flowery vales, along the southern border of the old Pawnee reserve. Tents were pitched in a hurry, and in less than an hour's time the Indians were as much "at home" as the average white settler would be after six months of hard labor.

While the sun was still high, "Pucks-kud-y" (Williamson's Indian name for

Curly Head), "La-rook-la-sharo" (Sun Chief), "Ke-wah-koo-che-rish" (Mad Bull), and a dozen other expert marksmen, rode swiftly up the creek to where a herd of antelope had been discovered. Leaving their ponies in charge of a couple of men, the others managed to get within easy range of the unsuspecting animals. A deadly fusillade was then opened, and only one out of seventeen escaped. These sleek, fat fellows, with a goodly number of jack-rabbits and wild fowls, also small fish taken from the brook, formed the principal portion of the evening meal. Supper finished, the time was given over to fun and speech-making. Young and middle-aged men in turn boasted of their prowess in war, skill in the chase, or cunning in horse-stealing ventures. Anon they danced and sang. Then, gesticulating wildly, they told vauntingly of what they would do in case of meeting with any stray war parties, emphasizing their threats with movements indicative of a clever use of tomahawk or scalping knife. Meanwhile the venerable warriors reclined upon the earth, enjoying their pipes. They blew wreaths of smoke toward the starry heavens, and from omens read in the fantastic vapors prognosticated happily of the hunt.

"Id-it-too-et!" (It is so), they cried. "The gods are with us. The Great Spirit loves his children. We shall be happy."

Day after day the Pawnees kept on their southwesterly course. "Pucks-kud-y," familiar with the entire country, carefully avoided all settlements, and each day led the way by easy marches, along pleasant paths, to cheerful camping grounds. And every night, having little and needing less, these children of the prairies found themselves at home. Care-free and light-hearted, they borrowed no trouble of the future. Everything fav-



"HE HAD WOUNDED A LARGE BISON."

ored them on their journey. The weather was exceptionally fine, and small game abounded.

Thus the days passed pleasantly, and near the close of the third week the Pawnees were well up the Republican river, not far from the great buffalo ranges. In a secluded nook they went into camp the forenoon of the last day of July. That night the scouts came in with the tidings that buffalo in large numbers were in the immediate vicinity.

At early dawn the camp was a scene of animation. By six o'clock nearly the entire hunting force was moving cautiously over ridges and up ravines toward the spot where the buffalo were known to be. Sky Chief conducted the hunters. In accordance with custom he carried a long spear conspicuously adorned with swan and eagle feathers, the dropping of which was to be the signal of attack. This was done to give all an equal chance in the first rush on the game. The Indians passed to windward of the buffalo and gained the base of a small intervening ridge within shooting distance. Here they dismounted and gave the ponies breath for the grand charge. Trembling with suppressed excitement, the eager hunters remounted and crowded forward close behind and abreast of the standard bearer. The buffalo began to scent danger. First one, then another, raised its head, suspiciously sniffing the air and moving restlessly, then, catching a partial glimpse of the approaching horsemen, they turned for flight. Down went the feathered spear.

It is difficult to describe the wild tumult that ensued. With a chorus of deafening yells the hunters poured down on the affrighted animals like an avalanche. The big game scattered and fled in every direction. The twanging of bowstrings, the sharp cracking of rifles, and the banging of revolvers, combined with shouts and whoops and exultant cries—as a fatal shot

terminated some huge bison's career—to make a din strictly in keeping with the bloody spectacle. As if to vary proceedings, occasionally a horse, by stumbling, or colliding with a buffalo, would pitch its rider headlong to earth. These accidents, however, were comparatively few, for an Indian pony, trained thoroughly to the chase, knew its business as well as, or better than, the rider, and with wonderful agility, persistency, and care, bore the hunter alongside the lumbering, though active bison, in position where a shot could best be obtained.

Such of the buffalo as had not been killed or disabled in the first onslaught were now dispersed among the hills and cañons. Still the slaughter continued. The Pawnees were there for business, and while game was in sight they took no rest. But in the course of two or three hours the hunters commenced to straggle into camp, and by noon the last loiterer had made his appearance.

A thrilling incident occurred this day that might have resulted seriously for "Keats-ka-toos" (Platt). He had wounded a large bison and was pressing the fellow hard for the purpose of giving him a finishing shot, when the enraged animal turned suddenly and made a vicious lunge at his persecutor. To avoid the charge, the horse leaped quickly aside, throwing Platt to the ground with such force as temporarily to deprive him of the power to rise. The bison then made for the prostrate man with the evident intention of squaring accounts, but a timely shot from "Pucks-kud-y," who fortunately happened to be near, thwarted the furious bull in his design, and gave to "Keats-ka-toos" a new lease of life, which he cheerfully accepted.

Nearly three hundred of these kingly animals were killed in this first chase. As usual, the squaws and larger children took charge of the carcasses. On pack horses they bore the meat and hides, also delect-

able internal delicacies, to a new camping place established conveniently near. There they cut up the meat and dried it in the sun or over slow fires.

A somewhat monotonous program was varied that night with a royal barbecue. To indulge in a "big eat" is the wild Indian's highest ambition, his greatest glory; and there was no occasion to economize the food supply. A whole buffalo was sacrificed to the Great Spirit with conventional and imposing ceremony. While the animal was being consumed on a rude altar, a red-stone peace-pipe was passed around the encircling throng of warriors. But first it was handed to the medicine-man, who blew whiffs of smoke up and down, then to right and left, invoking the Great Spirit the while.

"Thou art our Father," said he. "Look on us, Thy children, and still give us Thy aid. Without Thee, we can do nothing. We thank Thee for all these fat buffalo. Send us many more, O, Father! and we will thank Thee much."

Here the impromptu speaking again began. These oratorical exhibitions are as indispensable in the red man's feast as at the white man's banquet. The midnight hour passed by, yet the revelers gave no indication of weariness. A few sentinels posted about the camp kept vigil against intrusion of prowling enemy. They made no report, they gave no ocular evidence as to their whereabouts, but ever and anon, from cliff or glen or neighboring hill, the hoot of an owl, the shrill scream of the panther, the barking of a coyote or mournful cry of some lone whip-poor-will, bore to the savage feasters the cheerful information that they were still as secure against disturbance as the beasts and birds in the adjacent grove.

A smiling August sun greeted the hunters when they aroused from the lethargy into which the excesses of the previous night had thrown them. They were stu-

pid and cross, and correspondingly inactive. As a result, the inefficient efforts of that day did not greatly increase the supply of meat and hides. But the following day, and the next, the potency of their "medicine" was evinced by unprecedented success in the chase. In fact, they met with such exceeding good luck that on the evening of August 4th it was unanimously decided to devote one day more to hunting and then prepare for the homeward journey.

Excessive confidence and superabundant self-reliance are too often the direct cause of stupendous misfortune. The calamity which befell the Pawnees on this occasion sustains that proposition. Sovereigns in their realm, acknowledged superiors of all tribes, they scorned and defied their hostile neighbors. Proud of their strength and confident of their ability successfully to resist the assaults of any or all foes, they neglected to take even the ordinary precaution against surprise. True, they indifferently guarded their camp at night, but that was all.

The Sioux Indians, who occupied all the territory lying north of the Pawnees' equally extensive possessions, had frequently quarreled with their southern neighbors, and in each encounter had been badly worsted. For this reason the Pawnees were regarded by them with intense hatred. They long had sought an opportunity to pay the debt of revenge, and not finding it, had cunningly contrived to make it.

The Sioux were cognizant of the fact that their inveterate enemy made annual visits to these hunting grounds, and though the buffalo were at that time being rapidly exterminated, they correctly conjectured that the Pawnees would return at least once more, and at the usual season. So a powerful war party was organized and rendezvoused at a point not more than fifty miles above the spot where the Paw-



"THEN IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, TAKE THIS!"

nees last encamped. This was done some time before the Pawnees departed from their reservation.

In order to "make assurance doubly sure," removing the remotest doubt of a complete victory, the crafty Sioux entered into negotiations with the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches, and other western and southern tribes not conscientiously opposed to the elevating of Pawnee scalps, and secured the enlistment of their combined services in the proposed warfare. These allied forces numbered not less than nine hundred fighting men, mostly from the Sioux nation.

While the main body of this army remained concealed in a deep cañon near the Republican river, small hunting parties were regularly detailed and sent for game supplies in a southwesterly direction, exactly opposite from that in which the Pawnees were expected to appear, and a number of the most cautious scouts

were dispatched down the river and north-east, over the divide, to locate and keep track of their movements. The Pawnees were first seen while crossing from the Platte valley to the Republican, and thenceforth regularly reported at the headquarters of the allied army.

On the night following that first day's hunt, a daring Kiowa brave (who years before had married into the Pawnee tribe, and later had been sent back to his own people for rascally conduct that could not be countenanced) eluded the sentinels and entered the Pawnee camp. Being able to speak their tongue, without arousing the slightest suspicion he enjoyed their unrestricted hospitality, which was poorly requited by information furnished the Sioux.

It may be wondered why the Pawnees were not at once assailed. It was simply because an Indian, the same as a white man, places an exorbitant value on

his life and will not rush heedlessly into danger. The Sioux well knew that a week's hunt would greatly diminish the enemy's supply of ammunition, as well as considerably damage the implements of war, thus reducing to a minimum the liability of "accidents," which not infrequently occur in bloody encounters. The Sioux were admirably sagacious, not to say commendably humane. But when they learned that the Pawnees were planning to bring their hunt to an early close, then straightway the rendezvous in the obscure cañon was deserted, and hundreds of naked and painted savages rode swiftly toward the doomed Pawnees.

August 5th, 1873! From Time's vast wings a signal day is flung!

Before the sun had tipped the clouds with a tinge of gray—precursor of a fair morning—the old medicine-man aroused the sleepers and filled their superstitious souls with terror by his cries of warning.

"We-tah-rah-wits! We-tah-rah-kits-chis!" (The time has come! The waiting is over), he shouted repeatedly. "Ye sleeping people, awake! danger is near! Men who are brave, let your deeds now speak for you!"

What had been revealed to the medicine-man thus to affect him, Williamson could not ascertain. The priest kept the secret locked in his breast and died with it that day. Certain it is, his untutored mind was filled with a strange presentiment of something terrible about to happen to his people; yet whether it came through the "influence" upon a "good" heart or a "bad" stomach, who can say? However, the cheerful presence of the rising sun, combined with the exhilarating effects of a sumptuous repast, dispelled the gloom that had fallen over the Indians on account of the revered priest's warnings. But ere the huntsmen had gone forth to their day's work, Sky Chief

directed Fox, chief of the scouts, to repair to the peak or a conspicuous mound some five miles west, where a sweeping view of the country could be obtained. While Fox was executing the order of his superior, Williamson, Platt, and several of the Indians mounted their steeds and rode in pursuit of a small herd of buffalo which had appeared a little more than a mile to the northward. The animals, it fortunately transpired, were readily overtaken and rapidly slain.

Sky Chief did not join the hunters in this chase. No sooner had they departed than he mounted a knoll near by, where, with arms folded across his massive chest, he stood for perhaps half an hour, immovable as a statue, gazing toward the western horizon. Suddenly there came into view of all, on a rise of ground not more than three miles distant, a dark, indistinct mass, taken at first for an immense herd of buffalo, which moved directly toward the Pawnees. They did not know for a number of minutes that it was composed of horsemen lying on their animals' necks with blankets drawn over their heads to give them the appearance of buffalo. For a brief season they were deceived by the ruse.

For fifteen or twenty minutes the Pawnees watched the supposed herd of buffalo coming leisurely toward them. It passed out of sight in an intervening swale, reappearing soon after much nearer.

"The gods send buffalo to meet us," remarked a youth.

The gray-haired medicine-man shook his head. At this moment Sky Chief, who had not stirred from his position on the hill, caught sight of Fox, just galloping into view. At highest speed his fiery mustang was urged to the nearest hill top and thrice ridden in the double circle of a lateral figure "8." Upon witnessing that significant act (which according to the Pawnee interpretation meant, "The



"ONE BLOW FROM SKY CHIEF'S AX CLEFT IRON SHIRT'S HEAD."

Sioux — they come!") Sky Chief started as though a sentence of death had been pronounced from the clouds. He read the pending doom of all. He now knew, what before he had barely suspected, that the dark mass before them was an overwhelming army of mortal foemen.

Sky Chief was no recreant. Sounding the Pawnee war cry, he bounded down the declivity. Directly there was a scene of utter confusion. Sky Chief soon established order, however, and the Indians then began piling up at the outer circle of the camp everything that would prove a barrier against the coming onset. They made among the stacks of meat and skins the safest possible shelter for their women and children, and close-fettered in the center many of the best horses. Then with weapons in hand they stood grim and silent, while old men chanted the death song, and women, with weeping children clasped in arms, gave vent to their feelings in loud lamentations.

When the Sioux observed that their trick had been discovered, they came forward at a rapid pace. And very opportunely, Williamson and his followers, who

had noticed an unusual commotion at the camp, by hard riding arrived just ahead of the hostile band. A hurried consultation resulted in Williamson's volunteering to try his influence in restraining the Sioux from their murderous intent. Agreeably to this hasty though hopeless plan, with Platt he rode out to meet them.

Seeing the two white men advancing, a dozen or more Indians galloped ahead of the main body. When these fellows were yet fifty or sixty rods away, Williamson, waving a white handkerchief over his head, shouted at the top of his voice in the Sioux tongue: "Halt! Halt! in the name of the great father at Washington, I order you to halt!"

The leaders hesitated; then, as their followers came crowding on, responded with a few rifle shots that made the dust fly in unpleasant proximity to the great father's self-appointed mediator between the unfriendly hosts.

"Halt! I command you to halt!" shouted Williamson again in tones of desperation.

A shower of bullets dangerously near was the prompt reply.

"Pucks-kud-y's" dignity was seriously offended and his ire forthwith enkindled. He made a sign to "Keats-kattoos," and throwing his repeater into a horizontal position, glanced along the sights, exclaiming, "Then in the name of the United States government, take this!" Simultaneously with the report of Williamson's unerring rifle Platt's gun was heard, and two paint-besmeared warriors pitched out of their saddles. Twice again the shooting-irons spoke in rapid succession, and instantly twice three brawny braves were weltering in their gore, while half a dozen riderless ponies turned and scampered across the plain. Wheeling their horses quickly, the men dashed back to the enclosure. For the Pawnees there was nothing now but to "do and die." How faithfully those glorious heroes performed their last earthly duty, this record shows.

When fear has flown, and hope is dead; when resignation calms the startled soul, and vengeance takes possession of the mind; when weakness of despair gives place to giant strength born of a fierce desire to measure swords with Death, then the red man at bay becomes a more dangerous antagonist than Saracen found in armored knight of old. Sans hope, sans fear, but with savage desperation bracing mind and nerving muscle, the Pawnees now eagerly awaited the unequal combat.

Enraged by the fatal shots, the Sioux rode furiously forward. They were answered by the defiant war cries of the Pawnees.

Like a whirling tornado the foe swept upon and around the Spartan band, raining bullets and arrows, intending to crush it out of existence in a moment. The Sioux crowded so close that, as a matter of self-preservation, they were compelled to slacken their deadly fire, thus giving the Pawnees an advantage sorely needed,

and the battle changed to a furious and terrible hand-to-hand conflict at every point. Spears, tomahawks, lances, war-clubs, and knives, clashed noisily and incessantly, while cries and imprecations filled the air. And as though the mantle of ancient war heroes had dropped upon them, lending supernatural strength and preternatural powers of resistance, for many minutes the Pawnees held their own against the fearful odds of six to one. Though one by one they fell, it seemed that for each victim slain a dozen of the assailants paid the penalty with their lives. Here and there lay the Pawnee dead; their enemies were piled in heaps and ridges. The deeds of valor there performed were never excelled on gory field, yet one might scarcely note them in that awful hour.

Such a struggle could not last long. The disparity in numbers was too great. Already chiefs Mad Bull, Medicine Sun, White Eagle, and Big Hawk, lay dead or dying upon the blood-drenched sward, together with fully one half of the common warriors; and all the others were more or less severely wounded. Of the commanders, Williamson, Sky Chief, Sun Chief, and the invincible Fox, alone were fit for further service. Still these gallant leaders fought with undaunted courage and unaccountable success. Stationed one at each side of the enclosure, they calmly urged the bleeding men to continued resistance, and grandly set the example themselves. With each a bull-hide, brass-studded shield upon the left arm, adroitly wielded to catch the deadly blows of the swarming horde about them, and a heavy double-bitted ax in the right, they persistently hewed the human forest; and every stroke of the resistless weapons made either a "good Indian" or a very sick one.

Surprised at the persistent defense made by the Pawnees, wearied with their

unavailing efforts to crush them, and disheartened at the astounding loss of life sustained, the attacking party withdrew a few rods to rest and take counsel. It appears that they quite suddenly came to their senses, for a scathing fire was almost immediately opened on the poorly protected camp. The Pawnees were powerless to defend themselves. There was not a loaded rifle or revolver, nor even an arrow in their possession by this time. The women and children had not suffered severely before, but as the deadly missiles now tore their limbs and bodies, terror seized their minds and a panic ensued. All who could do so rushed frantically for the nearest cañon leading away from the enemy. With blood-curdling whoops the Sioux made for the point of escape. For a few minutes the Pawnee warriors still able to fight struggled manfully to restrain them, so as to give at least a few of the fugitives a bare chance for life. Vain attempt. They could not prevent the determined pursuit, and soon joined in a general stampede, each one for himself, and a dozen howling demons after each one.

A number of men, women, and children, mounted ponies and by hard riding through deep and ragged ravines reached the Republican river, waded through, and after many hardships finally arrived at the reservation in a deplorable condition. Several other men and two women (the latter left by the Sioux for dead) managed to reach a place of safety on foot.

As to the women and children that ran to the cañon and were there overtaken, in consideration for the feelings of the sensitive reader, there will be no mention of their fate. Too well we know the savage custom in such cases.

Platt was captured and reserved for artistic torture at the stake, but through the aid of a friendly Indian, escaped and reached the nearest settlement with an

unsinged skin, though nearly dead from wounds and exposures.

Williamson, Sky Chief, Fox, and fourteen others, mounted ponies and fled over the hills toward the river. They were twice intercepted by squads of the enemy, and twice fought their way through, each time leaving several dead comrades. In the last of these encounters the notorious Cheyenne chief, "Iron Shirt" (so called because he wore an old coat of mail) recognized Sky Chief and engaged him in single-handed conflict. The struggle was short. One blow from Sky Chief's ax cleft Iron Shirt's head to the shoulders. Williamson, near the end of this running race for life, was made a special target by a big Sioux warrior, who fired at him six times in rapid succession, the last shot knocking the pommel from his saddle. And the noble Sky Chief, sad to relate, was instantly killed by a rifle ball when almost beyond reach of the pursuers.

The scenes enacted at the agency, after the first returning stragglers brought news of the awful calamity that had befallen the tribe, were distressing in the extreme. Men raved and women went mad. They rent their clothing, tore their hair, and gashed their limbs with knives, — a few inflicting upon themselves fatal injuries. Wailing for the dead continued during many months, and the nights were made hideous by doleful howlings.

By this direful disaster the Pawnees were crushed in spirit and physically disabled as a nation. They never again exhibited that happy disposition, contentedness, independence, and dignity of bearing, — traits of character which had distinguished them above all other Indian tribes. In a few years they were removed from the land of their fathers to Indian Territory, where a degenerate band now constitutes but a mournful remembrance of former greatness.

J. F. Bixby.



TOWING OUT PAST THE SAN FRANCISCO WATER FRONT.

OUR PILOTAGE LAWS.

BY CHARLES E. NAYLOR.



SHALL we contemplate with indifference the spectacle presented in the gradual but certain extermination of our merchant navy and the disappearance of our flag from the highways of commerce through the agency of unwise legislation? As well ask: shall we deny our mothers and disown our children?" Every law that is helpful to commerce is a direct benefit to the State and Nation.

There are laws and laws regulating the pilotage question, and the laws of California on this subject, which are slightly original in some features, although mainly imitative, present a curious exhibition of human mutability.

Of their origin and development (by retrogression) towards perfection (?) and

justice (?) there is no panegyric to offer. The wide departure from the fundamental principle engrafted upon the organic law of the State is noticeable when we read in the Constitution that the Legislature is prohibited from ever "granting to any corporation, association, or individual, any special or exclusive privilege or immunity," and further in section twenty-one of the Constitution the following,—

Nor shall any citizen be granted privileges or immunities which upon the same terms shall not be granted to all citizens.

This would seem to prohibit the creation of a monopoly in any special privilege.

Then we read in the statutes passed pursuant to this edict of the people, in effect:

There shall not be over twenty pilots appointed and licensed for the harbor of San Francisco, and these twenty men shall have the sole privilege of hiring out as pilots to ships entering or leaving that harbor;

and within a very liberal maximum these twenty may fix arbitrarily their charges for this service, favoring whom they please; and that if any other man dare to hire out for or render a similar service, no matter how capable, he shall be fined five hundred dollars and imprisoned; and that these favored twenty shall render no account whatever to the public of their collections; and that if any vessel coming from or going to a foreign port refuse to employ one of these twenty men such vessel must pay to these twenty men upon demand a sum equal to one half the amount they would have been permitted to charge if the service had been actually rendered, and that even a ship in tow of a tug coming or going is not exempt from this exaction.

When we find this to be the letter and spirit of our statutes we may be excused for wondering what is the intent and meaning of the provision in the Constitution just quoted regarding "special privileges," if it does not apply to this particular case.

These statutes do not impress one as noble monuments of modern simplicity and an honest compliance with the wish and will of the people, but rather as peculiar examples of latter-day legislation, addressed more to a tender care for political appointees than to the prosperity of the State through the agency of commerce, which they should have been formulated to promote.

It is not the fact alone of the creation of special privileges that I would criticise, because, while such privileges should be avoided so far as possible in our popular form of government, still within reasonable bounds it becomes important to the general welfare at times that special privileges should be granted in some cases; because from the nature of the thing to which they apply there could not be a general participation. But it is right as the Constitution has it, which read be-

tween the lines expresses this sentiment, "No monopoly shall be created by the Legislature through the granting of privileges or immunities on an exclusive basis." Under free competition, controlled by proper rules and restrictions, pilotage charges would probably be reasonable. As the law is now, a pilot once appointed cannot be removed except for cause after due trial; his position is worth in the market from five to six thousand dollars, and will sell for that. This is, of course, a result of his legalized "special exclusive privilege" of exacting from shipping a large amount of property without any compensation.

Now let us look backward for a few years and discover, if possible, to what extent our present California pilotage laws have evolved from the crude to the refined, and observe also what treatment natural justice has received by our lawmakers at the behest of interested politicians:

First. The third act of the first session of the California Legislature passed January 8, 1850, was an act in relation to pilots and pilotage. It authorized the governor to appoint not to exceed twelve pilots for San Francisco harbor; established a rate of eight dollars per foot draught; required vessels to pay one half rates when pilots were not employed; exempted all vessels trading between California ports from the half rate charge, and exacted a bond of ten thousand dollars from each pilot for faithful service. Remember, in reading these early statutes and comparing them with the later statutes, that our harbor was but little known, and very inadequately protected by safeguards in those days.

Second. On February 25, 1850, a second act was passed by the same Legislature providing for the creation of a pilot commission to consist of two merchants, two shipmasters, and the harbor master,



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with a paid secretary, etc. This commission was authorized to appoint pilots at pleasure on due examination; to charge fifty dollars for each license; to issue pilots' licenses to American masters of coasting vessels of 175 tons measurement or less, to apply to their own vessels only; and to exact a five thousand dollar bond from each general pilot. The rates of pilotage were fixed at ten dollars and eight dollars per foot according to the distance the vessel was piloted; foreign vessels were to be charged twenty-five per centum more unless contrary to a federal treaty. One half pilotage was made compulsory when a pilot was not employed, except that vessels of 175 tons or less trading between ports in California and Oregon only were exempt from this compulsory feature. Bear in mind the fact that not a dollar of the money collected by pilots or commissioners ever goes into any public fund, or is accounted for to any public official.

Third. On April 21, 1851, during the session, the State Legislature passed an amendatory act by which all vessels, steam or sail, trading within the limits of

California were exempt from all pilotage unless a pilot was actually employed.

Fourth. On April 27, 1852, the third session adopted a new provision creating a pilot commission of four to be appointed by the governor and to include the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

This commission was authorized to issue pilot licenses to all applicants having the proper qualifications; other conditions not changed materially.

Fifth. On May 11, 1854, during the fifth session, an act was passed providing for a commission the same as the 1852 act, with authority to appoint pilots at pleasure (on examination, of course), not to exceed thirty in number; each pilot must be an American citizen over twenty-one years of age; bond, two thousand dollars; all other persons than these thirty licensed pilots were forbidden to pilot a vessel for hire under a penalty of five hundred dollars. The rates were limited to eight dollars per foot for vessels less than fifteen feet draught, ten dollars from fifteen to eighteen feet; twelve dollars for eighteen feet and over; twelve dollars for American and foreign war ves-

sels, to which rates the pilots were authorized to add five per cent, which was to be turned over to the pilot commission to cover their expenses and compensation.

One half pilotage was compulsory except on coasters in California trade and whaling vessels coming into port for repairs and supplies.

Sixth. On April 16, 1855, a new act made no material changes except to establish a pilotage rate of one dollar per foot to be charged whalers and subjecting them to compulsory pilotage of half rates when no pilot was employed.

Seventh. On April 16, 1858, the Legislature passed an act by which the number of pilots that might be licensed was reduced to twenty; and the qualifications prescribed, which have always been about the same, were: two years service on a pilot boat or three years on a square-rigged vessel in the coasting trade with San Francisco; familiarity with all shoals, rocks, bars, points of land, and night lights, of the bay and harbor. Penalty of five hundred dollars, or sixty days' imprisonment for piloting by an unlicensed pilot or a pilot not attached to a pilot boat. The penalty applied also to masters of vessels who employ such outlawed pilots.

Eighth. On April 21st, 1860, the acts of 1854 and 1858 were repealed, and a new act passed in which the only changes of importance were as follows:—

The pilots must pay to the commissioners five per cent of their legal charges, and add five per cent to such charges, collect, and pay that to the commissioners also, making ten per cent in all.

The rate of pilotage was fixed at seven dollars per foot on all vessels from a foreign or Atlantic American port and on all other vessels not sailing under a coasting license between Pacific Coast ports of the United States. For these coasters the rate was three dollars and a half per foot. For whalers the rate was continued at

one dollar per foot. Half pilotage was made compulsory when pilots were not employed except that all coasters (which must be American vessels) were exempt from this provision. The rate for government war vessels was made ten dollars per foot.

Ninth. On May 20, 1861, all previous acts relating to pilots and pilotage of San Francisco harbor were repealed and a new act passed. The noticeable changes are here given as follows: The number of pilots was fixed at a minimum of fifteen and a maximum of twenty. A bond of five thousand dollars was required. The rates of pilotage were fixed at seven dollars per foot for vessels between one hundred and fifty and five hundred tons measurement; over five hundred tons, seven dollars per foot and four cents per ton. Whalers one dollar per foot. One half rates compulsory except as to coasters between California ports, and except as to vessels outward bound in tow of a tug-boat, in either of these exceptions no pilotage was permitted to be charged unless a pilot was voluntarily employed. Ten per cent of all receipts of all pilots must be paid to the commissioners for their services and expenses of office. In Boston the commissioners get a part of four per cent.

Tenth. On April 11, 1863, an act was passed making no changes of note, except that all coasters trading between ports in California, Oregon, and Washington, if registered in California were exempted from the compulsory pilotage charge.

Eleventh. On April 4, 1864, all previous acts were repealed and a new act passed. Its provisions were similar to the existing laws, except as noted:—Instead of "commissioners," three "examiners" were provided for, who were placed under oath to appoint only loyal citizens as pilots (evidently a war meas-

ure). The number to be appointed should not be less than ten nor more than fifteen (getting down to a close corporation). The bond was reduced again to twenty-five hundred dollars. Five per cent only of the receipts were to go to the examiners. The rates of pilotage were established at six dollars per foot for vessels under five hundred tons and seven dollars and four cents over five hundred tons. Whalers one dollar per foot. Half pilotage compulsory when pilots were not employed, except as to coasters between California, Oregon, Washington, and all vessels outward bound in tow.

Twelfth. On March 22, 1870, all previous acts were repealed and an entire new act passed, of which the following are the salient features:—The governor was empowered to appoint three commissioners with power to appoint and license not less than fifteen nor more than twenty pilots and to exact a bond of twenty-five hundred dollars from each and to supervise their acts. Commissioners term of office at pleasure of governor, not over four years. Pilots of steam tug-boats were also to be licensed by the commissioners. Rates of pilotage: if vessels were not spoken inward bound until inside the Heads, the charge must be agreed by the parties; otherwise the regular maximum rates were fixed at five dollars per foot for vessels under five hundred tons and five dollars per foot and four cents per ton on larger vessels, which charges might be varied at the pleasure of the pilots. Whalers and fishing vessels one dollar per foot. Half pilotage compulsory except as to coasters between ports of California, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska, and vessels outward bound in tow. Steam tugs not allowed to charge towage or pilotage unless actually employed. If a pilot were employed by an outward-bound vessel in tow of an unlicensed tug only half pilotage allowed.

Thirteenth. The political code which took effect January 1, 1873, practically continued in force the act of March, 1870, as given above, but increased the bond to five thousand dollars for pilots.

Fourteenth. On March 29, 1878, the Legislature amended the code by entirely exempting whalers and fishing vessels from the exactions of compulsory pilotage, but removed the exemption of vessels outward bound in tow, compelling them to pay half pilotage if a pilot be not employed, in addition to towage charge. (Was this in the interest of commerce?)

Fifteenth. On April 6, 1891, an act was passed by which all American vessels under United States register, which vessels are privileged to sail to foreign ports, were placed in the list of those which must pay one half pilotage if a pilot be not employed.

This last act was passed at the behest of interested politicians of powerful influence, who are said to control the appointment of pilots, and in defiance of the expressed wish and unanimous petition of the best men engaged in the business of ocean commerce, and for the purpose of preventing American ships from sailing to another coast port and from there to a foreign port without paying compulsory pilotage for no service rendered when leaving San Francisco harbor.

The English pilotage laws provide for the licensing of all masters and mates of vessels, who are familiar with the harbors of the country, and such vessels are exempt from all charges unless a pilot be actually employed. The Board of Trade (similar to our Chamber of Commerce) a business men's organization has charge of pilotage matters, which are managed on business principles and not in the interests of any political ring,—no preferences are permitted. This system might be commended to our Legislature as a sample of fairness worthy of emulation.

One must naturally inquire, why should a particular business be required to maintain an expensive not to say extravagant establishment for which it has no use? The shipping interests are now compelled, they tell us, to contribute in the shape of excessive port charges all the money needed and used in water front improvements, for the use of future generations through a political spoils' system presided over by State Harbor Commissioners, the amount thus paid for wharfage, dockage, tolls, etc., being more than half a million dollars per year; and in spite of the fact that the State owns the water front and that the city must always depend to a large degree upon ocean commerce for her prosperity and greatness, neither the commonwealth nor the municipality are put to any expense on this valuable property, although both levy direct taxes upon American ships in addition to the excessive charges above enumerated.

If the shipping must pay for the privilege of bringing this prosperity to the State and greatness to the metropolis, then we should introduce business methods and management and allow the people who furnish the money (those engaged in shipping) to regulate to some extent its outlay and the charges by which it is collected.

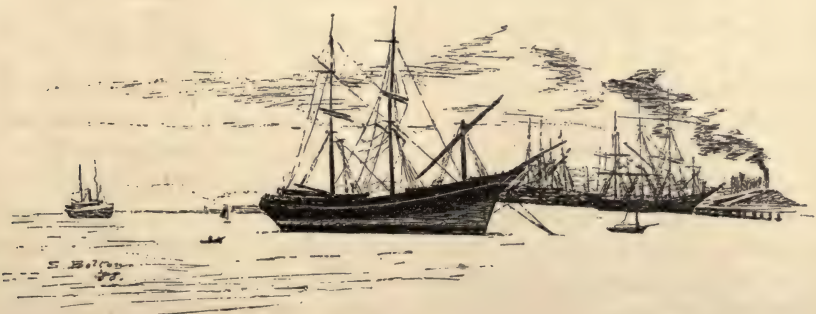
There can be little doubt that a properly organized harbor commission, super-

vised to some extent by the Chamber of Commerce, could easily attend to the business now under the charge of the present commission and look after the pilots as well, or it could be left entirely to the Chamber of Commerce or the Merchants' Exchange. Then, if the pilots were given liberal pay, required to collect a uniform charge from all vessels to whom service is rendered, and account for all receipts, whatever surplus there might be would at least be devoted to legitimate public purposes. If it should go to the Chamber of Commerce, as is done in Boston, some practical good would be accomplished.

No valid excuse can be offered, it would seem, for compelling our ocean commerce to pay \$150,000 to \$200,000 per year to private individuals who are protected by law in a monopoly when we are assured on good authority that equally efficient service can be secured for \$50,000.

Although the changes in our pilotage laws have been numerous, they have generally been in the direction of a stronger political grasp and a more complete monopoly. National pilotage laws would cure the trouble, but as Congress will probably not enact such laws it would seem that now is a good time to make a radical change in emancipating our American ocean commerce, so far as California is concerned, from this shameful abuse. Let the Legislature act.

Charles E. Naylor.





CREAM ROCK, FISH CREEK CAÑON, SAN JOAQUIN RIVER.

UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE HIGH SIERRA.

V. SOME NEW YOSEMITES.



OUR Eastern friends, when we speak to them of California scenery, think of the Yosemite valley and of the Big Trees. Among the people of the State itself, the term is understood to refer also to such

wonders and beauties as the Geysers, Mount Shasta, Lake Tahoe, the Blue lakes and Monterey. Famous California scenery, it appears, is that part of our finest scenery which is adjacent to hotels. Hence the numerous other Shastas, Tahoes, Blue lakes, and Yosemites, of California, lacking the proximity of hostleries, are not famous. Some of them are thankful for a narrow local celebrity, while others are quite unknown except to a few unintelligent persons.

Speaking alone of the yosemites, the original valley was, of course, the first to be discovered, and its fame was rapidly spread through the United States, England, and finally, continental Europe. Trails, and afterward, roads were built, hotels were erected, and tourists from afar flocked to the new shrine of Nature. By the way, it is doubtful whether this same discovery would have attracted so much attention had it come twenty or thirty years later. At that time the ear of the whole greedy world was turned toward the Pacific, and though the news was of the finding in those golden mountains of a different sort of treasure than gold, the ear was listening eagerly and it could not but hear. At present it is not an easy matter to advertise new discoveries in California. Is it possible that the world is coming to think us — a chestnut ?

If the stronghold of the Indian desperados against whom Captain Boling marched his men into trackless mountain wilds had been the Tehipite, for instance, instead of the Yosemite valley, the fame of Tehipite would have gone abroad, roads thither and hotels would have been built and thronged; it would be the image of Tehipite that would rise in the minds of our Eastern friends to whom we might speak of California scenery, and Whitney and Muir would probably have had nearly as hard a time of it in arousing public interest in the Yosemite valley as in fact they had in drawing attention to the Californian Alps.

As it is, how many people have heard of Tehipite, the yosemite of the Middle Fork of King's river, or even of the yosemite of the South Fork, called the King's River cañon? Perhaps a few thousand have heard of the latter, a few hundred of the former. How many who read this magazine have ever heard of the yosemite of the upper Tuolumne, of that of the San Joaquin, of Fish creek, Mono creek, Goddard creek, the upper South fork of the King's river, Bubbs's creek, or of the cañon of the Kern. All of them are in the unexplored Sierra except the latter two, which, because of their proximity to the King's River cañon and Mount Whitney, respectively, are somewhat known to visitors to those localities.

Before speaking of these new yosemites, it may be proper first to justify the use of the word yosemite as a generic term. I think Mr. Muir was the first so to use it. In his ramblings through the cañons of the Sierra, Muir found several localities in which the walls were very lofty and nearly perpendicular, and the floor wide and level. These are the principal characteristic features of the Yosemite valley, considered as a gorge or valley alone, or aside from those special adornments of waterfalls and domes by which

the sum of its grandeur and beauty is so greatly augmented. Instead, therefore, of speaking of these localities as Yosemite-like valleys, it was natural that Muir should have called them yosemites.

As a matter of fact, neither is the Yosemite valley an exceptional creation nor are these other yosemites, taken collectively, exceptional creations. In many other mountain ranges where large areas of granite have been exposed by denudation and subjected to long-continued erosion by swift torrents, valleys have been sculptured presenting the characteristic features of the Yosemite valley, but in what may be expressed as a less typical degree. In Norway, especially, such valleys are not uncommon. But it is only in the Sierra that the conditions necessary to their formation have been most perfectly fulfilled, and it is to the Sierra, therefore, that the Yosemite type of valley really belongs.

Taking the original Yosemite valley as the type or ideal member of the group, we find the other members exhibiting different kinds of variation from this ideal. In one, however, namely Hetch-Hetchy valley, on the Tuolumne river, the variation is only as to size. Of all the group, therefore, this valley offers the greatest likeness to Yosemite. The average steepness of the walls is as great; there are domes and waterfalls; the floor of the valley is similar, and there is even the suggestion of a similarity of arrangement of the principal features. But the dimensions are only half those of Yosemite, or its area less than a quarter, and the walls are only about two thirds as high.

Farther up the cañon of the Tuolumne there are localities exhibiting Yosemite-like features. In certain places the walls are much higher and often quite perpendicular, but there is no valley floor. In other places there is a very fine valley floor and also Yosemite-like walls, save

that on the south side they are not continuous. In one of the yosemites of the San Joaquin, or at the Notches, there is a departure in the inferior height of the walls, in the steepness of one wall and in the absence of a wide valley floor. In another the walls are defective. In that of Mono creek the steepness of the walls is not great enough on one side; in the yosemite of Goddard creek the sculpture is too various for perfect similarity, steepness is occasionally wanting and there is not sufficient width; the same is true of some Yosemite-like gorges of the upper Middle and upper South forks (King's river), though in the case of another of the upper South fork — Paradise valley — nothing is wanting but a nearer approach to verticality. In Tehipite there is insufficient length of valley floor and an absence of brink, the walls rounding back to a great height. In the King's River cañon there is narrowness of bottom and in the walls less steepness and an absence of brink, except in certain parts. In Bubb's creek it would be more correct to speak of the points of resemblance to Yosemite in this splendidly long cañon than of the points of departure. In the Kern the walls are not sufficiently bare and steep.

But though no one of these yosemites exhibits all of the distinguishing features of the Yosemite, on the other hand each of them is possessed of individual beauties and elements of grandeur, and in the case of at least three, the Tuolumne cañon, Tehipite, and the King's River cañon, these lacks — if we are to call them such — are so far compensated for by the possession of other features of superior scenic value, that it is an open question whether these localities will not some day be more highly prized among our mountain treasures than Yosemite itself.

I should have wished to be able to entitle this article so as to include not merely some but all of the other yosemites, but

from personal knowledge I cannot speak of those of the Kern, of the upper South fork of King's river, nor of Bubb's creek, except in general terms. These, however, do not really belong to the unexplored Sierra. Of the remainder of those mentioned I have pretty thoroughly explored and photographed all but one or two. In addition to those enumerated, there are probably other yosemites of minor resemblance and importance, making in all something like fifteen to eighteen in the range.

The more important of the new yosemites I have thought worthy of separate treatment in this series. I refer to Tehipite and to the Grand cañon of the Tuolumne. The King's River cañon, also, would be entitled to separate description, but that it does not lie in the unexplored country, and what is still more to the point, it was the subject of a long and careful article in the *Century* by Mr. Muir, who spoke of it as a "yet grander cañon" than Yosemite, a judgment which has been much criticised by visitors to both localities. Personally, I think Mr. Muir's compliment justified in one sense but not in another. Judging it in its qualitative relation to Yosemite, it most distinctly is inferior. That is, the features it possesses in common with Yosemite are, for the most part, inferior as such. But if it be judged on its own merits there is some reason for considering it on the whole a grander piece of scenery.

Beginning on the north, there was said by the old survey to be a yosemite on the North fork of the San Joaquin. This I have not seen, and have only tentatively indicated on the map, for the reason that there is some doubt as to its location, Brewer having called the Main fork the North fork. The locality called The Notches, at the junction of the Main and South forks, I have already described in the preceding paper. I speak of it here



IN MONO CREEK YOSEMITE.
SOUTH FORK SAN JOAQUIN RIVER. MOUNT MCLEAN IN THE DISTANCE.

because I have reason to believe from some photographs I got of it last summer that below the intersection of the two forks the cañon assumes a Yosemite-like form, just as at the junction of the Merced river and Tenaya creek is situated the Yosemite. All that is necessary is that

the walls of the Notches should be found to have separated, which is probably the case. Last summer I had no time to investigate the gorge here, nor are its depths visible from any easily reached point; but two years before I made an unsuccessful attempt to explore it. Directed,



LOOKING DOWN MONO CREEK CAÑON TOWARD THE MONO CREEK YOSEMITE AND THE FIRST RECESS.

or rather misdirected, by a sheepherder, we started toward the Dome which rises from the angle of the intersection of the Forks. When near this rock, my companion went north to descend to the main river to fish, while I went west toward the South fork, intending to follow the stream down to the junction, take a survey below, and ascend the other fork until I reached my friend. I hurried along, my camera knapsack jolting loosely on my shoulders, and descended the Notch of the South Fork gorge by a steep gully that led to a little flat on the river. Confiding in my sheepherder, I made down the stream rapidly, climbing over the little promontories of rock that occasionally jutted into the water, until, in about half an hour, after I had several times slid down rocks which I could not possibly scale in the event of an attempted return, I found my Notch was bent on crowding me quite into the river.

To make a long story short, I worked just five hours up and down stream and on the wall before I got out of a perfect natural Bastile. At noon, some two

hours before my liberation, I ate lunch with my legs dangling over the face of the cliff I had managed to surmount, and my back resting against its continuation upward. On finally gaining the ridge I photographed the Dome,— and later had to abandon the plates,— and it being then too late to look for my companion, hurried to camp and found him there ahead of me.

After we parted, it seems he had nearly forfeited his life in climbing down to the river by the route advocated by our host (who, I am bound to say, was hospitable if he was a liar), and when he did get to the bottom— more dead than alive—the fish would n't bite. In fact, he strongly suspected that there were none. In returning, he picked his own way and made the ridge without accident.

Fish Creek cañon, the next in order of the yosemites, may be located on the sketch map which accompanied the first article (published last May). The stream is the largest tributary of the Main fork of the San Joaquin. I have only seen it

once, but, unless I can go afoot, I shall be perfectly reconciled never to visit it again. The fact is, the trail into it and out again is a thing to be despised and shunned; and though I succeeded in dragging my mule into the cañon,—I was alone that year,—I got incipient nervous prostration in getting him out of it on the other side. On the afternoon of my arrival I went fishing. I pause here to remark that those stories of fish-catching which imperil the souls of our angling friends may be told of this particular stream with the most perfect spiritual safety,—though with danger, perhaps, to the reputation. For fear of imperiling my own, I will not go into the particulars of that day's excursion.

That night, just as I was turning into my blankets, I heard the stealthy tread of a panther. I had never met in the Sierra any member of the cat tribe larger than the ordinary mountain lion, so I thought my visitor was one of the latter species, or only a wildcat, until I measured with my eye the distance from the glowing orbs that were his eyes to the white and just visible aspen trunk on which he seemed to be standing. I had a large stock of uncooked trout lying about—how large I still refuse to say—and I shall always believe he smelt fish. Now I usually carry a rifle, though I seldom bother to hunt as long as provisions last, and it occurred to me I had better intimidate my visitor, lest he make a descent on my trout while I should be asleep. But as I rose, gun in hand, he turned and trotted down the stream, occasionally turning, (when I could locate him by the glowing of his eyes,) but not long enough to get a deliberate shot. Soon he turned abruptly up the hill, and I followed, but the brush growing thick, I prudently withdrew just about a minute before I should have. For next morning I found the varmint had been following

the trail out of the cañon and had led me within a few rods of the solution of the Chinese puzzle department of it.

I never knew a trail to be so tied up in a knot. Its parts were so elusively connected, or rather disconnected, that it might well have led to the stronghold of a band of freebooters, if there had been anything to steal within a hundred miles. When I had mastered the combination, I followed the trail up the hill-side, which was so steep and sandy that, though I was entirely unburdened, I could hardly make my way up. Returning to camp, I took a long look at Whitney and temporized. Then I took a day to think it over, during which I made an excursion up the cañon; and it was to the fact that I was thinking it over that this article owes the embellishment given it by the photograph of Cream rock. From five o'clock to dark I led the mule here and there, tempting him to feed on the choicest morsels, and then gave him a little salt, which is a kind of moral suasion to a mule—the only kind, parenthetically, to which he is at all susceptible, unless it be a gatling-gun.

Next morning we tackled it. The only thing that saved us was Whitney's perception, as clearly evinced in every movement he made, in every breath he drew, that there was not grass enough in the whole of Fish Creek cañon to keep his ribs decently concealed a single week. Never did mule toil so before. He literally humped himself in his efforts to ascend. Every five minutes I gave him a rest of about ten. It was often necessary for him to rear up on his hind legs, hook his forefeet over the ledge above, and spring up. We reached the summit and got perhaps two miles on our journey before dark.

In spite of all which, Cream rock is one of the most beautiful faces of granite in the Sierra. Its resemblance to El Capitan

will be apparent from the photograph. The best of the wall surface of the cañon is therein shown. The valley itself is about half a mile wide, five or six miles long and in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a mile to a mile deep. The northern wall recedes rapidly.



PORTION OF THE SOUTH WALL OF THE GODDARD CREEK
YOSEMITE. MIDDLE FORK KING'S RIVER. CRAGS, FOUR
TO FIVE THOUSAND FEET HIGH.

Mono Creek cañon, of which I have treated in a very general way elsewhere, includes a very pretty little Yosemite, the best parts of the walls of which are shown in the photograph. On the south the wall is nearly perpendicular in several places for about two thousand feet and exceedingly steep for perhaps fifteen hundred feet more. The valley floor is level, and as in the Yosemite, composed of meadow sward, sandy groves, and talus heaps overgrown with oak and manzanita. The rocks of the First Recess, which opens southward just above the valley, have a striking individuality. The granite is very pure and creamy in

appearance. Mount Hilgard, named in honor of Professor Hilgard of the University of California, stands at the head of this splendid side gorge.

Jackass Flat, on the main South fork of the San Joaquin, is Yosemite-like in its floor and in the character of part of the eastern wall. A fine bluff of rock in Lost valley, three miles farther up the river, is quite up to the El Capitan level of grandeur. In these valleys there is just enough resemblance to Yosemite occasionally to suggest it.

Leaving the San Joaquin, and crossing the divide to the King's river, we enter a region of cañons, gorges, and valleys, nowhere rivaled on the American continent, and perhaps in the world. The gorges and cañons I have spoken of in the preceding article. It remains only to say a word as to the occasional modifications of the forms of the gorges by which they are constituted yosemites.

On the 21st of July, 1895, Mr. Ernest C. Bonner and myself emerged from the Enchanted gorge and found ourselves in something very like a Garden of Eden. Making the last steep descent from the gorge, we stood on the edge of a wide floor carpeted with all the pretty grasses, small growth, and picturesque litter, of a stately grove.

In front of us, directly opposite the gorge mouth from which we had just emerged, was the Yosemite-like wall shown in the photograph, which, however, wholly fails to represent it. The rocky cañon of Goddard creek above, and its continuation below, our flat, confined this paradise on the east and west, while on the north, the opposite wall of the cañon, broken only by the narrow entrance of the gorge, rose black and terrible, at least four or five thousand feet into the clear air. It is in such a spot that the traveler may deceive himself with the image of Yosemite. Above and below, the walls are quite as



University Peak.
 PORTION OF CAÑON OF SOUTH FORK OF KING'S RIVER.
 A—Glacier Monument at the Head of King's River Cañon, B—East Wall of Paradise Valley.

Mt. Gardner.

Mount King.

lofty and often as nearly vertical. Indeed, above, on the granitic, or south side, the wall is possibly much superior in sculpture and far loftier than in Yosemite, but unless at the base of this wall there are bits of valley floor, the likeness to Mariposa's Yosemite will not hold true. In our Paradise, as we called it,—and we lingered therefor hours, supplementing our contemplations by the achievement of a fine apple pie,—one need only fling himself on the sod of the meadow's edge, and the deception is complete. Rippling smoothly down its gravelly bed, caressed by bordering carices and banks of azalea, it seems to be indeed the Merced river that curves and glides through the rich, alluvial meadow. Bordering it are aromatic groves composed of many of the forest trees, the red fir, the Douglas spruce,—than which, perhaps, there is no conifer of so great beauty of foliage,—and the "ponderous" pine, standing well above the other trees, with here and there in sunnier spots, bright fleckings of flowering shrubs, and the warm tones of the peeled red bark of the cedars, standing and supine. Farther in the background, the rounded forms of the deciduous trees, the several species of oak, the maple, and laurel, rise on the lower terraces of the talus, the green and black of the oaks setting solidly among the lower growth of wild roses, raspberries (the beautiful *Rubus nutkanus*, not the thimble berry, which grows in the shade by the water), brake and manzanita,—these growing sparser on the rising talus, until, failing altogether, the naked slope sweeps, white and broken, four and five and six hundred feet to base of the cliffs. Then gray granite stretching upward, fractured and sculptured like true Yosemite cliffs, with deep, vertical gorges, scoured by torrent and avalanche; dark, horizontal lines of shrub-grown cracks, and terraces, so high above that the great trees they bear seem

to be the inch-long toys that children play with. Finally, turrets and crags like the Cathedral rocks, the Three Brothers, and the Sentinel. Nowhere in this paradise a marring track, except those sly, hidden paths the wild creatures make; not even an abrasion of a tree trunk; not the sign, anywhere, of a human being.

It is through much the same sort of a gorge as that of Goddard creek that the upper south fork of the King's speeds its longcourse toward the King's Rivercañon. There are several little Yosemite-like expansions of this gorge, of which Paradise valley, a few miles above the great cañon, is perhaps the most perfect. It is said by Professor Bolton-Coit Brown, of Stanford, to have very high, bare, granite walls and a spacious floor which, however, has been greatly spoiled by sheep. The photograph reproduced on page 75 shows a section of the cañon, nearly to the head of the stream, though the lower part of the trench is hidden from view. Above the section shown the wall continues Yosemite-like and there is probably a fine little valley there. The similarity of the sculptured wall surfaces lettered A and B is very significant. A is Glacier

Monument of the King's River cañon, B is the east wall of Paradise valley.

Of Bubbs Creek cañon I have obtained only distant views, but from photographs and descriptions furnished by Mr. J. N. Le Conte, who has explored the tributaries of Bubbs creek very thoroughly, it appears certain that the Yosemite type is represented in several parts of this splendid cañon. Many of its visitors agree in pronouncing the scenery superior to that of the King's River cañon.

Some of these Yosemitees are easily reached by well worn sheep trails; others are approached by less used or by rougher paths; and others still, among them the cañon below the Notches, the Goddard Creek yosemite and those of the upper South fork of the King's river, are at present so difficult of access that many, many years are destined to pass before they shall become the objective points of regular tourist travel. In the case of the King's River cañon, Bubb's creek, and Tehipite valley, there is reason to hope that before very long they will divide honors with Yosemite and share equally the attention of campers and sight seers.

Theodore S. Solomons.





HIGH TRESTLE, FLUME OF THE BUNKER HILL MINE, KLAMATH RIVER.

MILLIONS IN GOLD.

SISKIYOU AND ITS WEALTH. I.—HISTORICAL.



ON A bleak November day in 1851 a company of brave pioneers, plowing their way through a drenching rain, disheartened by their many hardships, unnerved by their long journey over rugged mountains and

through muddy valleys, set their camp on the edge of a small basin hemmed in by wooded hills. On that dreary November night this

little group of pilgrims, whose thoughts wandered back to their homes in the far East, ate their evening meal in silence and made their beds as best they could with their disagreeable surroundings.

After weeks of weary toil and exposure, weeks that had tried the patience and manhood of every member of their party, they went to rest without one ray of hope for the morrow. The hand of fate had beckoned them on and on, until now they had reached a period when the future seemed to hold for them only failure and further hardships. All night long the sky was strewn with filmy clouds, through which a wet moon shone, and as the dismal wind howled through the little valley below them, with its weird, comfortless moaning, these sturdy men drew their blankets closer about them and tried to dream of the loved ones they had left to seek a fortune on the shores of the Pacific.

As the cloud which is darkest is the first, to show a silver lining, so with the coming of the morn of the 5th of Novem-



YREKA, COUNTY SEAT OF SISKIYOU.

Photo by C. A. Lare.

ber in 1851, the snowy sides of old Mount Shasta gleamed in the bright sunshine, for the first time in two weeks, and our ten prospectors rubbed their eyes upon awakening, fearing that the dazzling scene spread before their gaze might still be a portion of their dreams. For miles around, the lofty mountains with their evergreen trees freshened by the heavy rains, stood out in bold relief, while towering high above them all with its imperial head rearing itself in majesty, the splendor of Shasta was seen in all its magnificent grandeur. What soul so dead to the beauties of nature as not to feel new life surrounded by such noble works of God? And so the withering hopes of our pioneers took in new life, their drooping spirits were revived, and they set about the preparation of their breakfast with lighter hearts. The rainbow of promise had again crossed the western horizon.

The youngest member of the party was a man perhaps thirty years of age who had left a newly wedded wife in one of

the Eastern States, and the long journey which had as yet resulted in nothing, weighed upon him heavier than on his companions. At all times restless, he appeared more so on this bright morning and in his nervousness he pulled a couple of bunches of grass, which surrounded the camp in abundance, scattering the earth from about the roots upon the blankets of his neighbor, who, much disgusted, proceeded to shake them clear of the mud. A gleam caught the eye of the owner of the blanket, and kneeling, he took a handful of the earth and carefully examined it. An exclamation of joy, and he stood before his startled companions like a man in some terrible dream. There, mixed in the handful of earth, were the glittering grains of gold which told this weary band of pilgrims that their days of search were over. The bacon grew cold in the pan, the "sinkers" were left untouched, and all day long these men, intoxicated with success, toiled until the shadows creeping down the side of Humbug mountain

reminded them that the day had gone. It was a merrier crowd that gathered around the campfire that night and the shouts of laughter and joy as tales of by-gone days were told testified to the light hearts of the men who had discovered the first gold in Siskiyou.

Siskiyou county is over sixty miles wide and about one hundred and fifty miles long, covering about 4,000,000 acres, nearly as large as Massachusetts. Nearly one million acres are covered with valuable timber, and there are some 200,000 acres of fertile agricultural land in this large county. There are also fine mountain and valley ranges for stock raising, most of them in the eastern part of the county, bordering on Modoc county and southeastern Oregon. A large portion of Siskiyou is interspersed with high, rugged mountains, deep cañons, and barren tablelands. Mount Shasta, one of the highest mountains, and perhaps the most beautiful, in the United States, is situated in the southwestern part of the county, towering 14,444 feet above the level of the sea.



HIGH SCHOOL, YREKA.

All the upper branches of the Sacramento river, known as the main Sacramento, Fall, Pitt, and McCloud rivers, with their tributaries rise in Siskiyou east of Mount Shasta, while from the west runs Shasta river, emptying into the Klamath. Siskiyou at first comprised what is now Modoc county, extending to the Nevada line, and it was then the largest county in the State.

Siskiyou is well adapted for successful



STREET SCENE IN YREKA. STAGE LEAVING FRANCO-AMERICAN HOTEL FOR FORT JONES AND ETNA.



mining operations, thousands of acres of good mineral land being still vacant and open to location. For years mining was conducted on a small scale, and it has been only in the past few years that capital has been gradually invested and the result is shown in the largely increased production of gold, the output of Siskiyou last year having been about one million dollars. During the present year, 1896, about three hundred thousand dollars have been invested in the gold mines of Siski-

you, and some of the most extensive plants in California are now in operation.

Since the railroad entered the county the growth in population and wealth has been phenomenal, the population having increased from eight thousand to nearly fifteen thousand, while the assessed valuation of property has more than doubled; the last assessment was over nine million dollars. The future of this country is certainly as bright as any in the State, for



HOMES OF YREKA.



GLIMPSES OF MINER STREET, YREKA.
 Miner's Home, Henry Koester.
 Churchill's Drug Store.
 Wetzel's Block—Bee Hive, Pashburg's, and Cliff's.
 Junker's, Binzer's, and J. H. Wadsworth's.

it has varied resources, many of which are almost wholly undeveloped.

As the story of the discovery of gold by the prospectors on what are now known as the famous Yreka flats, where many a man found a fortune, spread over the

later changed to Ieka, an Indian name meaning Mount Shasta. The name of the place, through the forgetfulness of an assemblyman from this district, was inserted in an act before the Legislature as "Yreka," that being as near as the legis



THE PACKING HOUSE OF J. H. WADSWORTH, YREKA.

State, enlarged as it passed from lip to lip, a rush was made for Siskiyou, and in the little valley on the edge of which the pioneer camp was pitched a town sprung up, which was first known as Shasta Butte city. The name of this little town was

latter could come to the Indian name, and so the town has since been known. It is the largest town in Siskiyou, and during its more than forty years has been the scene of many wild and exciting experiences.



the hills of Siskiyou possesses a natural beauty that endears it to its inhabitants until they feel that there is no place like Yreka. The flats where the the gold was first discovered have now been worked out and are covered with shafts, tunnels, and prospect holes. The town itself has settled down to a place of some two thousand inhabitants, with numerous substantial business



The new mining camp grew in population until in a few years it contained more than five thousand inhabitants. The buildings, as in the greater number of mining camps, were irregularly constructed, with narrow streets, the main street, leading to the Yreka flats and familiarly known as Miner street, still bearing traces of this irregularity. With many characteristics of a mining camp, this little town nestling among



VIEWS OF THE WESTERN END OF MINER STREET, YREKA.
Home of Yreka Journal.
Walker-Avery Drug Co.



THE OLD STAGE CORNER, YREKA.

houses and beautiful residences, becoming the principal town of a county larger than some States. Once only, in 1871, was the place visited by a disastrous fire, and at that time was all but destroyed. It was soon rebuilt in a more substantial manner.

When the Southern Pacific railroad extended its line northward from Redding, Yreka was left to one side about six miles. With commendable pluck the citizens set about forming a joint stock company for the purpose of building a railroad of their own to connect with the main line, and

the little engine can now be seen making its daily trips over the hill east of town to connect with the Southern Pacific line at Montague. Nearly every property owner in the town owns stock in this little road and takes a pride in the fact that each year since it has been built it has more than paid running expenses.

Yreka has three churches, Episcopal, Catholic, and Methodist, a free public library, a cozy theater, three hotels, and other attractions that testify to the soundness of the place.

The court house in course of construction is acknowledged by all who have seen it to be unsurpassed in its architectural beauty by any public building in the State. For years this town was the home station of the California and Oregon and Idaho stage line. The majority of the residents yet remember the long rough rides over the mountains, when the railway terminus was at Red Bluff on the south and Roseburg on the north. Those were the days when the road agents often reaped a harvest, and the dust of



THE BEE HIVE, A YREKA DEPARTMENT STORE.



SISKIYOU COUNTY BANK AND CLARENDON HOTEL.

many an honest miner went to fill the coffers of Black Bart or some highwayman equally bold. Hawkinsville, two miles from Yreka, once a busy town around which were many rich claims, has relapsed into a quiet little village. There

is a mine of some importance located near here, however, and with the improvement in methods of mining, the town may one day awake from its slumbers and again be the bustling camp of the fifties.

It soon became evident to the numerous



LOOKING EAST ON MINER STREET FROM FRANCO-AMERICAN HOTEL.
Maurice Renner's and the Engine House.



A BUSINESS CORNER OF YREKA.
Walbridge & Carr Mercantile Company.

miners who had been led to Yreka by the exaggerated stories about the wealth of the flats that they would soon work out, and so prospectors began to start out in every direction, and as story after story came back regarding their rich strikes, it was not long before every little stream in the western part of the county was teeming with miners carrying a pick, shovel, and pan, seeking their fortune. Down

the treacherous Klamath, which rushes in its mad course through great gorges and over immense boulders, they found their way, and at first began mining on a small scale, gradually enlarging their methods until now along this turbulent stream more than a dozen river claims can be found in operation, with immense wheels at work hoisting the gravel from the bed of the river, which has been turned from its



YREKA'S WAGON FACTORY AND PRINCIPAL STABLES.
Nehrbass & Harmon and Martin & Irwin.

course by expensive wingdamming. The latest method for mining this stream is with an immense dredger that scoops the gravel from the bed of the river and deposits it in the sluices. This stream has without a doubt the richest deposits of gold of any in the State. During the past year two large companies have purchased claims on this river, and are now operating with expensive plants. All along the river small mining camps are found, all of which have reminiscences both interesting and exciting. Among the principal camps are Oak Bar, Hamburg Bar, Thompson Creek, and Happy Camp, the latter being the home of the jolly Martin Cuddahy, who is known throughout the State. Happy Camp is the terminus of the wagon road from Fort Jones, and is a supply point for miners located on the Klamath river. Some fourteen miles below is the Bunker Hill mine,



HAWKINSVILLE.

which promises again to become one of the greatest producers of the country. On Scott river the little town of Scott Bar is situated only a short distance from where the Scott and the Klamath join. It is one of the most prosperous mining towns in the county. The greatest drawback to the country along the Klamath and Scott rivers is the miserable condition of the roads, and the citizens of this county will welcome a law that will com-



WATER POWER DITCH OF THE YREKA ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANT.



TWO VIEWS OF YREKA LIGHT WORKS ON SHASTA RIVER.

dian fort, but was abandoned years ago and is now a prosperous little town of five or six hundred inhabitants. A bank, several stores, and numerous other business enterprises, speak for the condition of the town, which is surrounded by a large number of industrious and successful farmers.

pel the keeping of the county highways fit for travel with some comfort, at least the greater part of the year.

Quartz valley and Oro Fino adjoin Scott valley, and are among the most notable mining sections of the county. At Oro Fino a number of large hydraulic mines are in operation whenever there is sufficient water to run the giants, which is usually from January to July of each year.

At the head of the rich and fertile Scott valley, where the farming and dairying industry has been enlarging from year to year, the picturesque little town of Fort Jones is situated. It was formerly an In-



HARRIS'S STAGE ON SALMON MOUNTAIN.



THE JULIEN RANCH IN THE SHADOW OF MOUNT SHASTA.



JULIEN RANCH CATTLE.

Twelve miles south of Fort Jones the old town of Rough and Ready, now known as Etna Mills, is situated in the shadow of the Salmon mountain. This town to a great extent is fed by the rich mining section in the Sálmon River country. It has made rapid strides during the past few years and is destined to be one of the most prosperous cities in the northern part of California. About a year ago a

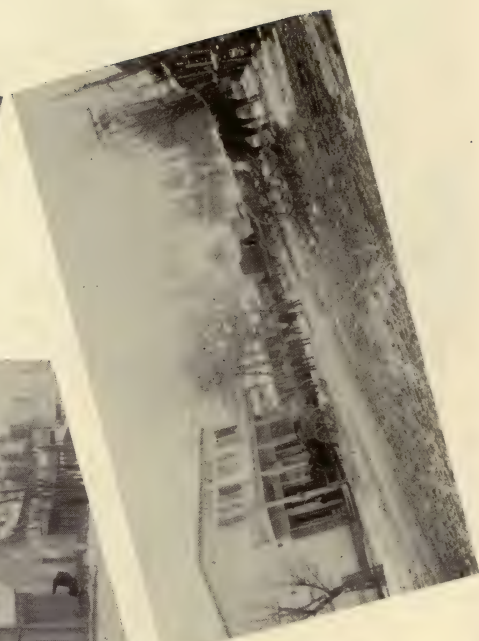
disastrous fire visited the town, and a large portion of the business section was destroyed, but it has since been rebuilt with modern and substantial brick buildings. Under the direction of the Etna Development Company numerous improvements are under consideration, among them being the introduction of an electric light plant and a city water works. Six miles from Etna is the flourishing little



COLONEL STONE'S STAGE, YREKA MOUNTAIN.



WESTERN HOTEL, FORT JONES.
MAIN STREET LOOKING NORTH, FORT JONES.
FORT JONES.



Bank of A. B. Carlock
E. L. Reichman & Company

FORT JONES,
A. A. Beem's Stables

Kunz & Dudley's
James Camp's



THE FERTILE FIELDS OF SCOTT VALLEY.

town of Callahans, where much is being done in developing mines. It is an important supply point for a portion of Scott valley.

Over the Salmon mountain the little town of Sawyers Bar is perhaps more like the old mining camps of '49 than any place in Siskiyou. It has only been within the past few years that a wagon road has been built into that country, all the provisions and supplies having been carried by pack trains, and even now the same trains are making their regular trips over the mountains to points south of Sawyers Bar. Fourteen miles below this mining camp, and reached only by the "county trail," is the little town called Forks of Salmon, the home of that sturdy old pioneer, William P. Bennett. His placer mining interests are probably the largest of any single owner in Siskiyou. It is in this district also that the famous Black Bear, Gold Run, Salmon River, Gold Ball, and other producing mines, are located. These will be described in a later article on the mining operations in Siski-

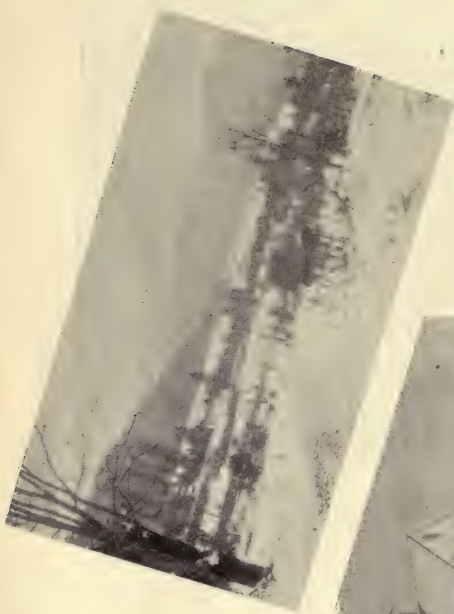
you. All eyes are turned towards the Salmon River country as that is where the rich strikes in the future are looked for.

The business interests of this country are widening every year and not a village in the county can complain that it does not receive its share of the profit. Merchants are extending their business to all sections of the county, and great teams drawn by six and eight horses are daily encountered on the mountains, loaded with freight for the miners and farmers.

Reminiscences of the famous Modoc war, which occurred in Siskiyou county in the fall and winter of 1872 and spring of 1873, are still recalled around the hearthstone of many a family in Northern California, and a marble slab in the little cemetery on the hillside surrounded by the waving pines marks the resting place of the brave hearts that perished through the perfidy of Indians even more treacherous than the bloodthirsty Apaches. The story of this tribe, which in 1872 roamed over the eastern valleys of



Lewis Mill
Lewis Quartz Mine



Quartz Valley
Erno Stamp Mill and Mine



QUARTZ VALLEY, NEAR FORT JONES.
Siskiyou Creamery, Scott Valley





ETNA.

Siskiyou, plundering the farms, and murdering the settlers and their families, will go down in history as the most ungrateful and treacherous warfare ever waged upon the whites on the Pacific Coast. The first treaty with the Modoc tribe was made by the people of Yreka in 1856, through Judge A. M. Rosborough and with the old chief of the Modocs, "Schonches," and it is to the credit of the old Indian that until his death he did all in his power to compel his people to live up to the provisions of that treaty. On the 14th of October, 1864, a treaty was made at Klamath Lake, Oregon, be-

tween commissioners on the part of the United States and the chiefs and the head men of the Modoc and Klamath Indians, by the terms of which those tribes ceded to the United States all their title to certain lands, and agreed to move upon what was known as the Klamath reservation. After a few amendments the treaty was finally proclaimed by the President of the United States on February 17th, 1870.

The old chief Schonches and more than half of his tribe immediately moved upon the reservation, but a band of about two hundred, under the leadership of



MAIN STREET AND ETNA HOTEL, ETNA.



THE ETNA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY'S DAM.

Captain Jack, Black Jim, and Scarfaced Charley, three reckless and lawless leaders, persistently refused to go upon the reservation in accordance with the treaty, but roamed about the country levying blackmail upon the settlers, demanding whatever they wanted, for the use of what they termed their lands. These acts finally became unbearable, and it was determined by the government that their insubordination and defiance should no longer be tolerated. Accordingly upon the recommendation of the Indian commissioners an order was issued to have Captain Jack's band moved upon the Klamath reservation, peaceably if possible, but forcibly if necessary. On

the 25th of November in 1872, a messenger was dispatched to Captain Jack to make an appointment to meet the commissioners, but the lawless chief returned word that his friends were white men in Yreka city and that, "No white man tell me what I do. I no go upon reservation. I done with talking."

Knowing that the Indians meant what they said, the commissioners turned the matter over to the military with the instructions that no blood be shed if it were possible to avoid it, and that not a gun should be fired unless the Indians fired first. Captain Jackson, in command of the troops, left Fort Klamath at noon on the 28th day of November and marched

until he reached the Modoc camp at seven o'clock the following morning. He at once called upon the head men to come out of the tents and talk with him. Scar-faced Charley was the only one to make his appearance, whom Captain Jackson assured that he did not come to fight but to ask the Indians to go upon the reservation. He told them further that ample provisions would be furnished them at Camp Yainox, and that they should be fully protected in all their rights.

After talking for about an hour, Scar-faced Charley finally said that they would not go upon the reservation, and at the same time remarked that he would "kill an officer anyway,"—and he shot several holes through the coat sleeve of Lieutenant Boutelle, whereupon Captain Jackson shot at Charley, and a general fight ensued.

This was the opening of one of the

most heartless wars on the part of an Indian tribe ever recorded. In conversation with Judge Rosborough Scar-faced Charley afterwards said that he did not fire the shot at the officer, but another Indian discharged his gun accidentally. Immediately after this first battle messengers were dispatched to notify the settlers, but the work was poorly done; a large number met with a horrible fate at the hands of the treacherous Modocs. The leaders of the Modoc war were ten in number and were the most heartless and brutal of their tribe. The famous Captain Jack was chief of the band and was second in the nation, old Schonches then being on the Yainox reservation. The old chief was very aged and Jack was the real head of the nation. He was described as having a sharp, aquiline nose, high, broad forehead, and was in every respect a typical Indian warrior and like-



THE ETNA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY'S FLUME, NEAR ETNA.



MAIN STREET, ETNA.

Business Buildings of Denny Bar Parker Company, Joseph Stevens, O. Wilsey, and A. Mani.

wise a man of remarkable mental power. He said he would never surrender, as the Modocs had never been vanquished by either their white or red foes. "Schonches John," a brother of the old chief, was a sharp, wily man, said to be great in council, and was renowned as a warrior, having always been a determined foe to the whites. "Black Jim," "Curly-Headed Doctor," "Shack Nasty

Jim," "Bogus Charley," "Young Schonches," "Scarfaced Charley," "Ellen's Man," and "Hooka Jim," completed the list, all as treacherous as any redmen that ever roamed the hills of America. Hooka Jim was perhaps the most brutal of the lot, and had more butcheries laid at his door than any other. Even the Indians themselves looked upon him as a bad man.



PACK TRAIN CROSSING SALMON MOUNTAIN FROM ETNA.



CARRYING THE MAIL ACROSS SALMON MOUNTAIN.

Captain Jack and his two hundred braves retreated to the Lava Beds, and here for several weeks the wily Indians parleyed with the commissioners until it became too evident that some devilry was on foot. Rosborough, who had been appointed as one of the commissioners, had

several consultations with Captain Jack and his men, but they all resulted in nothing and an ultimatum was sent that the Indians must fight or surrender. The Lava Beds were an ideal natural fortress, and it was a perilous undertaking to conquer this handful of rebellious Indians.



CALLAHANS.



STREET SCENE, CALLAHANS.
Denny Bar Parker Co.

A few small battles had been fought with the Modocs up to this time, but few of the soldiers or Indians had been killed, the majority of the sufferers having been the defenseless settlers. "Tobe," a Modoc squaw who had married a white man named Riddle, was friendly to the whites and told them how she had heard Captain Jack and his followers planning to assassinate the peace commissioners,

then composed of Meacham, General Canby, Dyar, Thomas, and Rosborough. Most of the commissioners placed no faith in what Tobe told them. The Indians had for a long time been trying to get the commissioners to meet them for consultation when all the commissioners were present. On the 11th day of April, 1873, an appointment was made with the Modocs for the commissioners to meet them, General Canby, Doctor Thomas, Meacham, and Dyar, attending the meeting. Rosborough was in Shasta county holding court. Riddle and his wife Tobe went along as interpreters.

The commission found in the Lava Beds, where the place of meeting was agreed upon, about eight Indians to talk the matter over. The Indians asked the commissioners to go a mile further, and in the face of warnings from Riddle and his wife, who told them that treachery was in the air, they complied and followed Boston and Bogus Charley.



SCOTT BAR.



TOWN HALL, SCOTT BAR.

They found on the ground near Captain Jack's cave, sitting carelessly about, Captain Jack and seven of his followers. After talking for perhaps fifteen minutes, Jack stepped up to General Canby, saying, "Hetuck,"—meaning, "Already,"—and snapped his pistol at his head. The cap missed fire, but the treacherous red devil quickly snapped it again, and brave General Canby, loved by all his

soldiers, fell dead with a bullet through his brain. Schonches John shot Meacham, who was badly but not fatally wounded. Another killed Doctor Thomas, while Commissioner Dyar when the first shot was fired jumped and ran, and escaped.

The dread cry went through the military camp, a short distance away, that the commissioners had been attacked, and immediately the soldiers formed to



THE LARGEST GENERAL MERCHANDISE STORES IN THE SCOTT BAR AND KLAMATH RIVER COUNTRY,
A. & C. SIMON.



HAMBURG BAR.

sweep the Lava Beds, anxious to be led against the treacherous devils.

A sad sight greeted their eyes when they reached the place. First, they found Meacham, able to speak but a horrible looking sight. Next they came to the body of Thomas, shot, and stripped to the waist, but not disfigured. A little further on they came to the body of the brave General Canby, shot through the head and stripped naked. The Modocs from that moment were hunted down like beasts.

The Modocs managed to reach the famous Captain Jack's cave, and here they defied the soldiers. The troops were finally compelled to shell the caves and deep crevices in the lava beds, and finally drove the Indians out, but not until many soldiers had lost their lives. Finally, on June 2d, 1873, after months of desperate fighting, Captain Jack, Schonches John, and the other Modocs, surrendered. The services which the band of Warm Spring Indians from Oregon

rendered the soldiers did more than anything else to effect the capture of the redskins. Captain Jack, Black Jim, Boston Charley, and Schonches John, were tried by a military court at Fort Klamath, and were hanged, while the remainder of the Modocs taking part in the war were sent to the Indian Territory.

This northern county with its rugged mountains and fertile valleys has passed through many exciting scenes, recorded only in the hearts of her aged inhabitants. It will not be long until the pioneers who took an active part in this early history will have passed away, and the stories of pioneer life will then lose one half their charm. But future generations will reap the benefit of the years of weary toil and hardships passed in shaping this vast section of the Golden State, an empire within itself.¹

Robert J. Nixon.

¹All the photographs reproduced in this article and in its continuation in next month's issue, which will be specially devoted to the mines of Siskiyou, are by C. A. Lare of Etna.



Wash by Boeringer after Morelli.

OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY.

GREAT sound is echoing through the trembling air,
 And shadowy wings are hovering everywhere.
 A wondering girl holds fast a child, God given,
 O'er slumbering Bethlehem the clouds are riven.

The day awakes. O day of days, thy glory dawns!
 And flaming, pales the light of other morns.
 Whilst through the illumined arches of the sky,
 The sweep of wings like heavenly breaths come nigh.

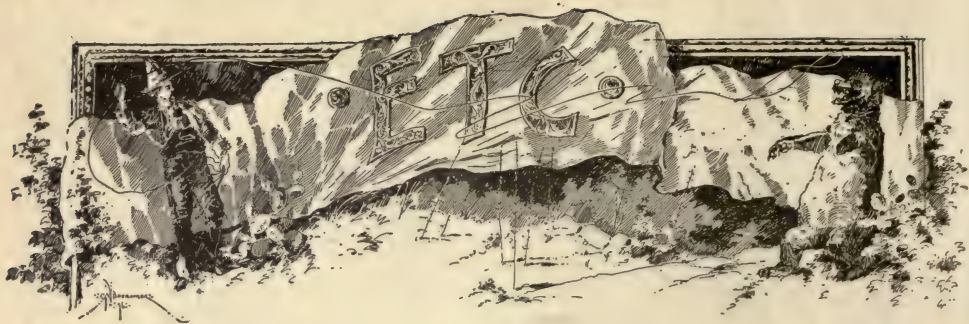
In piercéd wall a low-browed door is set,
 And high within the springing arches let
 The fitful firelight play among their shades,
 Deep in their somber depths it pales and fades.

In recessed stall, lo! a rude bed is spread.
 Here, too the friendly sweet-breathed cattle fed,
 And here, O Virgin chosen of the skies,
 On thy white breast the hope of nations lies!

The mother light is burning in her holy face.
 Like a white flame, it lighteth all the place.
 Resting upon her boy a crown of fire;
 The whiles that wondrous song is chanted nigher!

Ah gentle girl, so fair, so strange to see!
 A world has waited, agonized for thee!
 Lift thy sweet boy, high lift him o'er thy head
 By his pink hand its kingdom shall be led.

Harriet Winthrop Waring.



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: May it be known that the OVERLAND MONTHLY is and always has been an open forum, in which all religions, societies, parties, and fraternities, have equal rights. No one is excluded save the reviler of God and the defamer of our country, and no one is favored for partisan or sectarian reasons.

Roosevelte Wildman.

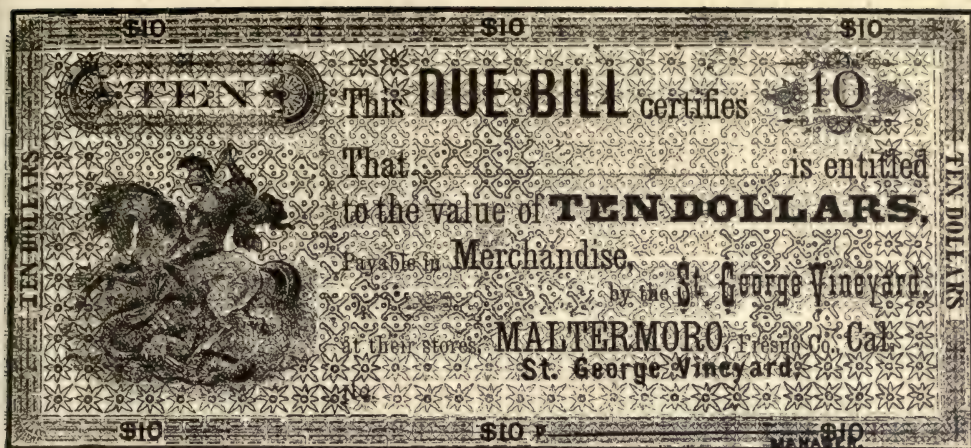
Editor and Manager.

Charter Making in San Francisco.

THE OVERLAND supported and did what it could to favor the adoption of the late "New" Charter. We think we can confess this much without being branded as "partisan," and moreover the writer is relieved that it did not carry. The statements are paradoxical but possible of explanation. Anything is better than the charter we are now living under. None at all is just as good. It is all powerful and yet has no power whatever. The election of city officials is a perfect farce when the party bosses pick out the delegates to nominating conventions and instruct the delegates to vote for the men they name. The citizens go to the polls, they vote for Democrat, Republican, or Independent, according to their party affiliations, but they always vote for the creature of some boss. If the intelligent voter would attend the nominating conventions of his party, even as a spectator, every two years, he would soon find out how little his vote at the polls really amounts to, and his idea of the power of the ballot in American government would be sadly shattered. However, it is useless to "kick against the pricks," and the man who has made a study of the situation and tries to warn his friends is put down as a "reformer" and a crank. The people will not take an intelligent interest in politics, and yet they grumble because they are mismanaged.

The passage of the late New Charter would have destroyed in a great measure the power of the bosses, but it would have done great injustice to the corporations. The boss strives to cover his own doings by arraying the voters against the corporations. It is an old, old political trick, and one that is always successful. When safely in power the boss at once makes friends with the corporations until the next election. Then a lot of soreheads howl that the wicked corporations have bought the Supervisors, the Assessor, the Tax Collector, and the Mayor, never pausing to think in their self-righteousness that they themselves are to blame—that they have given their consent to laws that must breed corruption rather than protect life and property. Those are not sounding phrases, they are cold facts. Corporations must live and they have the same rights as the humblest individual. As long as the voter refuses to give the same painstaking study to the subject of municipal government that he does to his own business, and as long as our charter-makers refuse to take advantage of the experience of the older countries in city government, then the OVERLAND is in favor of formulating a charter once a year, of discussing and picking it to pieces, of voting on it and defeating it, until a charter shall be made that will be fair to all concerned, one that has been tried and found satisfactory by other cities in this country and abroad, that will do away with the boss and at the same time protect capital, guarantee economy, and place a premium on honesty.

All this is possible and has been done in England and Germany. We are quick enough to imitate England in clothes and manners, and accept her decisions on questions of finance, why not give a little attention to the fruits of her riper experience in the government of municipalities? We are a hundred years behind her in this, and instead of taking advantage of her wisdom, we go groping along in the dark. Let our coming charter-makers read Doctor Stallard's article in this number of the OVERLAND.



An Elastic Currency.

THE St. George Vineyard, at Maltermoro, in Fresno county, is notable for several things aside from its wine,— of which, of course, no opinion is here pronounced. One of these things is that it claims to possess the largest wine vat in the world, holding 79,000 gallons, or nearly twice the 49,000 gallons of the world famous Great Tun of Heidelberg.

But the matter that we wish to speak of here is the method it used to overcome a local money stringency during the last grape harvest. The idea is not new, having been used in the great haciendas of Mexico for many years and in other places, but it is new in its local application to conditions in this State, and so worth noticing. The manager, Mr. W. Gesner Allan, writes:—

Enclosed you will find sample copies of our due bills which were issued last year to enable us to cope with an unexpected financial stringency caused by the extremely high rate of interest demanded by the banks for money. We had plenty of sound, merchantable wine in the cellars to use as a basis of credit, and in order to get money enough to handle the grape crop of this neighborhood, we issued about \$10,000.00 worth of our own paper, payable, as you will observe, in merchandise. In this manner we were able to handle over two thousand tons of grapes which otherwise would have rotted on the vines, as at that time there was no other market for them. Notes were not issued to employees for labor; all our labor bills are paid in cash as we believe that labor should be the first charge over everything. The notes were issued to men who had grapes to sell. We wanted to buy grapes but we had no money, so we issued due bills which were just as good to the men as cash, for the reason that they were redeemable in groceries at any time, and the men of course had to eat. All grape men paid their Japs for picking by means of these due bills and the Japs in turn

paid their grocery bills by means of these due bills, so that they really became a sort of a circulating medium. All the notes issued have long since been retired.

This is by no means a new idea in finance, it is the old Hierarchical system, it is the system by which the Russian government is now building its trans-Siberian railroad and is the system which, if adopted in the United States, would obviate all possibilities of many of our financial calamities.

Preserve the Missions.

Looking at it from a purely artistic and architectural standpoint the Missions should certainly be preserved. There is no other style of architecture so fitting in a Californian landscape. The tile roof and the adobe, the blue sky, the palms, and the roses, are the natural product of the climate and surrounding conditions.

The gingerbread buildings of our summer and winter resorts do not fit our landscape. The old ramshackle building, once the Cliff house, was infinitely more fit in its place than the present structure. In the Yosemite, the Stoneman house was always a feeble and annoying discord in the surrounding harmony of Nature. It was like the shrill chirp of some social *baaignoire* bud in interruption of a grand concert.

This appeal is made from a purely disinterested standpoint, and of course it will meet with opposition from those who desire the destruction of the Missions through the rabid sentiment that finds expression against everything and anything that smacks of Jesuitry. Those that measure the success or failure of any great movement by sixty years of existence, suddenly terminated by the infusion of purely worldly sentiments,—the romance of barter and sale,—will always cry aloud for the destruction of the Mis-

sion buildings and the destruction of Mission sentiments. The lover of the beautiful, however, will sigh for a Mission renaissance and as

certainly will the renaissance be an accomplished fact; for that which is good and beautiful can never be destroyed.

P. N. Boeringer.



The Country of the Pointed Firs.¹

MRS. JEWETT'S last book is as good as the rest cure. After living with her among the old fashioned, easy-going fisher-folk of a little Maine village through two hundred pages, one is ready to go back to the bustle of the city thankful for even so short a vacation. There is no attempt at a story in the work. The tale runs along in a rambling sort of a way, halting from time to time to make the acquaintance of a new friend or digressing to take a 'short excursion among the sunny islands that line the coast. There are bits of gossip, amusing and pathetic; life histories told in a sentence, glimpses of lovemaking and funerals, and peeps in upon family skeletons. The book is enjoyable from cover to cover, and will find a place for itself in many hearts.

Balzac's Fame and Sorrow.²

ANY one of the six stories in *Fame and Sorrow* contains fire and incident enough to fill a three hundred page modern novel. Every one of the tales contains an episode that contains possibilities of a story of twice its length. The first in the collection under review is really a condensed novel and it has all the machinery, all the interest, all the detail, of a long story. *Fame and Sorrow*, *Colonel Chabert*, *The Atheist's Mass*, *La Grande Breteche*, *The Purse*, and *La Grenadiere*, are all masterpieces of the novelist's art and student's insight.

The book is translated by Mrs. Wormely, and is uniform with the Roberts Brothers Edition.

¹The Country of the Pointed Firs. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1896. \$1.25.

²Fame and Sorrow. By Honoré De Balzac. Boston. Roberts Brothers.

Henry James's Last Novel.³

The Other House is so little like "Daisy Miller" that one would never have ascribed it to the same author. In it Mr. James has sacrificed interest to literary finish and its readers feel its unreality from start to finish. It reminds one of a play on the stage and as such it would make a hit. Its sentiment, passion, and climax, are the incidents of a stage plot. Moreover, its life is the life of its conversations. In fact it is nothing more than a bundle of clever talk between a lot of clever people.

Rose Armiger, the pretty villain, is a bit too artificial to command either the admiration or the hatred of the reader, while the character of Tony Bream is far too weak to make anyone but James's heroines fall in love with him. Withal the story is bright, light, and artistic, which is a sufficient excuse for its perusal.

Mosher's Dainty Classics.⁴

THE name of Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine, has in the last two years become world wide famous as a publisher of dainty booklets. In the past we have repeatedly called attention, editorially and otherwise, to the class and quality of his books. They are all so petite and charming that one really needs to see them fully to appreciate. To his "Old World Series" he has added *The Kasidah of Hagi Abdu El-Tezdi*, which will, without doubt eventually rank next after Fitz Gerald's "Rubaiyat," and De Nerval's *Sylvie: Souvenirs Du Valois*, which Andrew Lang calls

³The Other House. By Henry James. New York: The Macmillan Co.: 1896. For sale in San Francisco by The Emporium Book Department.

⁴Thomas B. Mosher, Publisher. Portland, Maine.

"one of the little masterpieces of the world." The publisher has commenced "The Brocade Series" with Walter Pater's *The Child in the House*, Richard Jefferies' *The Pageant of Summer*, and the translation by William Morris of *The Story of Armis and Amile*.

All of these works are classics, little known to the general reading public, hence the privilege of perusing them in the exquisite dress Mr. Mosher has given them will be doubly appreciated. In addition to their tasteful binding and letter press, they are daintily wrapped and sealed and enclosed in beautiful little boxes, covered with a watered silk end-paper of exquisite design. They are just the thing for a dainty holiday present.

The Poetry of Pope.¹

NO STUDENT of poetry can afford to neglect Pope. One may not go so far as Lord Byron did in praise, but the praise, so far as it goes, must be unqualified. The fact that he is still studied and read is the strongest proof of his greatness. There have been many editions of his poetical works. The present, which is practically a reprint of the Globe edition with the correction of a number of obvious misprints and with a few notable additions, can scarcely fail to become the standard. It contains interesting reprints of "the Rape of the Lock," and "the Dunciad," from the first editions, most valuable for comparison; it also has an index of first lines which will be a convenience not found in other editions.

Doctor Ward's biographical sketch leaves nothing to be desired and his appreciation of Pope's literary significance will strike the critic as eminently fair and judicial. There are portraits of Pope, Spenser, Addison, Queen Anne, Cibber, Dean Swift, Dr. Donne, and Molière, views of Pope's villa at Twickenham and of Windsor castle from the river. Facsimiles and reproductions of early frontispieces add to the value of the edition, which will be found eminently adapted for school and class as well as home use. The whole is printed from new plates prepared with the most scrupulous care.

Crawford's Taquisara.²

Taquisara, Marion Crawford's latest novel, although one of his strongest in plot, is almost too full of sensational tragedy, with the ancient methods of pillow smothering and poison, to be

a true picture of modern Italian love and romance. Were it not for the heroine, who has in her a touch of the "new woman,"—of all that is admirable in the new woman,—the other characters with one exception, would seem to be living in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, so musty and conventional do they seem. Although we do not read enough of Taquisara, his influence is felt, from the moment he appears. The death of Bosio and the attempted poisoning of Veronica are the most artistic bits in the story. The description of the old castle at Muro and its surroundings gives one a vivid idea of Italian peasant life and scenery,—and one closes the book with a sense of relief that at last the author has decided, after so many tragedies, to let the two most charming characters love and be happy.

Plants and Their Children.³

IN EVERY way *Plants and Their Children* is a most interesting and attractive book for young people, and one which will fill a place now vacant both in school and at home. It consists of a series of easy lessons or readings on the wonders of plant life, written in such a charming manner as to make them as entertaining for children as stories. In these lessons the various forms and curious features of familiar plants and trees, including their roots and stems, buds and leaves, fruits, seeds and flowers are all described in simple language. These studies in nature are not only interesting and instructive in themselves but they teach, both by example and precept, the most important lessons a child can learn,—to see, to think, and to observe for himself, and thus become an intelligent student of nature which will prove a constant source of pleasure through life.

The book is fully and most attractively illustrated by the writer's sister, Alice Josephine Smith.

A Book on Books.⁴

HENRY LYMAN KOOPMAN, Librarian of Brown University, knows both books and human nature, and his insight and literary taste qualify him to speak with authority.

The schoolboy needs such a book. Few read much before the age of twelve, few read widely after twenty. Within eight years one must select some few hundreds from the thousands of good books that await reading. There is need at once

¹Pope's Poetical Works. Edited with notes and introductory memoir by Adolphus William Ward. Two vols., per set, \$3. T. Y. Crowell: New York: 1896.

²Taquisara. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company: 2 vols.: 1896. For sale in San Francisco by Wm. Doxey.

³Plants and their Children. By Mrs. William Stark Dana. American Book Company: New York: 1896.

⁴The Mastery of Books. By Henry Lyman Koopman, A. M. American Book Company: New York: 1897. 90 cents.

of restraint and encouragement, of guidance and freedom of choice.

Mr. Koopman's argument for wide reading makes the mature reader regret opportunities missed. To the young, its incitement will come in time. In the discussion of how to read, the author urges very cogently the necessity of close attention and conscientious diligence.

The author does not tell dogmatically just what to read. He tells simply how to select, laying down principles of guidance. He shows the right way, yet leaves freedom for individual choice. His discussion of newspapers and fiction is especially practical and tolerant.

The chapters on "Reference Books and Catalogues" and on "Memory and Note-Taking" will appeal to every practical teacher.

Mr. Koopman is an easy writer. Merely as literary essays, many of these chapters take high place.

A Standard Edition of Dumas.¹

WE HAVE reviewed so often during the last two years the volumes of the splendid editions of Dumas that Little, Brown & Company have placed upon the market, that we must take advantage of the Holiday season as an excuse for praising and calling the attention of our readers to them once more.

Every public library will sooner or later cast about for high class editions of the standard novelists, and the owners of private libraries will find their collections incomplete without Dumas. In the edition under review there are forty-eight volumes, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated by etchings and wash drawings by the leading artists. Each novel contains a comprehensive and exhaustive historical introduction, besides the tabulated scheme of characters that aids the reader in fully understanding their relations to each other.

The Best Napoleonic Memoir.²

HAD the Great Napoleon known that to the mass of literature regarding himself and his epoch the very best contributor would be one who of all his officers was the least given to his worship, there is no question but that Baron Thiébault would have died a Marshal of the Empire instead of a Lieutenant General.

The two volumes of *Memoirs* to which the translator, Mr. Arthur John Butler, has con-

densed the original five, strike one from the start as being honest, in any case they are fresh, and as absorbing as a novel of Dumas. The author was a cultured man, far superior in breeding and education to the rough soldiers of the Republic and the Empire, and although a faithful servitor and an officer of mark, he seems to have gone through the exciting struggle with the cool, dispassionate eye of a professional newspaper correspondent—he seems to have realized his obligation to posterity. He throws a new light on the character of Louis XVI. and in three short paragraphs strips him of his reputation of a "good, easy man," a well meaning monarch, and victim of the age and times. Marie Antoinette, too, as he knew her, was not the modest, passive martyr depicted by compassionate history. The book is crowded with incident and adventure, never wordy, and will be read with interest regardless of its historical character. The volumes are well made, and contain portraits, maps, and plans.

Straus's Roger Williams.³

MR. STRAUS'S book on Roger Williams emphasizes the world's lack of information about "the pioneer of religious liberty." It contains but 234 pages of large type, and a considerable part of that is taken up with summaries of the controversial pamphlets written by Williams and his opponents, and with the general affairs of the colonies. There is even less knowledge of the man himself than of Shakspeare. True there is no doubt as to the spelling of Williams's name, but on the other hand, Mr. Straus was able to find no portrait of Williams that he considered authentic enough to use in his volume. The statue of Williams, which with General Greene's was Rhode Island's contribution to Statuary Hall in the National Capitol, is confessedly an idealization,—which, after all, may be an advantage.

It is hard to realize now the violent and startling novelty of the toleration idea which Williams introduced to the modern world. Like the law of gravitation or the circulation of the blood, the notion that you can't make a good Christian out of a heretic by flogging, or branding, or even hanging him has become such a self-evident truth, that it requires an effort to put the mind into the position of the fathers who held that such a doctrine would not only "cut the nerve of missions," but paralyze both Church and State. Greater glory than to have been the Columbus of such a discovery comes to no man.

¹Dumas's Complete Works. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

²Memoirs of Baron Thiébault. Translated by Arthur John Butler. New York: The Macmillan Company; 1896. Two vols. For sale in San Francisco by A. M. Robertson.

³Roger Williams. By Oscar S. Straus. New York: The Century Company; 1896.

The Ebbing of the Tide.¹

LOUIS BECKE has crowded into the 292 pages of his book of South Sea tales more blood and slaughter than is often found in cloth covers, and yet the setting is so out of the usual that the ghastly element does not seem to obtrude itself unduly. There are dainty and pretty stories too, as "Ninia," the tale of the maiden adrift in the boat, — cynical, also, as "Mrs. Liardet," as well as the frankly horrible ones like "An Honour to the Service," and indeed the majority of the tales. Over them all is the witchery of the tropical ocean, of waving palms and the dashing of surf on coral reefs, of the free rover's life, and of the languorous grace and barbaric frenzy of the Polynesians. It was bold to name a book so like Stevenson's "Ebb Tide," and the name is not new even aside from that, but Mr. Becke gives his readers pleasure enough to cause them to overlook his presumption; for not even Stevenson gives himself up so thoroughly to the spirit of the life he is writing about. The beach comber, the remittance man, the Bully Hayeses, and all their tribes, are drawn with full knowledge and sympathetic touch.

Recent Verse.—I.

SEVERAL of the books of poetry that lie on the reviewing table demand special consideration because they are the work of OVERLAND contributors. It is true we may view these with a partial eye and be inclined to maintain that all our chickens have yellow legs, and yet an impartial judge would doubtless concede our claim that of the books here to be reviewed those by the OVERLAND contributors are far the better.

The first of these is *Pebbles and Shells*,² a collection of poems by Clarence Hawkes, "the blind poet." At the age of thirteen Mr. Hawkes lost his sight, but he must have been a most observant youngster, for his poems published now that he is about twice that age are remarkably full of the color sense, and there is never a false touch in color expressions that would betray the poet's infirmity. His work is divided into poems of nature, of war and patriotism, of love, of childhood, of old New England, and miscellaneous. They vary in length from several hundred lines to quatrains. OVERLAND readers are familiar rather with the shortest of them. The poems are not of equal merit and it would be easy to pick out lines marred by solecisms and prosaic phrases, but there is enough of the genuine ring

of poetry about them to allure the reader into going all through the book. It is unnecessary to quote; for half a dozen examples may be found in OVERLAND files.

Of a different sort of verse, on a far higher plane of culture, are the poems of Flora Macdonald Shearer, *The Legend of Aulus*.³ It should be a matter of just pride to Californians that in this State can be written and published a book of verse of so high a quality as Mrs. Shearer's. There is a sureness of touch, a nicety of discrimination in her choice of words and images, that lend a reader confidence. He may give himself up to pleasure in the melody of the verse and the beauty of the thought, sure that no rude jar will come to spoil his enjoyment.

The long poem that gives name to the collection shows sustained power. The shorter ones cover all the modern forms of verse, the ballad, the sonnet, and so on. Mrs. Shearer's sonnets, be it remarked with gratitude, are all true sonnets, and not ragged "fourteeners," posing as such. The spirit of the verses is rather that of one who comes to power of expression late in life. There is little of the exuberance of youth in them, rather the restrained power and the calm insight that experience and suffering bring; happy the spirit left by the fires of pain and disappointment so sweet and gentle as that of this little book. OVERLAND readers have had examples of Mrs. Shearer's lines.

Differing widely as the poles from the simple natural rhymes of Hawkes or the deeper poetry of Mrs. Shearer, are the verses of Arthur Grissom.⁴ The name reveals the fact that here we have the *vers de société*, that my lady's fan and Dan Cupid's bow will figure largely as "properties." But in this line of verse Mr. Grissom need fear comparison with no American writer of the day, his lines have not the exquisite finish and delicacy of Dobson's perhaps, but they are pleasing, and—to quote Lincoln's commendation without the gentle sarcasm it originally held—for those that like that kind of thing are just the kind of thing they like. And that is saying no little; for in no other sort of verse are the standards of finish and workmanship so exacting.

Mr. Grissom has also acknowledgments to the OVERLAND in his preface, but since his work has not been recent in these pages we quote:—

BEFORE THE BALL.

Dead in an alien land, and alone!
Shot by a bravo, swarth and bold;—

¹The Ebbing of the Tide. By Louis Becke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1896.

²Pebbles and Shells. By Clarence Hawkes. Picturesque Publishing Company: Northampton, Mass.: 1895.

³The Legend of Aulus. By Flora Macdonald Shearer. William Doxey: San Francisco: 1896.

⁴Beaux and Belles. By Arthur Grissom. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1896.

Dead! Is it true?—and I loved him so!
 Though bought by another's gold.

I am ready, Lisette, am I not — almost?
 And now — my rings and my furs are here?
 Ah, yes — there — thanks! I'm perfect, you
 say? —
 I'll be down in a moment, dear!

Dead! he is dead — and I sent him away,
 And I loved him as only a woman loves!
 Dead, and alone! — I'm coming, dear! —
 Lisette, will you button my gloves?

The last book of verse by OVERLAND contri-
 butors here to be mentioned is Nixon Waterman's
Home Made Poems.¹ They are well in keeping
 with their name and sing the charms of the fire-
 side, the country, childish joys, and all the homely
 themes, in very pleasing verse. There is a good
 swing to the meters and usually a clever use of
 the refrain. The dialect verse, both rustic and
 childish, is natural and not overdone, and there
 is a touch of gentle humor that takes the verses
 far from the realm of commonplace even on such
 everyday themes. We quote:—

THE ANGELIC HUSBAND.

There are husbands who are pretty,
 There are husbands who are witty,
 There are husbands who in public are as smiling
 as the morn;
 There are husbands brave and healthy
 There are famous ones and wealthy,
 But the real angelic husband, he has never yet
 been born.

Some for strength of love are noted,
 Who are really so devoted,
 That whene'er from home they wander they are
 lonesome and forlorn;
 And while now and then you'll find one
 Who's a very good and kind one,
 Yet the real angelic husband, he has never yet
 been born.

So the woman who is mated
 To a man who may be rated
 As "pretty fair," should cherish him forever and
 a day,
 For the real angelic creature,
 Perfect, quite, in every feature,
 He has never been discovered, and he won't be,
 so they say.

Light in vein and not overburdened with seri-
 ousness is the muse of *An Oaten Pipe*.² The
 numbers are tuneful and small in sound as be-
 comes the instrument on which they are per-
 formed. They are graceful and pleasing and
 though never rising to the higher planes of poetry
 are even in grade and of that rare quality called

"available." The one called "The Racers"
 will serve to illustrate their style:—

Time at my elbow plucks me sore;
 Yet I'll not slack my pace to hear
 The one sad word which, o'er and o'er,
 He whispers in my ear.

Upon my hair he dusts his rime
 I shake my head full laughingly,
 For howsoever fleet be Time,
 He shall not outstrip me.

Distinctly stronger is the volume by Sophie
 Jewett entitled *The Pilgrim and Other Poems*.³
 The depth of feeling is much greater, the purpose
 is more serious and the touch of the hand upon
 the strings is firmer and more true. Whatever
 touch there is of dilettanteism shows in the nature
 poems, which are sometimes artificial. There is
 a strong feeling for nature, however, and a felici-
 tous touch in depicting its characteristics. Al-
 most all of the book is lyric in form and many of
 the poems are real songs.

There is little to be said of *The Promise of the
 Ages*⁴ by Charles Augustus Keeler. It is issued
 by the author himself and is a long poem in
 Wordsworthian style, devoted to the exposition
 of his idealistic philosophy. As philosophy it is
 no doubt good, but as a poem it is everything it
 ought not to be. In fact there is not one line of
 real poetry in the volume from the first cover to
 the last. Much conscientious work has no doubt
 been put into its construction, but the result is a
 mere stringing of words on words to an end of
 utter dullness and dreariness.

There is confirmation of the theory that a poet
 is the result of his environment in the *Rhymes of
 Ironquill*⁵ issued from a Kansas press. The bar-
 ren soil, the treeless plains, the cyclonic vagaries
 of its climate, would hardly be expected to in-
 spire the highest form of muse. And the results
 so far carry out the expectation. The volume
 in question is made up of alleged poems, — many
 of them satirical and so outside of criticism as
 poetry, — others so crude and raw, so vulgar in
 thought, and commonplace in expression, that it
 is a wonder they ever found a place between
 covers, and some in which the author has taken
 himself seriously but which never rise to strik-
 ing originality or any real merit in execution.
 There is a certain ruggedness about them that
 suggests the strength of an uncultivated man,
 hampered by his lack of cultivation. It is safe to

¹The Pilgrim and Other Poems. By Sophie Jewett. New
 York: Macmillan and Company: 1896.

²The Promise of the Ages. By Charles Augustus Keeler.

³Rhymes of Ironquill. Fifth Edition. Topeka. Crane &
 Company. 1896.

¹Some Home-Made Poems. By Nixon Waterman. Bos-
 ton: The Greenleaf Co.: 1895.

²An Oaten Pipe. By James B. Kenyon. (The Fleur de Lis
 Poets). New York: J. Selwin Tait and Sons: 1896.

say, however, that nowhere except in the middle West would the poems ever have reached a fifth edition.

*Cherry Bloom*¹ attracts by its dainty cover design, a charming water color decoration by Stella Holmes Aird, but the verse inside is just ordinary "spring poetry."

Pretty, pious, and essentially feminine poems, of the old style of womanliness, are Mary Barrett Hagan's.² The most quotable is:—

¹*Cherry Bloom*. By Eleanor Mary Ladd. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Company: 1896.

²*Pictures from Puget Sound*. By Mary Barrett Hagan. Seattle: 1896.

MY CREED.

I believe in a God so loving
That I feel His tender arms
Bear me up when my feet would falter,
And I shudder 'mid earth's alarms.

I believe in a tender Brother
Who has broken my thorny way
With His own dear feet, so weary
Of that terrible earthly stay.

I believe in a calm, sweet Spirit
That whispers but words of love,
That guides me with tenderest counsel
To the throne of my God above.



OVERLAND readers have no doubt remarked the series of articles taking up the different counties of the State and treating them with accurate description and lavish illustration. San Joaquin, Butte, and Humboldt, have been so treated and in the present and February numbers, Siskiyou. This series is to be kept up and, it is hoped, will eventually take in every county in California and many in adjacent States. Mr. Pierre Duryee is the director of this "Department of Development" and wins friends and an enlarged circulation for the magazine wherever he goes.

CHARITY and Christmas are closely linked, and it is the time to mention "*The Little Cripples*," the sympathy-provoking little monthly issued by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Children's Surgical Hospital of New York. Mrs. Theodore Sutro, president of the Auxiliary, is the editor. The subscription price is one dollar a year, but it will cost any reader many times that by opening his eyes and his purse to "these little ones." But no man is poorer for such outlay.

MR. JOHN COTTER PELTON, "the father of the public school system of California," has published a small volume of his verses. It is sold for twenty-five cents and contains some very pleasing lines. The make-up and typography of the book are execrable, but after all, it is Mr. Pelton that the people are interested in and not the mechanical execution of his book.

THE December number of the *Maitres de l'Affiche*, the French authority on Posters, is a brilliant beginning of the second year of that journal. There is a striking frontispiece by Roger Marx, and as a supplement, a delightful design by Jules Cherét in three colors. Besides there is a poster of the *Courrier Francais*, by the same artist; the *Fetes de Paris*, by Grasset; the *Exposition du Cycle*, by Forain; and finally an American poster designed by William Bradley for a book of verse, "When Hearts are Trumps," by Tom Hall. The editor and publisher are to be congratulated on so varied and well executed a selection of interesting posters.

IT WOULD take an extended article to introduce the reader to Mr. Alfred Thorne, the American representative of the London, Dover and Chatham Railway Company of London, England. Beginning his career with the passenger department of the Michigan Southern Railway, Mr. Thorne has ever since had the comfort of passengers in his keeping. Realizing the necessity of American methods in caring for the crowds that will flock to Paris in 1900, the London company has secured Mr. Thorne's services.

Travelers to Paris and the Continent *via* the London, Chatham, and Dover route will not only be carefully looked after by Mr. Thorne, but each one will have handed to him a very comprehensive official guide to Paris. This is convenient in size, can be very easily carried in the pocket, and contains a map of Paris in twelve sections, each colored and showing the thoroughfares so clearly that a stranger without knowing a single word of French or asking a single question could travel all over Paris. There is also an index of the principal streets and places of interest, which at once gives the section and square on the map where it will be found.

Self Culture, a magazine issued by the Werner Company of Chicago and New York, comes to the OVERLAND regularly with more matter of general interest within its pages than most of the more pretentious Eastern publications. *Self Culture* is an unfortunate title for a magazine, however, and a misleading one, suggestive of hard study and still harder physical exercise. The pages of *Self Culture* are a constant pleasure, and it is astonishing how much good reading matter the editor has been able to crowd in its pages. It is not illustrated, but typographically is a beautiful production.

IN ITS issue of November sixteenth, the *Daily Independent* of Dublin, Ireland, has the following:—

Mr. W. J. Corbet, M. P., contributes the first of a series of articles entitled, "England and Ireland," to the November number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, one of the leading American Reviews, published in San Francisco. The series promises to be not alone interesting, but extremely useful in an educational sense in America. England's barbarous treatment of Ireland in the past is narrated in a manner at once succinct and forcible. The record is a damning one, and Mr. Corbet is doing very good service in telling the tale of infamy in a new form for the information of the American public. We may add that the OVERLAND MONTHLY, is obtainable at Gill's, Upper O'Connell street, Dublin.

THE Christmas number of *Western Field and Stream* is an exceptionally attractive one. In addition to the usual matter of interest the number contains short stories by William Bleasdel Cameron and G. M. Fairchild, Jr., both well known writers of northland life and romance, and a descriptive article detailing the experiences of a party of ladies and gentlemen in ascending Mount Tacoma. This narrative is accompanied by effective illustrations, taken during the ascent, the most striking of which shows the whole party grouped upon the summit exultant. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a beautiful hunting scene by C. A. Zimmerman, entitled "On the Alert." There is the usual quota of bright things from the veteran sportsman and editor, Charles Hallock, and the junior editor and New York representative of the magazine, Mark Biff.

THE business of bicycle racing has not paid in San Francisco heretofore; tracks have been built only to be torn down, and every effort to revive the sport has been unsuccessful. In the face of this, a few enthusiasts last fall conceived the plan of a new and speedy track, thus assuring the attendance of the fastest men of the path, and with Walter B. Fawcett, the enterprising promoter as manager, immediately put their plans into execution by the building of the Velodrome.

The first race meet, held on November 21st, assured the success of the venture, and the succeeding events of Thanksgiving Day and December 5th have furnished so many fast and driving finishes, and so many broken records, both Coast and world, that the confidence of the sport-loving public has been restored, and there is no longer any doubt as to whether a cycle track can be maintained in San Francisco.

One of the most taking features is the Shield race, which is a perpetual challenge event and is modeled after the famous *Brassard* of the Seine track in France. This and many other unique features have filled the grand stand at the Velodrome with large and appreciative crowds.

The Weather Vane is the Channing Auxiliary Calendar for 1897. Those who have seen the former publications of this San Francisco society will be eager to add another to the series. The designs this year are by Gelett Burgess, he of the *Lark*. He uses the signs of the zodiac as motives, treating them in a charming antique style. The text is all in black letter with illuminated initials, and consists of appropriate quotations and proverbs from a great range of authors and from many nations.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

How necessary it is that our modern hotels should be exponents of the true art of living! The St. Denis is a practical exemplification of this great principle, for here one can find not only the choicest viands the market affords, but also prepared and served in the most tempting and delicious manner.

Its enlargement during the past two years by a commodious and handsome addition, in which no pains and expense were spared, is evidence of the growing popularity of this well-known house. In its appointments, decorations, and modern equipments it is *par excellence* one of the leading hotels of the metropolis, while the service and attendance are most admirable in every detail and particular.

THE ST. DENIS HOTEL

Broadway and Eleventh St.

NEW YORK

(Opposite Grace Church)

50 lbs. of Coal

A day would keep your rooms warm in winter. But that small stove will burn only twenty-five. Hence, discomfort and misery.

A certain amount of fat, burned daily, would keep your body warm and healthy. But your digestion is bad, and you don't get it from ordinary fat-food. Hence you are chilly, you catch cold easily, you have coughs and shivers; while pneumonia, bronchitis, or consumption finds you with no resistive power.

Do this. Burn better fuel. Use SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil. Appetite and digestive power will revive; and soon a warm coating of good flesh will protect the vital organs against the cold and the body against disease.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.



Dorflinger's American Cut Glass

This represents one of our new lines of table service. The shape is light and graceful; the style refined, and the cutting a new intaglio pattern. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

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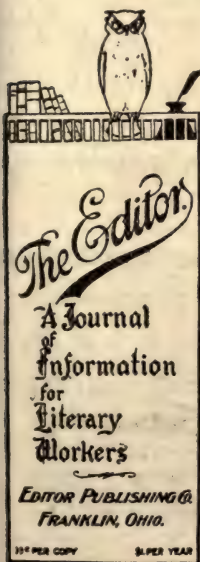
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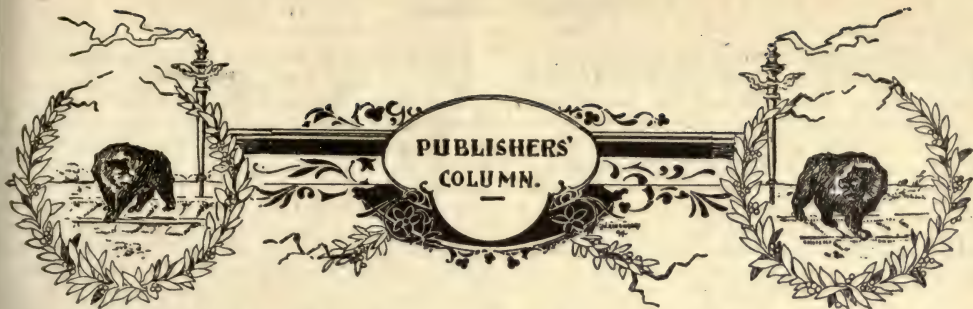
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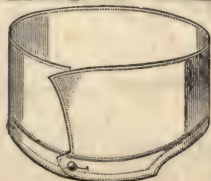
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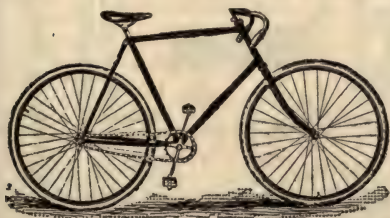
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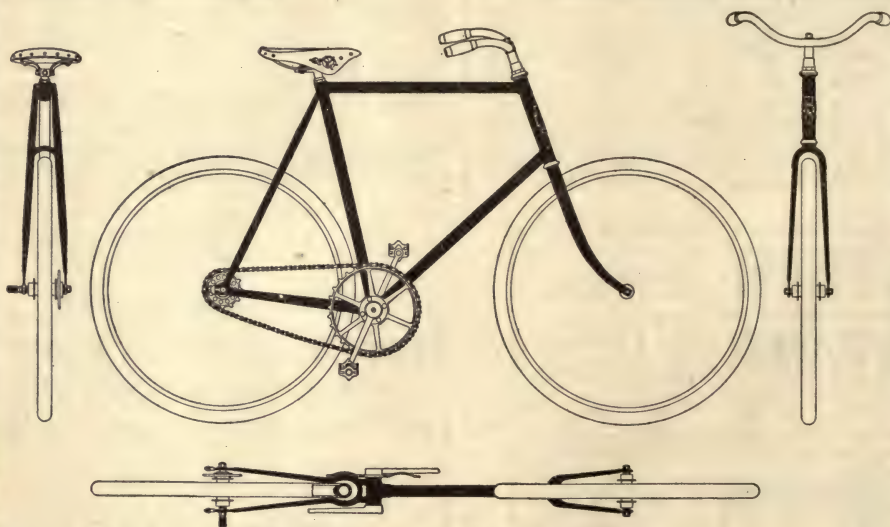
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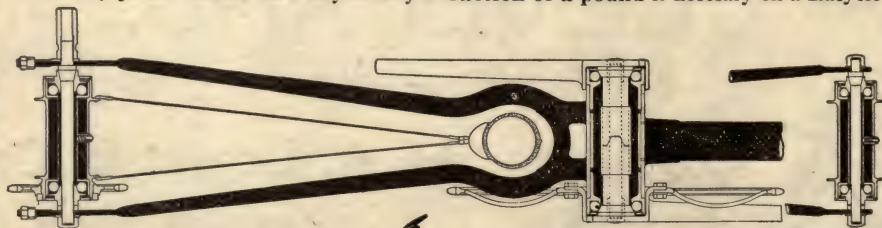


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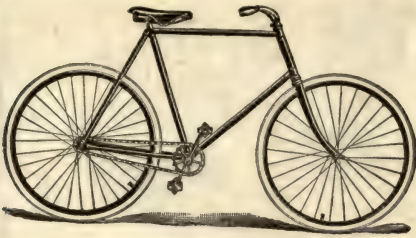
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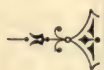
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THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE, 1,200 FEET DEEP, 20 MILES LONG. HAS ALL THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW AND SOME IT HAS NOT.

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Sleeping car reservations and all other
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CHAS. S. FEE

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GENERAL AGENT

Northern Pacific Railway



"A California Fairy"

is the title of an elegant little brochure, relating in charming allegorical language the splendors and delights of

"SUNSET LIMITED"

EXQUISITELY ILLUSTRATED

The popular Sunset Route is also the subject of a finely illustrated publication entitled

"Through Storyland to Sunset Seas"

especially interesting to one contemplating a trip over the great Southern Route.

Both books are published by the Southern Pacific Company, and will be sent to any address by T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger Agent, on receipt of 25 cents postage, or 10 cents for the "Fairy" alone.



Take the

SANTA FE ROUTE

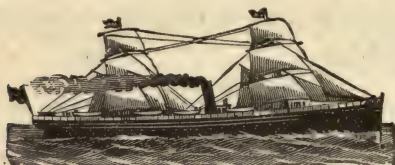
when you go **EAST**. This popular line now in the lead. Operating **ten thousand miles of track** in ten different States and Territories, with equipment of the latest design. **Running daily and leaving San Francisco at 4:30 P. M.**—both Pullman Palace and Pullman Tourist Sleepers, newly upholstered and up to date in every respect.

Weekly excursions leave every Wednesday for Boston, personally accompanied by polite attendant through to destination.

Ticket Office, 644 Market Street,

Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co.



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BETWEEN

SAN FRANCISCO and ASTORIA and PORTLAND,
For All Points North and East.

No Traveler Should miss a ride on the beautiful
* * Columbia River. * *

Tickets at Lowest Rates at

630 MARKET STREET.
SAN FRANCISCO.
F. F. CONNOR, General Agent.

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General Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OR.

THE 16 TO 1 PUZZLE

Study the Silver Question
where Silver is used

You can learn all about it
in Mexico

Expenses are paid in
50-cent Mexican Dollars

Buy your Tickets over the
**Mexican Central
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Standard Gauge

Pullman Buffet Drawing-
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Reaches all the principal
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A. HOFFMAN W. D. MURDOCK
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CITY OF MEXICO

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

For Nervous Indigestion, Nervous Exhaustion, Etc.

Dyspepsia—Gastro-Intestinal Disorders

Dr. J. Allison Hodges, Professor of Anatomy and Clinical Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases, University College "BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 1, pos- of Medicine, Richmond, Va.: NERVE TONIC and RESTORATIVE properties, and is an efficient remedy in a wide range of NERVOUS DISORDERS. In all of the many cases of Nervous Indigestion and Neurasthenia in which I have prescribed it it has proved highly beneficial.

"I would especially mention the case of a sufferer from Nervous Indigestion who, after visit- ing most of the noted health resorts, both in this country and in Europe, without material benefit from any, received decided and permanent benefit from this Water."

For sale by druggists. Descriptive pamphlets free.

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

Durkee's Salad Dressing Challenge Sauce Celery Salt

E. R. DURKEE & CO.,
Condiments of Every Description.

Guaranteed



Pure.

Spices, Mustard, Extracts, Salad Dressing, Sauces, Herbs, Celery Salt, Oils and Essences. Each and every article of the choicest kind, full weight and of full strength and flavor. Gold Medals and Diplomas awarded at Columbian Exposition to each article exhibited for Superiority to all others. These articles cannot be excelled, and we challenge comparison with any goods sold.

E. R. DURKEE & CO., NEW YORK.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1895

Assets, - - - - -	\$221,213,721 33
Liabilities, - - - - -	194,347,157 58
Surplus, - - - - -	\$26,866,563 75
Total Income, - - - - -	\$48,597,430 51
Total Paid to Policy-holders in 1895, - - - - -	\$23,126,728 45
Insurance and Annuities in force, - - - - -	\$899,074,453 78
Net gain in 1895, - - - - -	\$61,647,645 36

NOTE.—Insurance merely *written* is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct.

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.



SAN FRANCISCO BUILDING

The Company has established
its popularity by 53 years of
effective service and the pay-
ment of over \$420,000,000 to
policy-holders during that time.

A. B. FORBES & SON

Mutual Life Building, No. 222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IVORY SOAP

99 $\frac{14}{100}$ % PURE

Ivory Soap is white and pure; it is a clean soap and it washes clean.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., C^YTI.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength — Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York

"A perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co's

Breakfast

Cocoa



Absolutely Pure.
Delicious.
Nutritious.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP

Be sure that you get the genuine article, made at

DORCHESTER, MASS.,

By WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.

Established 1780.

A Stylish . . . and Lasting . . . Skirt Edge . . .

Easy enough with
the new
CORD
EDGE

S.H. & M.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BIAS

VELVETEEN

SKIRT BINDING

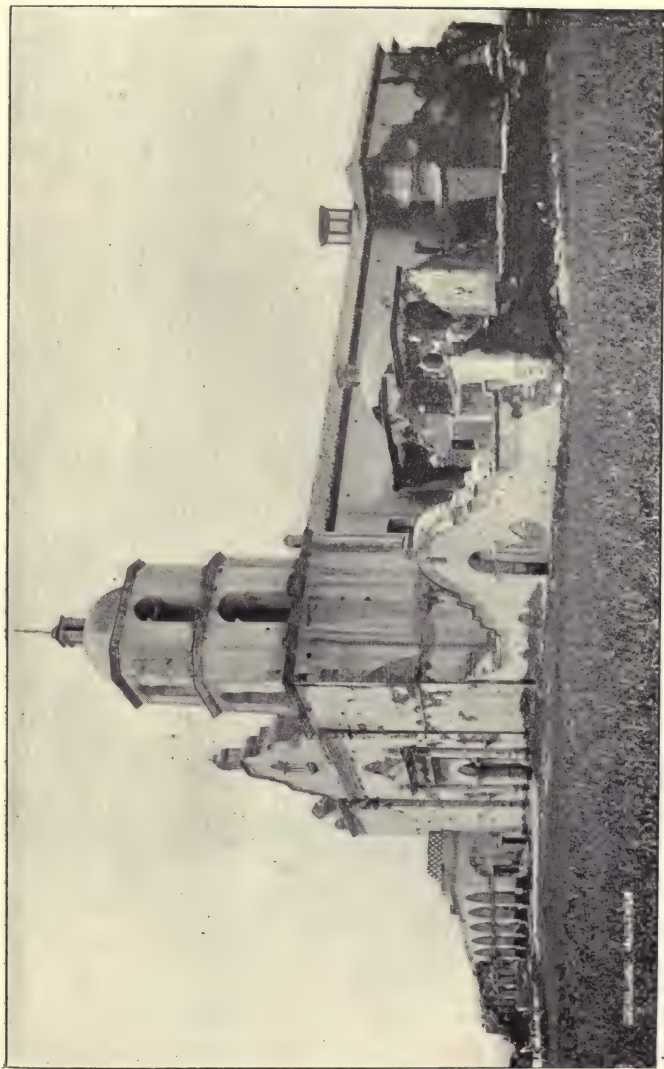
It is justly called
PERFECTION IN SKIRT BINDING

If your dealer will not supply
you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new 72-page book by Miss EMMA M. HOOPER, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, tells in plain words how to cut, fit, and finish dresses at home without previous training: mailed for 25c.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.



From "Should the California Missions be Preserved?"

Mission San Luis Rey.



From "Under the Headin' of Thruth."

The duel witnessed by Mr. Cusack.



The Gold Run Quartz Mining Company.

From "Millions in Gold."

A Siskiyou Mine.



Summit elevation 6,000 feet above fjord. Water ribbons 4,000 feet above fjord.

From "King's River Cañon,—A Study in Water Effects."

Water Ribbons in the Geirangerfjord.

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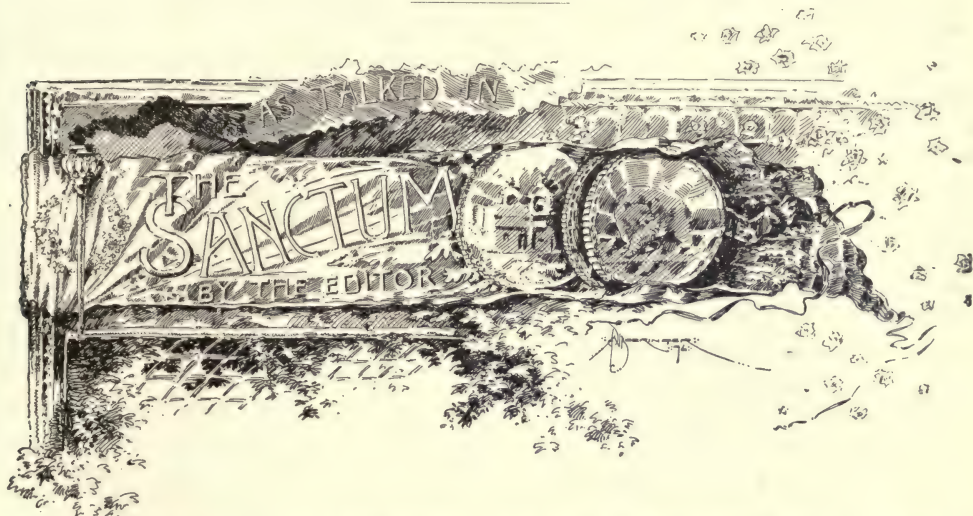
From an oil painting by S. W. Shaw

In possession of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

A. B. Bowers

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXIX. (Second Series.)—February, 1897.—No. 170.



I KEEP a note book,—not a large one,—and in it jot down things that come to me as I read,—thoughts that I imagine are original. A passage in a novel calls forth an idea that, nine times out of ten, it was never intended to suggest. Of all writers Balzac, I think, is the most fertile in this direction. The Contributor maintains that Balzac tires him,—that he cannot even keep the thread of the narrative, much less go afield for original gems; but with me it is so entirely different that I am inclined to charge the old man with falling into his dotage. Balzac acts like a stimulant. My mind is never so active as when reading “Père Goriot” or “Eugenie Grandet.” It seems to grasp every word, to read between the lines and to look into the great Frenchman’s soul for the thoughts that he discarded in weaving the superb fabric. I keep the note-book, as I have found it impossible to hold and summon up at will the ideas that go dancing before my eyes.

Now the note-book has discovered to me another phase of my disposition,—at which, again, the Contributor pooh-poohs. It is this, after chronicling my thoughts, which, if they come to me while reading Balzac, have a philosophical twist, I find that it may be months before I am in the exact mood to take advantage of them. I admit as I glance them over with a firm intention of using them, that they are not half bad, but — but — for some reason I pass them by. It was said of Bob Burdette that he discovered his talent as a humorist in trying to amuse his dying wife, and if you can appear gay when you are sad instead of being simply stolid, something has been achieved.

There are times when you can read any book that comes to hand. And there are times when you crave for inspiration or absolutely require a mental stimulant. Then it is that your favorite authors become a blessing. Whether it be Balzac, Thackeray, Hugo, Bret Harte, Kipling, or Haggard, the result is the same. Champagne has no fascination when you want beer.

With absolute failure, mayhap possible poverty, staring you in the face, it may take a great exercise of will power, to sit calmly down to a novel by even a prime favorite, but it is worth the effort. You think, "I will read and enjoy while I can, for the time may come at any moment when I cannot afford the luxury, and the memory of this will be a well-spring of pleasure and a solace," Then the power of the book enters into you and drives you to the very effort that surmounts the obstacles that lie in your path. "If I must fail, I will fail doing my best." And then I win. It is a surprise that never grows stale. All, even the Contributor, acknowledge these mental struggles and self-doubts, but only a few recognize and profit by accepting them.

THERE is one little plot for a story in my note-book that I have always intended to work up. As I remember it, it was a true story, but when or where its incidents occurred I cannot recollect. Many and many a time I have paused when I came to it and remarked that it was a capital plot for a child's story and one that would bring the tears. I have shrunk from the effort of dressing the skeleton; for in order to put the proper clothes on it I should have to draw too heavily from my own scant wardrobe. The story was pathetic in the extreme, and in order to make the most of it I realized that I must get teary in its writing or my readers would never do so.

Charles Warren Stoddard said of the first editor of the *OVERLAND*, "Once when he had taken me to task for a bit of careless work, then under his critical eye, and complained of a false number, I thought to turn away wrath by a soft answer: I told him that I had just met a man who had wept over a certain passage in one of his sketches."

"Well," said Harte, "I wept when I wrote it."

Here is the outline as I noted it. You will see why I hesitated to bring myself to the proper pitch and you will recognize the artistic possibilities.

UNREQUITED DEVOTION.

Little boy is cast away in a flood on a timber.

His faithful dog swims out to him and they are carried away together.

They live for two days floating down a great river.

The dog sustains the boy after he is exhausted.

The dog's barking attracts attention.

A rescuing party saves the boy, but heartlessly allows the dog to perish.

A master might expand the sixty words to three thousand and make of it a sweet little classic that would rank with some of Hans Christian Andersen's and yet, the thought comes up, could he paint a more pathetic picture with all his art than the tender, sympathetic imagination of any child would weave about this tiny outline the moment he read it? Of course it is this quality of expressing what one feels that makes the author, yet, again, would it not take a greater genius to fill a book with just such tales in miniature than to pad out a half a dozen to occupy the same number of pages?

In the one everything is left to the imagination; in the other, nothing. One is a song without words, the other a well studied harmony.

Such a narrative, if I am not unduly confident, would bring out powers of description in the young mind that would do more for its proper development than a hundred fairy tales of two syllables.

THE Professor. "I am ready to admit that the Editor's story might be used as a text for a Saturday afternoon exercise. One or two in a class of thirty would arise to its possibilities, the rest would probably suggest where the boy could get another dog cheap. The young mind is full of unconscious humor, but seldom weighed down with artistic pathos. I gave out as a subject for composition, 'Winter.' My school was up near the snow line and not one in it had ever experienced a San Francisco winter, although they were perfectly familiar with the legends of roses and oranges at Christmas. The average result of what I obtained would read somewhat as follows :—

"Winter is the coldest season of the year, because it comes in winter mostly. In San Francisco winter comes in summer and their Christmas and Fourth of July gets all kerfuddled. I wish winter came in summer in this county, for then we could go skating barefooted and we could snow-ball without getting our fingers cold. It snows more in the winter than any other season. This is because snow seeks its own altitude. When it don't it is not snow. A wicked boy stole my skates and ran off with them, and I could n't catch him. Ma says judgment will overtake him. Well, if judgment does it will have to be pretty lively in its legs, for that boy can run bully.

"The result of an examination brought out a number of definitions that would have made Bill Nye famous.

"Anatomy is how to take care of the bones.

The digestive fluids are tea, coffee, rum, beer, and sometimes alcohol.

The pancreatic juice is secreted in the colon.

Five important organs of digestion are the heart, chest, liver, brains, and gizzard.

Cursory.—The act of cursing.

Lambrequin.—A young lamb.

Patriotic.—My Country 't is of Thee."

"Which goes to prove that truth is funnier than fiction," remarked the Reader. "I can still laugh at the mistakes in pronunciation of the Sunday School Superintendent of my boyhood, who insisted on calling Artaxerxes, 'Arte Texas,' and invariably spoke of Joseph going down into Egg-pit. Still the old style of pronunciation and spelling is changing so rapidly that who knows but that the next generation will be so pronouncing Egypt. Spelling books and grammars get old-fashioned almost as rapidly as clothes. We once placed the accent on the last syllable. Now it is quite the thing to put it on the first. Remember this if you wish to be considered cultivated. I have often thought what havoc, say, the President of Harvard might make with our ever-changing language and what trouble he would cause us plodders by transferring the accents on half a hundred common words. He could do it as easily as some one changed perfect'-ed to per'-fect-ed, Cle-o-pa'-tra to Cle-op'-a-tra, com-par'-a-ble to com'-par-a-ble, op-po'-nent to op'-po-nent, in'-ter-est-ing to in-ter-est'-ing, and dec'-or-a-tive to de-cor'-a-tive."

IT IS always a grave question whether it is worth while to chronicle the trivial every day life of the Sanctum, and yet in its way it reflects the doings of a greater world. There are people that you never would believe could be imposed upon, people of judgment and experience, and yet like our hardy old Contributor they have in their time trod very near the danger line. It seems that the Contributor had received from time to time tempting letters from a certain New York firm of bankers by the suggestive name of "U. R. Green Co." Judging from these, it would appear that U. R. Green Co. know their business. Everything they touch turns into gold. They are philanthropists as well as speculators and are willing for

a small sum — two hundred and fifty dollars — down to share with their friends this coveted power. It is never for an instant a question with them how the cat will jump, nor does it make any particular difference whether the market goes up or down, it goes their way and yours. 20 per cent per month is what they guarantee, although they gracefully intimate that 30 per cent may be expected.

In spite of himself the Contributor fell to figuring. In five months his two hundred and fifty dollars would be five hundred dollars; in ten months, one thousand dollars; in fifteen months, two thousand dollars; in twenty months, four thousand dollars; and in twenty-five months he would be worth eight thousand dollars. Now our Contributor has two hundred and fifty dollars in the savings bank that is only drawing five per cent a year, and the fever of speculation was upon him. The deposit, however, is payable to the order of Mrs. Contributor, and a family council revealed the fact that Mrs. C. had for some days been pondering over an advertisement that had been running in *The Housewife's Friend*, which read as follows:—

A Fortune.—I have a simple scheme for making money rapidly, which I will mail to any one on receipt of 10c. Address I. M. Innit, Banker. Box D., New York.

Mrs. C. did not wish to risk two hundred and fifty dollars, but was willing to invest ten cents for so promising a receipt. As a compromise it was agreed to test the advertisement first, and if it turned out satisfactorily to look farther into the U. R. Green Co's. proposals.

In twelve days the following reply came to hand, which was noted rather for its force than for its eloquence.

Dear Madam:— You ask me to tell you how to make money rapidly. Fish for suckers as I do. I. M. Innit.

It would be interesting to know how many times a month so palpable a fraud entices dimes from a good-natured public. It would hardly seem possible that any one could be taken in by it, and yet it must require at least 200 answers a month to pay for the one-inch "ad." in *The Housewife's Friend*. I remember an "ad." that ran in all the country papers in Southern New York, where potato bugs luxuriated, advising the farmer that for ten cents a receipt for the absolute extermination of the little pest would be sent. Hundreds accepted the invitation and in reply received two small blocks of wood and the following printed directions:—

Catch the bug and place it on the block marked A, then press firmly with block B, and the bug will cease to trouble you.

The Parson. "Which reminds me of the story of the tramp who contracted to kill every rat in a roadside inn for a dinner and a drink. The landlord accepted the offer and paid in advance. When he had finished his repast, the tramp selected a formidable club, quietly seated himself on the lawn outside within a circle of admiring villagers, and said in stentorian tones as he rolled up his shirt sleeves, 'Now, bring on your rats!'"

We realized that the kindly Parson had related the familiar old tale to cover the Contributor's retreat and cut off the Artist's jeers.

The Typewriter. "A Lady wishes to know if you will give her a year's subscription for a twenty verse poem on 'Suffering Cuba?'"

The Office Boy. "Proof!"



NAERODAL, NORWAY.

KINGS RIVER CAÑON.

A STUDY IN WATER EFFECTS.



IHAVE been in eight Yosemite in Norway, all much more extensive than ours, but none of them—whether in salt water fjords, or with verdant floors, tree-dotted and with clear rivers—combine so many wonders or beauties as our best known Yosemite. Next to it, in this State, ranks the Kings River Cañon yosemite, a short, late-fall visit to which I lately enjoyed with two young men, ardent and rapid climbers, able packers, and good cooks.

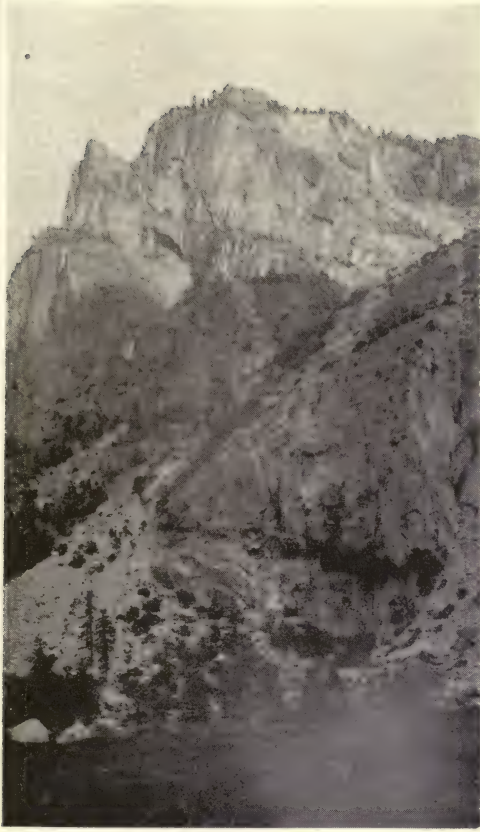
Our route was by rail to Sanger, in Fresno county; thence, forty-two miles, by stage to Millwood, over a road ground into deep and dreadful flour-like dust. Millwood lies at an elevation of 4,900 feet. From that town to the main Kings River cañon is thirty miles, over a well defined trail, running continuously over varying climbs or descents of 1,500 to 4,000 feet. The highest point between Millwood and the cañon has an elevation of 8,500 feet; the lowest is in the cañon itself, 4,900 feet above sea level. This cañon is formed by very precipitous enclosing walls of granite, 2,000 to 5,000 feet above its floor. There are two vast rock forms in that portion of Kings River cañon vis-

ited by us, one resembling El Capitan and the other the North Dome. The latter is over 3,500 feet above the cañon in its first precipitous ascent. The cañon is wholly Yosemite-like in its general outlines, but is longer than the Yosemite valley. The main cañon has not now any waterfalls, which are perhaps the most striking features of pure beauty in Yosemite; but quite double the amount of water precipitated into the Yosemite valley falls into the Kings River cañon, Mr. John Muir says, and this water comes from much higher mountains, too. It is not nearly so much exhibited in falls as in cascades; not in such precipitous, and therefore not in such attractive, form as in the falls of the Yosemite valley. It is, however, a question which perhaps only a person with the most æsthetic powers of analysis could decide, whether water, because of its purity and whiteness, in high falls, or similar water in cascades, reveals the greater amount of beauty and constant yet evanescent attractiveness. Visitors to the Yosemite valley, who have with some degree of care studied its falls and the cascades between the Vernal and Nevada falls, probably think that, in seeing those cascades, they saw all that water in the clearest and most beaten and broken forms could thus assume. Pure water is there put through the most healthy work to which it can be called, of rushing exercise and snowy aeration. Liquid arrows and flying rockets mingle with feathery half-circles, thin glassy sheets, and boulder-broken and seething flakes, "uprising, rejoicing." In high falls still finer division of water molecules are here and there seen, in water dust, portions of it rising in still finer divisions, of actual water smoke, its color iridescent when sun-illuminated, its original snowy white being unrolled in all the varied colors of the solar spectrum. Those who have studied Yosemite cascades can get

new and extended views of water in that form around Kings River cañon, but even then be poor in such knowledge, for no one can boast of full knowledge of mountain cascades who has not been in Norway. Cascades there are at once endless and peerless, and flawless, too, because full-featured in beauty, while also lavishly varied. The cascades above the little village of Helsylt there will remain forever in my memory, as a combination of all that hurrying water, rock-broken and thoroughly aerated, can create of that form of beauty in wild action while rushing into song. But the great, pure, highly elevated, and precipitous falls of the Yosemite valley, especially where they spread out, fan-like, in perfect snowy feathers and arrows, distinct yet moving compactly, cannot as a whole be nearly equaled by cascades, measured either as exhibitions of snowy and spacious majesty and power, or in attraction of widespread, woven-veil-like details. The languor of high waterfalls, as they approach their base, is one of their most attractive but least noticed features—apparent partial arrest of motion in a descent that is both swift and solidly powerful because of volume and precipitousness—a calm as it were in a stormy center; apparent resting while rushing. Goethe's "unhasting, unresting," will be remembered in this connection.

The bottom of the Kings River cañon is very rough and rocky. It has not such extensive green level pastures as the Yosemite. Kings river is a larger and much more boulder-broken river, but is not on the whole so attractive as the more smooth-flowing Merced. But the trees are larger and finer than those of the main Yosemite.

The Kings River cañon, once visited, will be forever remembered for its greater seclusion, and for its own wild, profound, and most attractive features. River-



KINGS RIVER CAÑON.

music, reduced in tone because of the now reduced supply, softly lullabic, was never out of our ears. The water, falling originally in that clean atmosphere in unstained winter hexagonal ice-stars, now runs over broken-rock forms, its notes forming perfect melody as its crystal clearness exhibits perfect purity. In there, one of the offices of the sun in the river is to create gleaming colors on mottled boulders, or to burnish water as it slides over projecting boulders. One is there open to all influences of towering mountain forms, crystal light, noble forests, trembling aspens, singing river, and verdant mountain-meadows. The result is that rest falls as gently upon the mind as dew upon the flowers.

With evening and sunset, came the full

moon, flooding the wild landscape with weird but clear night-light. The benediction in the air was peculiarly of peace. Everybody was out of the mountains but four men in the cañon and ourselves. There was no one else nearer than twenty-five miles. The loneliness of the place and the late season were facts that tended strongly to make our surroundings more impressive.

It rained one day in the cañon from noon until 7 P. M. We had no tent, but a piece of canvas hung up, in sloping-roof style, which pretty well sheltered us from the heavily water-dropping trees above. These trees did not begin to shed water until about six hours after the first rain fell,—such fine umbrellas are large firs and cedars.

After climbing four thousand feet out of the cañon, we had, from "Grand Look-out," in the then clear air eastward, a very fine and prolonged view of the cañon, and of the clusters of lofty peaks southeast and southward. Mounts Parker, Tyndall, Lyell, King, Brewer, Kearsarge, Avalanche peak, and Williamson, were all in sight. North and westward, heavy clouds, somber-gray colored, lay like calm seas with high mountain shores bounding them. They suggested snow and winter, and threatened both. There was already four inches of snow on the ground.

On the day in which we got back to Millwood we traveled thirty miles. Just before dark we got on a wrong trail, and my companions half ran down hill, to make the most of the fading light. We had gone at that rate all day when descending, and most enjoyable work it then was, but rushing in deep-wood shade by night, over a bad trail, was not so easy for me. We did not reach Millwood until 8:30 P. M. We did not then care to change our damp clothing, or for anything but to eat. We had honestly and thoroughly earned our appetites, too.

Wherever we went in the mountains sheepmen and their hoofed hordes had preceded us. Unfenced pastures were everywhere destroyed by them. The best of the undergrowth had also been cropped, and the ground everywhere thoroughly trodden into dust. Ruin and destruction there, as everywhere, followed in the path of the sheepmen. Every full grown tree bore marks of fire. The sheepmen deny that they create all the fires. Campers, too, undoubtedly cause some of them; but it is a notable fact that, since the exclusion of the sheepmen from the Yosemite National Park, no fires have occurred there. The mountain meadows in the park, too, have become reclothed with grass and flowers, where they had long previously been rooted up. The young trees and shrubs have again been allowed to flourish unmolested; both had been severely cropped or wholly destroyed. The gross outrage of allowing hungry sheep to destroy grasses, flowers, shrubs, and young trees, and the sheepmen to destroy or deface by fire the noblest forests of the earth,—they meantime paying not a cent to any one for thus being let loose as the worst of vandals in destroying what is so beautiful and valuable,—are crimes that should not for a moment longer be tolerated by the national government. Its past utter carelessness in this matter was criminal. The profits of sheep raising, compared to the wide-spread destruction that has followed the sheepmen, bears about the relation of a cent to a twenty dollar piece. Both in a utilitarian and æsthetic sense, the injury to the large trees is irreparable. This is particularly true in the latter sense, for, even where the injury by fire has not been fatal, it has produced such defacement and defect, that one can no longer see the trees in the possession of their original perfection, strength; or beauty.

The great Sierra reservation, extending from the south boundary of the Yosemite National Park to the Kern river, contains about four million acres. But though the Secretary of the Interior has had innumerable copies of rules and regulations posted on trees along the trails, warning off trespassers, sheepmen pay no attention to these warnings, simply because nobody is at hand to enforce them. By simply extending the military authority over this magnificent reservation, the troop of cavalry now guarding the Sequoia and General Grant National parks, could at the same time effectually guard the reservation, for sheepmen have unlimited respect for Uncle Sam's soldiers.

The yosemites of California and Norway alike, have been formed by tremendous glacial grinding and planing. Without cover or ornament, the bare precipitous walls and rocky floors would have been in the highest degree cold and forbidding. But almost as soon as they were uncovered by the melting of the moving ice sheets that ground them, Nature began, by the return of the plant life driven southward in the Ice Age, to restore ground covering. Our gigantic coniferae, separately considered, are solid, erect, most lofty and large rigid pillars, but beside Yosemite walls of three to five thousand feet in height, they are but airy adornments, graceful and tapering. With them are found oaks, aspens, willows, and the lower-set, varied covering-shrubbery, chief among which is the thick and glossy-leaved manzanita, with its chocolate-colored stems and branches, whole gardens of which grow in the Kings River cañon. Grasses, ferns, and mountain flowers, are also prominent, all lending their little but important aid in making up the varied and delicate forms of beauty. Many of these flowers are of the most delicate



From a painting by C. D. Robinson.

KINGS RIVER CANON, MOUNT HUTCHINGS.

Altitude 5,000 feet above the river.



KINGS RIVER CAÑON,

form, yet strongly assertive and ornamental, through high color and beauty.

The use of pure water, precipitated in snowy falls over naked rock faces, or unrolled in gushing, pure, embroidered ribbons, one thousand to two thousand feet in length, as in the Little Yosemite, are elements of beauty in eroded cañons that words can hardly exaggerate. Death and desolation reign no longer; beauty and life have taken their place. The value of thoroughly aerated, long-trailing, white-water lacework, as a feature of grace and ornament on bare rock faces, is not nearly so much seen in the Sierra as in Norway; for there, especially in the Romsdal Fjord yosemite, black lichens give to the lofty cliffs the appearance of having been tarred. Down these frowning cliffs, ribbons, veils, and thin sheets, of throbbing white water, three thousand to four thousand feet in length, pulse and gush downward, enlightening the darkness and giving life to stone.

Pure water, without which we are led to think from reading the book of Revelations, that even heaven itself would not be complete, does much to rescue yosemites from coldness and barrenness, and to give to them and to their cañon floors

that beauty and grace for which they are almost as celebrated as for the sternness and precipitousness of their bounding walls.

About four miles from Millwood, at an elevation of about five thousand feet on the stage road to Visalia, there is a cañon five or six miles long, very wide and deep, so heavily covered by timber that the ground is invisible. It slopes westward toward the foothills. The landscape by gradual descent is merged into the valley, the whole expanse of which, westward, on a clear day can be plainly seen toward the Coast Range foothills. This very fine view is strongly representative of both California's varied scenery and topography, and as a panorama can hardly be surpassed. The only features omitted are the eastern slopes of the Sierra and the western slopes of the Coast Range.

We had two burros for packing. One of them was not much larger than a Newfoundland dog. Their names were William and Josephine. Verbal compression reduced these names to Bill and Jo. Josephine was fractious and skittish when free, and her heels then flew, her owner said, when approached from behind; but

when a pack was imposed on her, she did not utter a groan over all her life trials of heavy loads and hard trails to travel. Little Billy was gentle as a kitten, and came into camp on call. He liked to stand in the smoke of a camp-fire, and there munched everything offered him. Socrates himself could not have looked more innocently grave or wise. Here is a list of edibles Bill cheerfully made away with: egg shells, squeezed limes, the oil in a sardine box, — crunching the box till he had secured all of the oleaginous contents, — a very large lump of rancid butter, a chunk of old cheese, potato parings, a raw onion, bacon rind, and all sorts of paper. Bill, on one occasion, was given a chunk of raw dough. Out of this the little fellow got a feast of chewing and flow of saliva, but I judge not a particle of nourishment. Bill, with his mouth full of this dough, closed his eyes to the sorrows of life and chewed and chewed and chewed.

Few animals are more innocent-looking and shaggily beautiful than a young burro. The smallness of their muzzles

compared to their great breadth of jaw is very striking. On one occasion the jawbone of this animal was a weapon of power, and forever remains as illustrating the very acme of firmness. There is nothing weak or willowy in the burro's disposition, — calm and silent but solidly planted resistance is the forte of the race. They can only be moved by persuasion from behind. It was a most amusing sight to see little Bill sturdily carrying and delicately ambling up the mountains with a pack on his back nearly as large as himself, constantly swaying, and weighing over 130 pounds. Like all burros, our two would frequently and unaccountably stop, their determination, like that of Macbeth not unalterable, apparently being that they would "proceed no further in this business."

John Fox, a Texan, and one of the best mountaineers I have ever met, lives in the King's River cañon, and takes parties all through the Californian Alps of Fresno and adjacent counties. He is building a fine house at Millwood for the reception of tourists next year.

Thomas Magee.

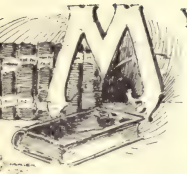
AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

ON BROKEN arch and crumbling tower the sun
 Casts level rays, — the day is almost done.
 Deserted, lone, the ruined mission stands
 Upon the heights; below, the peopled lands,
 Above, the rock-ribbed ramparts of the hills.
 A wondrous sense of peace my being fills;
 Moved by the scene, before the shrine I bow,
 And all the burden of my heart avow.

A monkish owl that haunts the crannied wall,
 Disturbs the silence with its plaintive call;
 Within the nave and dusky corridor,
 Where tread of priestly feet is heard no more,
 The black bats through the gathering shadows slip.
 Like wind-blown vapor from a censer's lip,
 Pale mists above the distant sand-dunes rise,
 Blotting the sunset crimson from the skies.

J. Torrey Connor.

THE SON OF A CONVICT.



MY MOTHER never minced matters with me. From my earliest recollection I was given to understand that I was not like other children; that some day the curse of heredity might drag me along the path my father's wayward feet had traveled. As I grew older, my father's crime, in all its hideousness, was graphically set before me. He had forged the name of a friend who trusted him, and dragged two families down to ruin when he fell. Where other boys inherited an honorable name and had before them the stimulus of a noble example, my portion was shame and disgrace and an appalling conviction that within myself existed the same moral weakness that had caused my father's downfall.

It was a gloomy life for a child. I shrank from association with other children, and my mother encouraged me in this unnatural tendency. Waking and sleeping, my one fear was of my father, whom my childish recollection distorted into a horrible and fiendish creation, standing like a black specter at my elbow in time of temptation, leering at me in sardonic mockery when I sought innocent amusement, shrieking through my dreams with the fury and despair of an outcast spirit. Had I been permitted to visit him in prison, to see him penitent, bowed down, prematurely aged by remorse, but patiently pursuing the round of hard duties assigned to him, without a word of complaint or protest, as the prison records prove him to have done for sixteen long years, these hideous fantasies might have been dispersed. Had I been told something of the need and the temptation, of the baffling demands and the cruel opportunity that drove and allured

him to his sin, as a tolerant person might have told me, pity and tenderness might have replaced the horror that his name inspired; but my mother was not a tolerant person, and it is not for me to question the wisdom of her course.

When I was seventeen years old, my father died, with but a single year of his twenty years' sentence, commuted by hard-earned credits, unexpiated. Within six months my mother followed him, and it was by her wish that his grave was opened and the same sod covered them both. The stern, sorrow-racked spirit, striving against itself, remained true to the last to the husband of her youth.

At this time I was holding an under clerkship in the private banking house of Daniel Mainwaring, having risen to this post from the successive positions of general office boy and messenger. There had been no concealment of my antecedents. Mr. Mainwaring had been acquainted with my father and the crime that had blotted him out of society. I think my mother, when it became evident that I must find some occupation that required intelligence rather than muscle, deplored the fact that my constitution unfitted me for harsh physical labor. Although I had not enjoyed the benefits of a college course, my education was by no means deficient. Naturally of a studious disposition, my inclinations were fostered by my mother, and whatever our little home lacked in the way of comfort, and there were many unsatisfied needs, it was always rich in good books. It became necessary for me to leave school at an early age and do my little toward our support, but years of attendance upon night school, and a night course in a good business college, fitted me for my post.

In such a bereavement a young man ordinarily has friends to whom he can turn. I had none. Some of my fellow clerks tendered their sympathy in a perfunctory way, and my employer's manner was milder and kinder during the weeks that followed, while I was adjusting myself to the new and desolate conditions that life was henceforth to impose upon me; but I drew no nearer to him. Mr. Mainwaring had always treated me with respect and with outward confidence, but beneath his formal courtesy there seemed to linger a dormant suspicion, ready to spring into life should my conduct foster it. Several years later the death of our head bookkeeper and the promotion of his assistant left the latter's post vacant, and to my surprise the position was offered to me. This change meant but a slight increase in a moderate salary, with much additional work and responsibility, but I accepted it thankfully, and strove with zeal to prove myself worthy of the confidence reposed in me.

It is not necessary to explain how I came to meet Mary Campbell. No matter how persistently a man tries to abstract himself from the world, the day is sure to come when the world will find him out, and he will be surprised to find how closely he is bound to it and how irrevocable the bonds. Nor is it any miracle that I should have loved her. The miracle was that she, beautiful, accomplished, popular, should have cared for me.

When a man and a woman love each other and there is no lawful obstacle to their marriage, no sentimental scruples are likely to separate them. My mother's grim prophecies, her stern admonitions, were forgotten. When I attempted to explain to Mary the black shadow that hung over my past, she met the intelligence only with sympathy and a look of perfect confidence; and she chided me for dwell-

ling upon a sorrow that was past and that could not be undone.

We lived in a fools' paradise of a year before the awakening came. My salary, which had been more than sufficient for one, was insufficient to sustain two in comfort, and it was hard to meet expenses. My wife had been accustomed to many luxuries which I could not afford to give her. I saw her tired and drooping, unequal to her daily tasks, and was smitten with a sense of my inability to relieve her. It was in vain that I denied myself all the little indulgences to which my bachelor life had accustomed me. To save carfare, in the chill morning and again in the damp of early evening, I walked the three long miles of interminable pavement that lay between our little cottage and my office, and an ugly cough fastened upon me.

A happy chance gave me a little extra work. I undertook, every evening, to post up the books of a firm of teamsters, who did a thriving business but could never determine their exact share of the proceeds. An Irishman and an Italian had gone into partnership, and a pretty mess they made of their accounts. Sometimes I was kept working till long after midnight, and went to bed with my head full of figures, a weird, fantastic multitude, racing and striving through all the weary chambers of my brain. My pleasant home hours, the little space of rest and sunshine in my busy life, were sacrificed to this new burden of care. Except for our brief meetings at mealtime, my wife and I saw little of each other. Sometimes she attempted to share my weary vigils; more frequently she yielded to my entreaties and sought the rest she so needed. Dreary, unending drudgery, seemed all the future promised to us both.

Yet I might have plodded on content, hoping for some happy future chance to lift our burdens, if it had n't been for

Stevenson. Stevenson was a smart fellow I had met at business college, and who had already scored several successes and suffered some vicissitudes in the world, but who had a knack of always landing on his feet, like a cat. I saw him on the street one morning, flying down on his wheel. He amiably jumped off and walked along the edge of the curb, trundling the machine beside him.

"You look down at the heel, Marshall," he commented. "What's the matter? Marriage a failure, eh?"

He did not offend me. No one could well be offended with Stevenson, with his cheery manner and infectious laugh.

"By no means," I said pleasantly. "I've been pretty busy lately, and —"

A fit of coughing interrupted me. Stevenson leaned against a telephone pole and gravely surveyed me.

"You ought to take care of that cough, or it's going to take care of you," he said shrewdly. "Go off to the hills for a month or so, and you'll come back a new man."

I thought of Mary, in shabby clothes, going about her homely tasks; of our meager larder and the spring overcoat I had resolved to do without; then a picture flashed across my mind of myself mingling with the richly dressed swells at the springs, and the contrast almost provoked a smile.

"Stevenson," I said, "don't you think I'd better make a little expedition to the North Pole, or take a sail around the moon, instead?"

He took in the situation; Stevenson was quick to understand.

"Confound it!" was his only comment.

For some minutes we walked along in silence.

"Marshall," he began suddenly, "I'll let you into a little secret, if you'll promise not to tell a soul. Honor bright, now!"

"Honor bright!" wondering what sort of a joke the young fellow was going to crack, to enliven the situation; but he was in earnest this time.

"Some of us men in the office," — Stevenson was in the employ of a thriving real estate firm, — "have dropped on a little scheme that's going to make our fortunes. Madison, the capitalist, has been quietly buying up all the park lots he could get hold of, this last three weeks. They've already taken a sharp rise, and there's going to be the biggest boom out that way inside of a week that you ever saw. We're laying out every cent of idle cash we have, treading right on his heels, buying on a margin and collaring everything in sight. Chip in with every cent you have, and I'll guarantee you a thousand per cent profit within a month. It's a chance to make a fortune, man!"

"But I have n't the money."

"Borrow it, beg it. There must be any amount of idle funds lying about Mainwaring's. Get it somehow. It's the chance of a lifetime, Marshall."

How I contrived to sit down to my desk and do my work faithfully and accurately that day, is beyond comprehension. All the while the chance, the glorious chance that Stevenson had shown me, had possession of my head. If there were only some way of hypothecating my salary! But what showing could I make to ask an advance, when it was already inadequate to my expenses? It would be the height of folly to ask Mr. Mainwaring for a loan, without security and for such a purpose. He was a good-hearted old man, of the stern New England type. Because his own early life had been hard, because he had grubbed his way along to the enviable commercial station he occupied, he held rigidly to the opinion that hard work and small pay were the proper tonics for other young men.

It was after two o'clock the next morning before I finished posting up the teamsters' books. I went to bed to ponder the problems of how to grasp the chance that was offered to me forever to lift my dear wife above the life of toil and anxiety to which she seemed condemned. That morning at the office it was ever before my eyes. I thought of many things. Among the papers held in trust by the bank were some belonging to the Temple estate, a rich inheritance whose only heir was a crippled imbecile, cared for in a private hospital in the suburbs of the city. Among those papers was a package of negotiable securities, aggregating sixty thousand dollars. For eight years those securities had been lying idle in our safe. They might lie there idle for twice eight years longer. If I could borrow one tenth part of their value, in two weeks my fortune would be assured. There they were, lying in the safe to which I had free access. A longing came over me merely to handle and inspect them. I solemnly assert that my thoughts of them were purely abstract, and that the idea of actually availing myself of any opportunity for securing them never entered my mind.

Why did fate put this privilege in my grasp? At twelve Mr. Mainwaring stopped me, just as I was going out for luncheon, and asked me to make out some statements to be sent to foreign depositors, a task which would take me a half hour or more. There was nothing unusual in this request. Such inroads upon my time were of frequent occurrence but today the circumstance seemed to me of malignant significance.

Mr. Mainwaring went out. The other men from the rear office had already gone, leaving only a teller and cashier at the front to transact the noon business. Deliberately and with the utmost precision I performed the work allotted me.

Then I walked to the safe, opened the great door, and stopped to think.

My head reeled as I stood there. At last I knew why I had wanted to handle those papers. A base impulse, too strong to be resisted, seemed to whisper to me that the coveted opportunity was in my grasp. And all the while I was praying: "Father in heaven, let this cup—this cup—pass from me! Father in heaven! Father in heaven!"

And while I prayed and battled against temptation, leaning against the door and trying to cool my hot head against the burnished steel, a black shadow that was I and that was not I, seemed to leave my body, dart into the depths of the vault, and come out triumphant with the Temple securities in its hand. Like one in a dream I, a part of it and not a part of it, followed it through the bank and in its swift flight down the street. A block below there was a broker, known to be not over-scrupulous, who would advance cash upon the papers without question.

I tried to take the shadow by its arm when we reached there, to protest that in this mad venture for wealth, which was perishable, honor, which was imperishable, and which once lost could never be regained, would be the sacrifice; but he thrust me angrily aside, whispering: "You fool! In a week or so at the most your fortune will be secured, Mary will be safe from want and toil, you can reclaim the securities, and no one will ever be the wiser!" And it was my own hand that put the papers in the broker's hand, and received the money, which a few minutes later was paid into the office of the real estate firm to which Stevenson had referred me.

I saw Stevenson when I came out. He was talking to a little group of men, and I caught the words: "Park lots! Splendid speculation! Chance of a lifetime!" I could not help stopping to look at him,

on account of the fantastic hat he wore. It was a sort of Turkish fez, lettered with the inscription "Park Lots" around the border, while on the sloping crown a number of comical characters, forming the figures "1000°/0" were dancing with uncertain footing. Then a black hand seemed to come before my sight, I somehow drifted back to the bank, and found myself trembling in every limb, trying to close the door of the big safe, which in my hurry I had forgotten to shut.

"You are not well, Marshall?"

Mr. Mainwaring stood at the door of his little office, which he must have entered from the street, regarding me not unkindly, as I fumbled with the combination.

"A little headache, that's all," I said hastily.

My head cleared at the sound of his voice. The act, which I would have given the world to recall, was done, I must now coolly calculate upon the possible consequences, and guard against discovery.

The following week was one of feverish anxiety. Every day I studied the reports of the real estate market. The park lots crept slowly upward, so slowly that it seemed to me they would never reach a point where they would yield any appreciable profit. I went to the office as usual, but it was almost impossible to make my brain work. My books were filled with erasures and corrections. There were times when I would puzzle for an hour at a time over trifling pieces of work, the addition of a column of figures, simple little entries, tasks that I had always performed before with the utmost ease and exactness.

One morning, a week later, I encountered Stevenson.

"Well, old man, heard the news?"

"What news?" I asked, but I seemed to know even before he could answer me.

"Bubble's collapsed. Bottom fallen out of the park-lot market. Title to whole tract proves to be defective. Might be cleared, but it would cost more than the land's worth. Fact is, people are finding out that it has n't much of any intrinsic value: mostly steep hills and sand dunes, anyhow. Glad now you did n't do anything in the way of an investment, Marshall. Never mind me! I've plenty of other irons in the fire."

My head was cool and clear that day, and I worked with fearful energy, taking no luncheon and keeping at my desk during the entire noon hour. I took a car home that night, for somehow I did not feel equal to walking. Mary met me at the door, and her eyes were troubled. I could not look into them.

"I have such a nice dinner tonight, and I mean you shall enjoy it. You work so hard that you are getting pale and thin, Jack," she said, nestling into my arms in the pretty way she had. God knows what cruel instinct it was that enabled me to put her harshly from me.

"I have no appetite," I said coldly. "You will have to eat your nice dinner yourself. All I need is rest."

There was a little room off from our parlor, which we had dignified with the name of study. In it were a bookcase, a desk, and a lounge. Here I was accustomed to do my night work. I went in there and shut the door behind me. There was no need to turn the key in the lock, for this act alone was more than bolts and bars to a woman of Mary's sensitive nature. There I sat throughout the long night, revolving the situation in my mind, untrammelled by advice or emotion. I coldly reviewed my act in all its bearings, and with all its inevitable train of consequences. When the gray light of dawn stole through in the shades, my mind was resolved. I wrote a few lines to my wife, and left them

open on my desk. Then I stole to the door. The house was silent. Through the deserted streets I could creep, unnoticed, and beyond the city lay the bay, the great bay, silent warden of a thousand tragedies, whose dark waters offered the only fitting refuge for such as I.

I was moving noiselessly across the room beyond and into the hallway, when a little figure rose up before me. It was Mary, fully dressed, her pale face telling the story of her long vigil.

She came to me and put her arms around my neck.

"Tell me. Tell me everything," she said.

God knows the shame and agony of that hour, when I poured into the ears of my brave little wife the whole shameful story. I tried to turn away from her when I had done.

"Let me go now, Mary. There is no need that your life should be overcast through my crime," I said. "There is one court that is always merciful. And the Law and Society are kinder to the dead than to the living."

But she would not let me go.

"If you go to prison, Jack, I will live just outside the gates, where I can sometimes see you, and be with you in case of sickness. When you come out, we will work together to repair the loss. O, my dear, unselfish boy, don't I know that you did this for me? I was the temptation. You must let me share the reparation."

In the street outside we could hear the stir and the bustle of day begun. Mary smiled up at me bravely.

"Come out and have a cup of coffee with me. Then we will go together and see Mr. Mainwaring."

I was like a child in her hands. A sense of weakness and dependence that was new, had come over me. I did as I was bidden, and with her arm in mine,

walking slowly and feebly, threaded the streets until we came to the quarter where Mr. Mainwaring's house stood, retired from the public gaze beyond a broad stretch of lawn and stately trees.

There was an expression of old-fashioned comfort in the pleasant room into which we were shown. Mr. Mainwaring, in slippers and a long dressing gown, waited for his breakfast before a cheery open fire.

"Ah, Marshall," he said, "you're not looking well, my boy. Working too hard lately? Want a little vacation?"

I declined the seat to which he would have invited me, and standing there, with Mary's arm still in mine, told him, in few words, how I had betrayed his trust.

"It was not heredity," I concluded. "I can't take shelter even behind that mean refuge. It was my own base instinct. I did it knowingly, deliberately, counting all the risks, all the possible costs."

"Mr. Mainwaring, he was n't himself," my wife broke in. "He is all that is true and brave and honorable and unselfish. He has not been well for weeks. He has been working from early morning to late at night for my sake,—for the sake of his unborn child. Be merciful to him. In his right mind he would never wrong a human being, or touch a finger to what was not his own."

I did not dare to look at her as she breathed this prayer of love and faith, this bitter cry for help. My heart was beating like a triphammer, but every stroke seemed to clear my brain on this one subject: the question of my duty to the woman who so loved me.

"Mr. Mainwaring," I said, "you are a man of the world. Do with me what you will, but save me from perpetrating this last heinous wrong. Tell her how the

world looks upon such transgressions, and upon all who rest under their shadow. Tell her (for she will not listen to me), that if she would hold the respect that is her due, if she would be trusted, if she would not be condemned by cruel tongues, she must no longer bear the name I have disgraced. Tell her, that for the sake of our child—for the sake of our child—”

After this I only remember a great blackness in which I wandered, groping for light. I passed through a hundred trials, and was by turn judge and jury, and the prisoner in the dock. I was shut into iron-barred cells, where no glimmer of light entered. I was subjected to every conceivable torture. All the time I was perpetually suspended over the verge of an awful abyss of figures, which jeered at me, mocking my sufferings.

One day the darkness slowly dissolved, and left me drifting on a placid sea that was bearing me back to peace and light. How long I was journeying over its tranquil bosom I cannot tell. I was content merely to lie still and rejoice in the new and happy sensation. And so I floated on and on, like a soul newborn into the world, and I unclosed my eyes, and the shore was in sight, and Mary sat there with a baby in her arms, crooning a low lullaby.

I was lying in my own bed, in the pretty sleeping room that Mary's taste and deft fingers had beautified. The sun flooded the room, and sweet scents came in from blossoming vines outside the window.

Like a soul called back from perdition, I looked into her startled eyes, and she—God bless her!—came swiftly to me and laid the baby in the hollow of my arm.

A bit of human life, fresh from the Almighty, billowed in soft white fabrics, the

little creature greeted me with the far-seeing, unshrinking gaze that belongs to little babies and to angels. A bonnie boy, with the Marshall forehead, and their curling brown hair. I thought of his terrible heritage, and hot tears welled up into my eyes and weakly overflowed.

“A true Marshall,” said my wife, laying her cheek against mine, while her hand lifted a tendril of dark hair from the little one's forehead. “A true Marshall in face and form, and I pray he may have his father's brave, true soul.”

I could only look helplessly at her, unbelieving, uncomprehending.

My wife's voice trembled as she went on.

“Jack, the securities were untouched. Mr. Mainwaring saw you all the while you stood there that day, with the safe door open. You did not take a step away from the door. It was all a fancy, bred of anxiety and overwork, and born of a fevered imagination. You have had a long siege of brain fever. Your life has hung in the balance for weeks. Now all you have to do is to rest and get well.”

She silenced me when I would have spoken.

“No, dear, you must not talk. We are going to the mountains as soon as you are able to be moved. By Mr. Mainwaring's orders, Jack. He cannot forgive himself for having for a moment credited your self-accusation. And, oh, Jack!”—she was softly sobbing,—“do you know what I feel, I, who ought to have believed you against all the world, who should have believed you against yourself!”

The breeze that fluttered the curtain brought scents of pine and fir, and beckoned to the solitudes of the hills. Against my bosom the baby slumbered, a happy smile on his lips.

Flora Haines Longhead.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.¹

BY J. H. STALLARD, M. B., LONDON, FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD, LONDON, ENGLAND, ONE OF THE SANITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE LONDON "LANCET," AND NOW FOR SOME YEARS A CITIZEN OF CALIFORNIA.

II.



THE election and functions of the Mayor constitute the most important feature of American city government. On the most improved model he is elected by the people for a term of two or

more years; he has the veto power; he appoints, absolutely without confirmation by the council, the comptroller, or book-keeper; the auditor, whose audit is necessary for the payment of every bill against the city; the police commissioners, the health commissioners, the commissioner of works, the city counsellor at law, the treasurer, tax collector, and in general all officials charged with executive duties. In nearly all cases the term of office is similar to his own, and he makes no change of officers until the expiration of a month from taking office. The Mayor is thus enabled to remove and appoint all officials and to bring the executive into sympathy with his own standard of efficiency, whatever that may be.

In England the mayor is elected annually by the council. He has no veto power; his power of appointment is limited to his clerk and two assessors, the latter because the council as a body might make use of them improperly to raise taxes. The influence of the mayor is moral, and not authoritative. He is an ex-officio member of all committees and the sole general supervisor of the city government. He is nearly always an experienced member of the council, and is therefore well informed on all questions of city interest. His opinion is always respected and his advice is treated with great consideration. He is regarded as the first citizen and the head of the city

government. He is expected to entertain distinguished strangers and represents the citizens at all public functions. He is the only member of the council who is paid a salary.

In Italy the mayor is elected by the council from its own members. He becomes at once the agent of the central government and the chief executive officer of the council. He is elected for three years and as the councilors are elected for five years, each councilor has the opportunity of voting twice upon the mayoralty. This arrangement makes the mayor the servant and not the master of the council. All appointments are made by a committee of the council, and all the actions of this committee are carefully reported to and reviewed by the full council. It is evident that there is no division of authority and no opportunity for conflict.

In America the object is to constitute two separate powers, the power of the mayor and the power of the council. In England and Italy the object is to concentrate all power in the council. The impossibility of separating legislative from executive functions has already been discussed, but the subject needs some further consideration from a practical point of view. The object of the American system is to curb and emasculate the council and to a large extent this is undoubtedly accomplished, but whilst the power of taxation and appropriation remains with the council the emasculation cannot be complete. The system not only takes away the appointing power, but all supervision and control of the executive departments, and the council is therefore unable to acquire that intimate personal knowledge of the city's wants which is necessary for intelligent and wise appropriation. The council is dependent for such information on the mayor's report, and is not permitted to discuss the quali-

¹Continued from January number.

fications, duties, numbers, and salaries, of the officials necessary. Its chief duty is to tax the citizens for the mayor's need.

This is a position which is not acceptable, but is only sought for by those who are corrupt. The best citizens object to divided power, because responsibility is thereby lost; whilst rogues thrive upon it, because they are able to use the power for their own purposes without discovery. In England the council is the government. In America it becomes a pack of thieves who need continual watching and are a perpetual thorn in the side of the mayor, who is the only surviving representative of decent government. No wonder there is friction between the council and the mayor. Even Mr. Low is obliged to admit that the problem of harmonious action is not solved, and he suggests the adoption of the only logical conclusion, viz.: an attempt to govern American cities without any local legislation. Was ever such a proposal heard with patience in a free republic? Was ever the democratic idea more seriously maligned by an American of eminence?

But happily, no one will believe that American citizens are prepared to give the power of taxation to any single person, no matter how eminent he may be. As a nation we have long discarded dictators and tribunes of the people. Most of us believe that it is wiser to blunder on under the flag of popular control and that the perfection of a Parisian municipal administration would be dearly bought at the expense of trusting our liberties to a new Napoleon. We believe that in spite of our mistakes we shall eventually "get there all the same."

It is urged, however, that the American system presents the only prospect of curbing the rascalities of our city councils, but it seems difficult if not impossible to force even a temporary garb of honesty on a government of thieves, and if we succeed the disguise will certainly be discarded on the very first occasion. The American remedy, says Mr. Bryce, is of the "kill or cure" order. A good dictator is certainly better than a bad government, and it may be easier to elect an honest mayor than to elect an honest council. If we are to have a boss, as Mayor Phelan says, let us have a boss of our own choosing. But it may be well to re-

member that the efforts of bosses, politicians, and corporations, will also be concentrated on their one candidate, and the result may still be doubtful.

And this is just what occurred in Brooklyn, where for four years a very great improvement had been effected under the distinguished mayoralty of Mr. Seth Low. In 1891 a Congressman of the name of Boody was elected mayor. No one seems to have questioned his integrity, but he undoubtedly became the tool of politicians. The citizens found themselves bound in the fetters of a gigantic ring which controlled the public offices, levied blackmail upon the officials, made the police subservient to their power, and in fact turned every department of the government into a huge political machine. The tide of city government never reached a lower mark in any city. The streets remained unswept and the garbage was left for a year to rot upon the pavements. The example demonstrates how bad a city government may become in spite of a personally good man as mayor and a charter considered perfect from an American point of view. In 1894 Mr. Low admitted that the public business of Brooklyn was not yet conducted entirely for the public benefit, that there were still bad contracts and scandalous franchise sales, and that good mayors found it difficult to get rid of incompetent officials.

Nor must it be forgotten that mayors are only human beings of limited capacity for government, and not all Napoleons and Seth Lows. Every mayor has his friends and enemies, his religious and political convictions and associations, and his own standard of efficiency, usually limited to the amount of his personal knowledge. In making his appointments he will be importuned by his friends and bullied by his enemies. In many cases he will have no personal experience to guide him and will be dependent on advice. He has to appoint an engineer and may be totally ignorant of engineering, and yet he has to make selection from a score of candidates. And when the appointment has been made, he will have to acknowledge his inferiority in discussing engineering problems, and thus being unable to control he becomes the servant of the employee. If the appointments are both numerous and varied, the

difficulties presented are practically subversive of personal responsibility, for he can only do his best.

And above all the exercise of individual power is subject to that silent, mysterious, and often undetected power of "the pull," from which there is no escape. The Czar of Russia cannot avoid its influence, much less the mayor of San Francisco. That wonderful example of executive success (?), the President of the United States, is the very prince of "pulls," for he is not only subject to it, but has to practice it himself. Mr. Bryce thus describes his unfortunate position:

He must square the Senate without whose advice and consent he cannot make any important appointment. He must requite the supporters of the men to whom he owes his election. He must so distribute places all over the country as to keep the wire-pullers in good humor and generally strengthen the party by "doing something" for those who have worked or will work for it. And the task of selecting from so many conflicting claimants becomes laborious, thankless, and disagreeable, and as it gives no opportunity for judgment, it virtually destroys responsibility.

The only appointments over which he has untrammelled power are his Cabinet ministers, and we are now witnessing the struggle of the States from East to West and North to South to secure positions, which after all are merely figure-heads.

It is difficult to believe that any really conscientious mayor would care to assume the great responsibility of appointing and the still more serious responsibility of removing, say, fifty or sixty officers of such high importance and requiring to possess such varied accomplishments. He would infinitely prefer to have a council of responsible citizens to unite with him in judgment, the more so as some of his associates would be sure to have special knowledge in each special case,—in fact, a council to act as a buffer to protect him against the onslaughts both of friends and enemies. It seems altogether more likely that he would tremble at the possibility of being made the unconscious tool of intriguing and dishonest men, who while promising everything before appointment, would prostitute their offices to personal or political aggrandizement.

Mr. Low says rightly that, "The selection of efficient heads of departments

underlies the success of a city administration on its executive side," and the power of the Mayor is relied upon to secure better officials than the council would appoint. This, however, may seriously be doubted. All testimony is to the effect that the appointments made by English councils depend solely on efficiency, that political influences play no part, and that the result is entirely satisfactory to the public. But such may not be the case in America, and for the sake argument let it be conceded that a mayor would make better and more efficient appointments than a council. But efficiency has the closest relation to salary, and if the council standard of efficiency is lower than the mayor's, their standard of salary will be lower also. It matters little, therefore, whether the conflict is on the question of efficiency or salary, in either case harmony becomes impossible. One or the other must give way. If a compromise is effected, the responsibility is divided and the mayor is no longer boss,—and if the fight is sufficiently prolonged, the council will assuredly be victors, because they have the power of the purse.

It may be instructive to illustrate this position by an episode of English history. About fifty years ago the English Parliament conferred sanitary powers on the city governments and authorized them to elect a medical officer of health. The municipal councils were obedient to the letter but ignored the spirit. They adopted the very system which now prevails in San Francisco. They elected a physician engaged in private practice to give a portion of his time to the service of the public and they paid him a small but reasonable salary for his time and services. But the sanitary inspectors of the central government were by no means satisfied with this arrangement. They found that there was continual conflict between the public and private duties of the medical officer and that he was repeatedly called away from public duty to attend his private patients. Complaints were made by other doctors that the officer of health took advantage of his official right to visit and inquire into their patients' maladies and thus to extend his influence and practice. And there is no doubt whatever that this has been the case in

San Francisco. It was also found that as soon as the medical officer of health became established in practice he threw up his public appointment and gave place to a less experienced member of the medical profession. The inspectors interviewed the local councils and recommended that the qualification of the medical officer should be made special, that he should be fully educated in public hygiene, and show that he had administrative capacity superior to that usually to be found in doctors, that he should be required to devote the whole of his time and energy to the prosecution of his large and important duties, that his appointment should be made permanent, and that the salaries should be large enough to attract the best men.

Some of the city councils were wise enough to adopt these suggestions, notably the City of London,¹ Birmingham, Liverpool, and Glasgow, and from that moment these cities became models of good sanitary administration. But a number of councils refused point blank to make any alteration. They said they were perfectly satisfied with the sanitary progress made under the then existing system, that the work of the medical officer was done to their complete satisfaction, and that there was no need to increase the public burdens by creating a new and expensive office.

Other councils compromised, some by making permanent appointments with insufficient salaries; others made good and satisfactory appointments for a year and then declared the office vacant, under pretense that such services were no longer required.

Put a future conscientious mayor of San Francisco in the place of the English government inspectors, suppose that he has equal knowledge, and consider the result. The mayor would be bound to express the same dissatisfaction with the office as it is. He would feel himself bound to put the sanitary administration of the city on a proper footing. The lives not only of the living but of future generations of citizens would be at stake. He would say: "We must have an officer of great experience, of tried administrative capacity; we want one who is

able to give advice as to the reconstruction of our sewers, who has had experience in sewage disposal and in sewage farms and irrigation, and a complete practical knowledge of all those matters which pertain to public health.

A conscientious mayor will certainly and properly feel that this is a question of efficiency and not of salary, and that no salary would be excessive which secured the proper man. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that he offered the appointment to Doctor Alfred Hill, of Birmingham, and that his offer was accepted. Doctor Hill's salary is five thousand pounds a year, whilst that of the officer of health of San Francisco is less than half. The cities are of nearly equal size. Does any one believe that this amount of salary would be voted by a council totally ignorant of the value of sanitary administration on the simple demand of a mayor who knows no more than they do? On the contrary is it not more probable that they would act just like the English councils, and express their contentment with the existing system? Indeed it is far more probable that they would propose a reduction rather than an increase of salary which would be effected by taking the appointment out of politics and offering it to public competition. It is certain that fifty doctors could readily be found in San Francisco with qualifications equal to those of any recent incumbent of the office who would be glad to take the office for half the present salary, simply on account of the introduction it would give them.

It is interesting to note the termination of the English difference. The national government felt the great importance of securing to the cities a perfect sanitary administration. But it had no power to compel the councils to execute its wishes. It could not force them or send them to jail. It could not turn them out of office and assume the power of appointment. But it settled the matter without the least difficulty by invoking the power of the purse. All these appointments are now subject to the approval of the central government and half the salaries are paid from the British consolidated fund. If the future mayor of San Francisco wishes to appoint a medical officer of

¹ The City of London elected Sir John Simon, for many years the chief sanitary adviser of the central government.

health on the English standard of efficiency, he will probably have to pay for the privilege out of his own pocket. On the other hand the more intimate the association of the future council with sanitary affairs, the greater is the assurance of a good administration. Let the effort be made to make the council of San Francisco as wise as that of Birmingham, and we shall soon have an equally competent medical officer placed at the head of the sanitary department.

Lastly. Even good mayors cannot be mayors forever, and spurts of reform and of popular indignation are not very reliable supports for permanent reform. The shortness of the term of office alone imperils that permanence which is essential to the execution of large public works or the introduction of important administrative changes. The heads of most departments, if they are really good, become more and more valuable every year, and their tenure of office is surely safer under the protection of a hundred councilors than when subject to the caprices of newly elected mayors.

Municipal Government as a Business Proposition. Mr. Low rightly describes the nature of a sound municipal government as a business government, to be conducted on business methods and for a business end. But he cannot mean a private mercantile establishment in which the proprietor represents the mayor. There is no similarity between them neither as regards the principle of management nor the interests involved. The proprietor is guided solely by his personal interests. He has spent his life in his business and is practically acquainted with every department and every detail. When he wants assistance he knows exactly what he wants, and where to get it. He knows exactly what a man is worth and what amount of salary he can afford to give. He appoints and removes according to his will. He is responsible to no one and is not bound to explain the conduct of his own affairs. The mayor on the contrary was not educated to be a mayor and he is responsible to the citizens for everything he does.

It is therefore evident that Mr. Low's comparison applies to those larger business corporations in which the stockholders represent the citizens, whose interests

alike depend on the good management of their affairs. In such corporations the city council corresponds with the board of directors and the mayor has the same relative position as the president. This organization is regarded as essential in every civilized country, and citizens cannot have a better model. If city government is a failure it may be due to the neglect of the business model and that true reform must come from a returning to it. Now the municipal institutions of America have completely ignored the great principle of business corporation government, by dividing the authority. In city governments there are two separate powers,—in the business corporations there is only one, the autonomy of which is surrounded with the greatest safeguards because it bears the whole responsibility. The stockholders of a railroad elect a board of directors and then let them religiously alone to control their affairs in every possible department.

They elect no president to veto the transactions of their elected agents, no auditor to stop the payments of their checks, no clerk who can make his office an extravagant political machine, no assessor to fix the rates of fare and freights, no tax collector to collect their moneys, no treasurer to hold them safe, no superintendent of roads to build and keep their roads in order. They do not elect a president to deprive their directors of executive control. On the contrary they neither elect the president nor insist on giving him any special rights. The president of a railroad is elected by the directors and is simply one of them. He exercises no power which the directors do not give him, and any power which may be entrusted to him is subject to revision and withdrawal altogether. He is the servant and in no sense the master of the board. Only special powers are usurped by a president who controls the majority of stock and is thus enabled to secure the election of straw directors who will do his bidding. And when the majority of the stockholders become dissatisfied for this or any other cause, they do not increase the power of any president so as to curb or control the directors, but they remove them altogether. The full responsibility is therefore fixed in the directorate and nowhere else. They are re-

sponsible for the conduct of every man in their service from the president down to the lowest brakesman, and if any one fail in his duty, it is the directors who will be obliged to meet the obligation. The directors may delegate special powers to the president or any other officer, but the responsibility is not removed and there is neither legislative nor executive transaction which they have not the power to revise. What would a board of railroad directors do if the body of the stockholders proposed to elect an auditor with power to stop the payment of their checks?

It is only auditors of American city governments who are appointed to audit (?) bills *before* their payment, and only city councils are subject to the indignity of having such a spy set over them. In business corporations an audit means simply an examination and exposition of affairs. The auditors—for there are generally two—inspect the vouchers for receipts and payments and compare them with the books. They inquire whether a just balance is in the hands of the treasurer and that the securities of the company are safe. One acts in the interest of the directors, to protect their reputation, and the other in the interest of the stockholders, to give them true information as to the state of their affairs.

This is the function of auditors in an English city, and if business principles are not to be ignored, this is the auditor's proper sphere of action.

Or, what would happen if the stockholders insisted upon the election of a clerk with irresponsible power of appointing those beneath him, and so to make of his office a political machine?

It is evident that the municipal governments of England follow faithfully the form and methods of the great business corporations. They elect a council and authorize it to manage their affairs. They surround it with no checks or balances. The mayor cannot veto their transactions. The auditor cannot stop their checks. They appoint all officers. They are responsible on every side, and when any member exhibits a tendency to corruption or extravagance he is sure to be defeated at the next election should he again become a candidate. The council is thus kept in touch with the wishes of the citizens.

Results of the two Systems on the Personnel of the Council. Having thus contrasted the principles of American and English city government, it will be interesting to examine the character of the personnel which each brings forth. A dishonest government is worse than none, whereas too much power can scarcely be entrusted to one composed of honest men. Every American who has given the least attention to the subject of municipal government laments the corruption which universally prevails in the United States. Not a single American city has escaped the clutches of corrupt mayors, corrupt councilors and corrupt aldermen, and corrupt officials and corrupt subordinates. Not long ago the city of New Orleans in spite of the latest form of model charter, convicted four of her aldermen of malfeasance and impeached the mayor. It is not necessary to adduce the evidence of San Francisco. Mr. Andrew D. White says that American cities are the worst governed in the world. Doctor Gladden of Columbus, Ohio, protests against the existence of municipal governments which are the organized embodiments of trickery and fraud, and the open allies of lawlessness and debauchery. "The character of the men at the head of our city governments," says Mr. Meade of Boston, "our mayors, our aldermen, and common councils, have startlingly deteriorated. The proudest American citizen must blush when he thinks of the men who are our common councilors when compared with those of Birmingham or Glasgow."

The explanations for this unhappy state of civil governments and the empirical proposals for amendment are curious. Bishop Fowler recommends a boss mayor called Public Opinion, and Doctor Gladden says a strong and sound public opinion is the one thing needed, and he says that public opinion is weak because American citizens are ignorant of public questions. Was greater nonsense ever written? The citizens of America are better instructed on public questions than any in the world, and take a more active interest in what is going on. Public opinion is both sound and strong, for there is no difference of opinion as to the necessity of an honest and efficient city government. If public opinion could have acted the municipal institutions of America would have been

swept away long ago. It is opportunity which is alone wanting and the opportunity is approaching fast.

Turn now to England and Italy, where the honor and honesty of councilors have never been impeached. To be a member of an English city council is to hold a position of honor, a position which no man affects to despise.

The councilors [says Mr. A. Shaw] are as a rule representatives of the best elements of business life and of practical conversance with affairs. The motives of our English councilor are as honorable as his services are intelligent and efficient. None but men of worth and good standing are considered eligible. There is nothing to tempt the ambition of unworthy men. No salaries to receive, no chances of profit through contracts and jobbery.

He gives similar testimony as to Italian councilors. In my experience it would be as difficult to find a corrupt councilor in either Manchester or Liverpool as it would be to find a convicted felon in the Mercantile Association.

There is no better evidence in the superiority of the English personnel as compared with the American than the tendency to repose more and more confidence and power in the hands of the people's representatives, whilst the American tendency is to give them less and less. This is well illustrated by the contract system which universally prevailed in England thirty years ago and is now steadily becoming optional. This system prevents the undertaking of any important public work by daily labor. It is the outcome of a thieving age. And yet it affords no guarantee whatever that the public will be better or more economically served. Experience has demonstrated that no public contract can be drawn the terms of which cannot be evaded by a dishonest contractor. The sewers of San Francisco have been constructed on the contract system and are a conspicuous example of bad work and public robbery. Private persons continually find it more profitable to employ day labor, and there is no reason why an honest government should be less free to provide for public interests. The Committee of Works for the London Council is presided over by a working man, it pays the union rate of wages, it limits the hours of work to eight daily, it provides the best materials and

workmanship, and it erects public buildings in some cases for less than half of the lowest bids of the contractors. Would that the municipal government of San Francisco could be trusted to do likewise.

In San Francisco it is regarded as difficult if not impossible to secure the services of the best citizens, and the same complaint is made in every city in the United States. Speaking at the conference on Good City Government, Mr. Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago said that the government of his city, like most others not American, was bad, not too bad but bad enough, a disgrace to republican institutions and to the great democratic idea. In Chicago they had perfect inefficiency in the minor administrations. They had public spirited citizens. Their charter was a general law which the legislature could not touch. They had, therefore, absolute home rule. They had honest mayors with power of appointment and removal almost absolute. They had not a single vicious board or commission left in the government, and he asks, "What is our trouble? If the institution is right, what is it that we lack? Our trouble," said he, to the meeting, "is your trouble, the indifference and neglect of the so-called good citizens. Our lack is the good citizenship of the good citizens. It is not the bad citizen that needs to be reformed, but the good citizen. The bad citizens are in a hopeless minority and the good citizens are in a hopeless majority."

Now why is this? There is no substantial difference between the citizens of Manchester, Birmingham, or Glasgow, and those of Baltimore, Boston, or Chicago. The citizens of Chicago have a world wide fame for their public spirit and so have those of San Francisco. No city in Europe can boast of better or more self-sacrificing citizens. The best men of San Francisco are at all times ready to give their time, money, and abilities, to advance proposals for the public welfare. They invite conventions and give them a royal welcome. They subscribe and serve on committees to resist a funding bill. They serve gratuitously on boards of trade and commerce. In no city of Europe could men be found working to light the streets at their own expense. The Merchants' Association is a unique

example of self-sacrificing energy. Seven hundred firms subscribe their money and give their advice and interest. Fifteen directors, many of them proprietors of large business establishments, sacrifice their valuable time in supplementing the shortcomings of an extravagant and inefficient government. The numerous improvement clubs, now established in every quarter of the city, afford sufficient proof of the general interest in the city's welfare,—and no one can reasonably doubt that there is a vast reservoir of honest energy available for good city government if the opportunities were offered them.

And yet these are men who need to be reformed! These are the men who are to be taught their duty! What nonsense! what absurdity! It would be as foolish as it is hopeless to reform them, for to fit them for municipal office in San Francisco they must be made worse not better. Mr. MacVeagh says if the American institution is right the good citizen needs to be reformed. Does it not seem more reasonable to say that the citizen is right and that an institution, which he says is practically a disgrace to republican principle and to the great democratic idea, needs to be reformed? It is curious to observe that no American municipal reform has ever expressed a suspicion that the system was at fault, and that that the good citizen refuses to take part in it, because it is so. The Romans had a saying that office makes the man. But if the office is corrupt, dishonorable, and inefficient, the man must already be so or soon becomes so. The merchant is jealous of his honor and the honesty is the tradesman's stock in trade. No merchant would join the Merchants' Association if there were a suspicion of dishonesty among its members. Every respectable tradesman will refuse to associate with doubtful characters. Neither will consent to lay themselves under the suspicion of doing dishonorable work and if the office is dishonorable this class is self-excluded from the city government. If we desire an honorable council we must give them honorable work to do and treat them as honorable men.

But in San Francisco, as in all other cities of America, councilors are treated more like thieves than gentlemen,—much

less like city governors,—and as a consequence, corrupt men are the only candidates for office. The city councils are covered with distrust, so much so that people have come to believe that they cannot be reformed. Not one single function of a city government is unservedly committed to their care. They are dominated by the veto of mayor, itself an implication of incompetence or dishonesty and perhaps of both. The greater the power of the veto the more severe is the reflection, but no veto has yet succeeded in controlling or reforming corruption. Every function left them is surrounded with checks and balances which imply dishonesty. Their power of taxation is limited, but the restriction prevents neither waste nor extravagance. It simply diminishes the amount of funds subject to depredation while the public necessities are not provided for. The streets are kept in darkness, and the school teachers are deprived of salary. The city council has little or no control over the assessment and none whatever over the incidence of taxation. The councilors do not collect the taxes and are not even trusted to hold them in safe keeping. Their checks are liable to be dishonored by an auditor who is not their servant but their master. No matter how great the emergency, they are forbidden to spend more than one twelfth of their annual income in a given month. They are not allowed to appoint the officials whose salaries they have to pay and whose extravagances they are bound to honor. They cannot be trusted to appoint their own book keepers. One by one all the most important functions of a city government have been taken from them and put in charge of boards or commissions appointed by outside influence, over whose expenditures they have neither supervision nor control. They are not permitted to control the bay and water front and their authority ceases in the middle of the street which faces the wharves. They do not control the police, the magistracy, the fire department, the board of education, the parks, the erection of the City Hall, the hospitals, and alms houses, and worst of all, the public health. Nothing seems left but a little patronage prostituted to political purposes, the sale of the few remain-

ing worthless franchises, the fixing of rates to suit the rapacity of corporations, and the execution of venal contracts for paving, cleansing, and sewer-ing, the streets.

Even some of these duties are more or less controlled by independent officers who are continually changed and are often in no way qualified for the duties entrusted to them. Under no municipal system in Europe would it be possible to elect a milkman, a contractor, or a teams-ter, as superintendent of the streets, with power to set the council at defiance. So badly is the cleaning and lighting done that the citizens have become dependent on the Mercantile Association for these services.

In this fashion the authority is infinitely divided and the taxing power has absolutely no control and no responsibility. Mayor Phelan cites two notable examples in his recent inaugural address. The citizens elect the school directors and leave them dependent on the board of supervisors for their income. Economy is not considered. Extravagance prevails. More teachers are appointed than are necessary. The expenditure is increased \$214,487 in a single year. The teachers are not paid their salaries and there is nothing left for the repair of school houses. The directors have left the incoming supervisors an indefinite liability for this extravagant neglect.

In the second place the citizens have elected a county clerk that repudiates his pledges, nearly doubles his expenditure for the benefit of political hangers on, and positively refuses to conduct his office on a reasonable basis of expenditure. The supervisors are not responsible and will not be blamed, but every honest supervisor is degraded by being compelled to tax the citizens for such extravagance. And the remedy proposed is entirely characteristic of municipal legislation. The Legislature is to be called upon to enact a controlling check upon an officer who derives his authority directly from the people. They will be asked to force him to wear an economic garment and to stop the leak which he has made himself. If the proposal were not so sad it would be ridiculous,—the more so as the remedy is obvious, simple, and direct. Let the people renounce the doubtful privilege of

electing officers independent of the taxing and appropriating power. Concentrate them both in one authority, and the present honest though imperfect council may be trusted to remedy the evil.

Under such conditions what is the value of the Dollar Limit pledge? If honestly given it is only a well intentioned farce,—if dishonestly, a decoy for simple citizens, for assuredly no sensible men will be deceived by it. Is it any wonder, therefore, that reputable citizens abstain from taking part in such a divided, impotent, discredited, and dishonored institution.

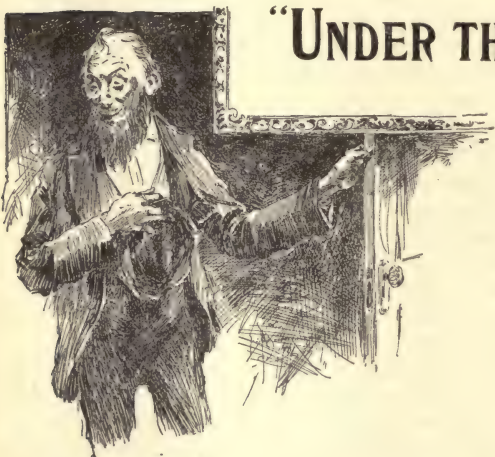
It is now easy to see why the best English citizens esteem it an honor to be elected members of a city council and why the best American citizens persistently refuse to become candidates. In England the councilor is trusted, he is given adequate power, and full responsibility is imposed upon him. In America he is distrusted, his power is crippled and his responsibility is lost. In England the councilor goes into office with the right to use his eyes, that he may supervise every department of the administration and the work of every paid officer. In America his vision is restricted to the mayor's looking-glass and to things liable to be distorted by the mayor's spectacles. In England the councilor is free to act for the benefit of the citizens in all things necessary. In America his hands are tied behind him and more than half of his proper duties have been stolen from him. An English councilor belongs to the same class and has the same ambition as a director of the San Francisco Mercantile Association, but whilst the latter is a private citizen and has to provide out of his own pocket the means of doing good, the former has an official right to do all that is wise and necessary and to draw upon the public purse for payment. There is not a single member or the Mercantile Association who would refuse the power and privileges of an English councilor, if the law would give them to him, and the city could not desire more than to be governed by a council of such men with their president as mayor.

It is clearly the system which is at fault and not the citizens. Good American citizens are neither ignorant nor apathetic. They need neither education

nor energy. Public opinion is ready to back them up in any proper enterprise. All the good citizens want is opportunity, the same opportunity as that enjoyed by English citizens. Not the opportunity to elect a boss or a board of impotent and distrusted supervisors, but the opportunity to manage their own affairs in their own way,—the opportunity of following in the steps of the Glasgow government by electing men to take charge of the port and dockage, to carry on the ferry

traffic in the interest of the entire community, to acquire and control the public utilities, to appoint police and magistrates, administer sanitation, and relieve all boards and commissions which now divide the power with the present so called government. Thousands of good citizens will crowd to do this honest and honorable work, because the power of the council for good will be a hundred fold greater than that of a Mercantile Association or an improvement club.

J. H. Stallard.



“UNDER THE HEADIN’ OF THRUTH.”

VI. MR. CUSACK WINS A LAWSUIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. LOFTY’S DIARY.

“IS THE Colonel in?” inquired Mr. Cusack, as he advanced himself and his stick and his stiff knee into the middle room. “He is busy, I see,” regarding the closed door into the Colonel’s apartment; then, noticing that the door was perceptibly ajar, he seated himself near it and observed to the Judge, “A mighty smart man is the Colonel! I knew the Colonel’s people in the ould counthry, Judge. Lord Rossmore was as fine an ould man as iver dhrew the breath av life.”

“I always heard the Colonel say his father was a Wesleyan preacher,” remarked the Judge.

“I’m not gainsayin’ it,” returned Mr. Cusack. “I’m sayin’, an’ repatin’, that Lord Rossmore was the finest ould gintle-

man iver I knew. Did you iver know Jack McNab over in Nevada, Judge? I just met a man down on the shreet that put me in mind av him. A fine built man he was, but bad as they make him. He was a bully, an’ I saw him meet his death, an’ he deserved it. Good mornin’, Colonel. How is business today? Times is improvin’, Colonel. I ran up against a man on the shreet just now that has owed me two and a half this long time, an’ he paid me twinty-five cints on account.

“I was just askin’ the Judge did he iver know Jack McNab. It was a quare death he died, kilt wid his own knife. It came about over some mining properties I had an interest in wan time in Arizony. White Pine Hamilton was thryin’ to stale him, an’ Gov’nor Woods, that used to be territorial gov’nor av this State, an’ a man by the name av Ragan wor our attorneys. Gov’nor Woods got into a shootin’ schrape afterwards over in Nevada about a railroad wid a church mumber from the East that was thryin’ to stale it

an' go off wid it in his pocket. O, he was a very religious man was that New Jersey man, an' used to stand up in the front sate ivery Sunday wid his prayer book an' rade off the responses like a clark; but he did n't get away wid that railroad. The ould Gov'nor wor too many for him. The other lawyer, Ragan, was a man wid a history. He had wanst been a preacher, an' he was a mighty pceable fellow, but if you cornered him he wud fight, an' he fought to kill.

"A day or two before we stharterd for Arizony a friend av mine came to me and sez, 'You want to luk out for yourself. White Pine Hamilton has sint back to Texas afther Jack McNab to kill a few av you fellows off.'

"Whin I tould Woods and Ragan they would n't belave it.

"O pshaw!' sez Ragan, 'Those fellows thinks it makes 'em important to tell such cock and bull yarns.'

"Very well, thin,' sez I, 'I hope you're right. For I'm a coward.'

"Well, we got on the slaper over at the mole an' whin we had looked up our section, an' sthuck our grips in the rack, the first crayture me eyes fell upon was Jack McNab. I pointed him out to the others.

"My God,' sez Ragan, an' he turned as white as a shate. 'Well, I have a mind to kill him now,' sez he. 'I shall have it to do before we are done wid him, an' I may as well do it now.'

"McNab had no idea we wor on board, an' he sat wid his back to us wid his feet up on the sate opposite him, an' his head laid back on the velvet roll atop av his own sate. Ragan pulled out his knife an' ran his fingers along the edge av it absent like, an' kept sayin' to himself, 'I might as well cut his throat now.'

"His wife had come over on the ferry wid us to see him off, an' she comminced to chry, an' the Gov'nor an' I talked him

out of it. Well, we rode in the same slaper all the way. Whin we wint into the stage office to get our tickets, McNab an' Billy Hamilton wor at the window bookin' a sate.

"Let's wait over a day,' sez Ragan. 'I don't want to kill him.'

"No sir!' sez the Gov'nor. 'I am goin' right along wid him an' kape an eye on him. I'm not goin' to give him a chance to get out along the road somewhere an' get the dhrop on me. I want to know what he is doin' ivery minute.'

"So we wint along. Ragan an' McNab rode all day in the stage face to face with their knees touchin'. There was a preacher in the corner opposite me. We did most av the talkin'; Ragan an' McNab did n't have much to say. Whin we got to the Painted Rocks McNab said he guessed he'd get out an' walk awhile to sthretch his legs. Ragan said he thot he wud walk a little too, an' climbed out.

"His feet wor no sooner on the ground than McNab turned on him. 'D—n you!' sez he, 'who invited you? Don't thrust your company on a gintleman that don't ask it.'

"All right,' sez Ragan, very mild.

"Climb back in there, thin,— d—n quick too!' sez McNab.

"Ragan niver sthirred.

"Did you hear me, you so an so an so?' (I would n't repate his language in this prisint company,) sez McNab.

"Ragan niver sthirred.

"You'll ayther do what you are told, or you will fight, you white-livered coward!' sez McNab, an' he slapped Ragan's face.

"Still Ragan niver sthirred, but stood and looked at him. By this time the Gov'nor was thrying to climb out over the man nixt him. As for me, I thot the three av thim wor enough to settle it, an' I stayed where I wor.

"I'll be d—d,' sez McNab, 'if such

as you is fit to live annyway, an' take up room from your betthers.' An' he dhrew his bowie an' made a pass at Ragan's chist.

"Now Ragan was a great boxer, an all-round athlate, an' quick as a cat; an' what I am tellin' yez is under the headin' av thruth, though it may sound incridible. As McNab sthruke at him, he raised his arrum an' hit him a blow under the wrist that sint the knife spinning into the air; he caught it as it fell, an' plunged it into McNab just behind the collar bone, an' dhruv it straight down into his heart.

"It passed whilst we were holdin' our breaths, an' the big bully fell over widout a word or a groan an' lay there dead

on the sand, wid his own knife sthickin' up in his neck.

"Av coorse nobody iver made Ragan anny throuble about it, an' we wint on an' won our lawsuit widout anny further interference. The jury gave us a verdict, an' thin the judge set the verdict aside an' gave the mine to the other fellows. That was where Hamilton got his fine wurruk in afther all. But the judge niver gave Ragan anny excuse to kill him, so *he* niver got his desarts. Yes, Colonel, times do be improvin'. There wor no suicides in the paper this mornin'. Here is some wan that has business to look afther. I will be carryin' mesilf away."

Batterman Lindsay.

THE UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A PROMISING INSTITUTION.



ALTHOUGH Idaho has had a State or Territorial existence for a third of a century, her population and material development have not kept pace with those of her western neighbors. The tide of immi-

gration has during the past two decades passed over her to enrich the States on the coast. A large part of her population and consequent prosperity have come from the returning wave from California, Oregon, and Washington. There are numerous thriving towns in the State but no large cities, as there are no geographical features to attract a dense population. Possessed of inexhaustible mineral resources and destined one day to be one of the greatest producers of the precious metals in the country, she has as yet no large mining centers. Her agricultural resources, alike in the pluvial region of the north and the irrigated dis-

tricts of the south, are unexcelled either in abundance or variety. Still there are no large farming communities and the ranch population is scattered.

The educational problems presented in such a field are varied and peculiarly difficult. To meet them, and further the educational advancement of the new State along all possible lines, has been the aim of the State University during its four years' history.

The institution was chartered in 1889 and located at Moscow, the second city of the State, situated in the northern portion or "pan-handle." The university and agricultural college were wisely combined, making their support by the State comparatively easy, when aided by the Federal funds set apart for the support of colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts and agricultural experiment stations. A State tax for building purposes was levied for several years. Through this



THE UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO.

\$125,000 was raised for the construction of the present attractive and commodious main building. The State, by contributing six or seven thousand dollars yearly, is able to meet all the institution's needs.

The University opened in October, 1892, with a faculty of two. This now numbers nineteen and includes graduates of institutions like Cornell, Columbia, Union, Oberlin, and Northwestern, the State universities of Ohio and Michigan, and the agricultural colleges of Michigan and South Dakota. The enrollment for 1895-96 was 286, forty-two being in the college classes. The present year, which promises to exceed these figures, shows a marked and most gratifying increase in the higher classes. There are sixty-four college students, including the four members of the class of 1896, who returned to pursue graduate studies, and at the same time act as assistants in the various departments. The upper classes in the preparatory school have also increased,

while the lowest class is smaller than ever before. This is due to the preparatory or public schools of the State, which are coming into closer touch with the University and adapting their courses to meet its requirements. The existence of a preparatory school in connection with the University has sometimes been severely criticised. Were the State more bountifully supplied with grammar and high schools, it could easily dispense with the preparatory department. Under the present educational conditions it is an absolute necessity. The best equipped students in the college classes are those who have pursued the course in the preparatory school, a sufficient proof of its value and efficiency.

The University has an excellent working library of 3500 volumes and 9500 pamphlets. The departments of agriculture, botany, chemistry, mining, physics, and zoology, have well equipped laboratories, the scientific apparatus being

valued at thirty thousand dollars. There are also several valuable scientific collections.

At the beginning of the present scholastic year the new courses of study went into operation. These are nine in number, the classical, the philosophical, the agricultural, the civil engineering, the mining engineering, and the four courses in science, botany, chemistry, mathematics and physics, and zoology, being the major subjects. Sixteen hours of classroom work per week are required, generally in four subjects of four hours each. Considerable freedom of election prevails in most of the courses, advanced

besides making numerous assays throughout the year, gives a short practical course in assaying in January of each year, for the benefit of prospectors and mining men. The attendance has been large and the interest increasing. The professor of agriculture, with the assistance of the experiment station staff, has conducted numerous experiments of value. Among these may be mentioned the investigation of the sugar beet problem, and the analysis of soils and waters. Last month a dairy and cooking school was held. The past summer the citizens of Moscow purchased a fine farm of over eighty acres and presented it to the University for the use of the experiment station. These increased facilities will result in increased service to the agricultural interests of the State.

A plan is being put into operation, after having been submitted to a number of prominent educators of the State and having received their approval, which will bring the common schools of the State into even greater sympathy with the University. The plan is similar in many respects to that adopted by the University of Minnesota in its relations to the high schools of the State. Examination papers, covering the college entrance requirements, are sent out twice a year to the schools desiring them. The papers submitted by the pupils are graded and submitted to the University authorities for final examination. The successful candidates are then furnished certificates that will admit them to the University in the different branches passed. This system of examination will awaken increased interest in the schools throughout the State and add to the University's attendance.

Manual training is provided for by a shop where instruction in working in wood is given to the young men, while the young ladies are taught wood carving.



THE MAIN HALL.

work in music and art being among the electives offered. The present courses are the result of a gradual evolution, rendered necessary by changed conditions. All the courses have been elected, though those in science are the favored ones. Courses are also offered for graduates leading to the Master's degree.

The University has a department of music, with a course of four years leading to a diploma.

The agricultural and mining departments make special efforts to be of practical assistance to the people of the State along the two lines where lies so much of her prosperity. The professor of mining,



CITY OF MOSCOW IDAHO.

The University of Idaho.

The scholastic side of the University is not the only one. Two literary societies are in flourishing condition. Two musical organizations have an excellent membership, and their public programs attract large audiences. The students' Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are well supported and include a large percentage of the students. Though there is no gymnasium, its place is well supplied by the military drill under a United States Army officer, detailed by the Secretary of War. Its effect upon the physique and bearing of students is marked. The track-athletics team has achieved distinction. The annual contest between the University representatives and those of the Washington Agricultural College attracts immense crowds. The honors thus far rest with the Idaho team. The football team has also won several creditable victories.

In this brief sketch of the young University's short history little will be found that is new to the student of education. Whether the University has been successful or not depends not on the number of new theories it has originated or the completeness with which it has adopted Eastern educational methods, but on the manner in which it has met the conditions with which it was confronted,

and the results reached of permanent service to its constituency. To imitate the institutions of the Eastern States and to transfer their systems *in toto* to Idaho would have been worse than folly. The young men and women of the State needed encouragement, not the reverse, on the road that leads to higher educational ideals and standards. The introduction of any cut and dried system,



PRESIDENT F. B. GAULT.

however successful in its own environment, would have defeated the true purpose of the institution. It was better to begin with a humble sub-structure, and build upon that slowly and substantially. The four years have shown a steady increase in the student body, a gradual rising of requirements, and a higher standard of scholarship. To such results the young University can safely point for a vindication of its policy. In it all it has had the untiring, unselfish support and assistance of its regents, and the sympathy and interest of the citizens of the State, who pride themselves on their leading educational institution.

Four years is but a short time in the life of any university, yet in them the University of Idaho has offered opportunities, hitherto unenjoyed and unexpected, to hundreds of young men and women,

who have been shown the way to a higher plane of attainment and all the possibilities of an educated life. They have gone back to their various communities, keenly alive to the advantages offered them, and have inspired others to join them. To the schools of the State has been given a greater impulse, and both brought into deeper sympathy. It is impossible to tell to how many the name of the University means the inspiration to higher things. And all this, be it remembered, has been done without adding an appreciable burden to the taxpayers of the State, since she has been able through the generous aid of the Federal government easily to accomplish, what, no matter how much awake to the educational need of her citizens, she would have been unable to perform alone.

Willard K. Clement.

SHOULD THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS BE PRESERVED?¹

ABOUT THE Santa Barbara channel lived the most intelligent Indians of the Californias. Hittell thinks this is because the abundance of fish and food rendered their living less precarious. However this may be, there were many of



these natives living in their wicker huts upon the wide area selected by Junípero for the mission of San Buenaventura. On March 26th, 1782, from the mission of San Gabriel, a motley train comprising the gray-frocked Junípero and Padre Benito Cambon astride of mules, eighty

soldiers with officers, women, children, muleteers, neophytes, and such, with teams, cattle, and pack animals laden with utensils, wended slowly to the northwest through the Sierra Madre passes in direction of the sea coast. They went on to the spot which Portola in 1769 had observed and called Asuncion de Nuestra Señora, noting its favorable aspect as a mission site.

Here on March 31st, was raised the customary cross, and near it was placed the altar where mass was said. Junípero preached while his own company sat, and four hundred denizens of the rancheria squatted about, and listened. Houses were next built, fields laid out, and streams tapped for irrigation. Thus was founded

¹Continued from January number.



MISSION SAN JOSÉ

the mission of San Buenaventura. It was one of the three missions originally planned for Alta California, a mission which Visitator-General de Galvez had so deeply meditated starting that he called it his mission. Cambon and fifteen soldiers were left in charge while Junípero and company proceeded along the coast north-westerly.

The mission was rebuilt with adobes and tiles in 1809 and dedicated by Padre Peña on September 9th of that year. In 1838 it was much scarred by shot hurled against it in the burlesque of a battle which took place between the troops of José Castro, who fought for Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado, and those of Juan de Casteneda, who fought on the side of the insurrectionists under Carlos Antonio Carrillo. But as both sides fired for two days with but one man killed, it was not to be expected that the church should suffer greatly.

It was after the decease of Junípero and early in the administration of the mission presidency by Father Fermin Francisco

de Lasuen that the raising of the cross at Santa Barbara occurred. On December 4th, 1786, Padre Antonio Paterna, a corporal and five soldiers, Governor Pedro Fages, and the comandante of the neighboring presidio, repaired to the spot selected and on the summit of an easy rise in pleasant view of the ocean and its distant islands and in the midst of arable lands, they started the new mission church.

Fathers Estevan Tapis and José Miguel succeeded the venerable Paterna some years after, and in 1806 and 1812 earthquakes impaired the adobe so that rebuilding was necessary. The new edifice of sandstone, its architects being fathers Ripole and Victoria, was completed in 1823 and yet endures. In the midst of numerous and well settled rancherias, this mission had in 1805 more neophytes than any of the other missions, numbering then 1756.

The third of the group of churches erected for the spiritual reduction of the region of the Santa Barbara channel was

placed on its western extremity, and was called Purisima Concepcion. It was fixed on the river then called Santa Rosa, but since named and now known as Santa Ynez. It was about forty miles north and west from Santa Barbara, in a populous Indian country, surrounded by abundance of timber and water, a soil rich and amply level for the plow. It was founded on December 8th, 1878, Padre Presidente Lasuen presiding. Padres José de Arroita and Cristobal Oranes were the missionaries left in charge, Sergeant Pablo Cota, who had selected the site, being placed in command of the soldiery.

The church here constructed is described as having been of adobe, seventy-five feet long by twenty-seven and a half feet wide and thirty feet high, with out-buildings and a garden two hundred yards square. It was demolished by the temblor of 1812, and rebuilt the following year by Fathers Mariano Payeras and Antonio Ripole on the opposite bank of the river and on the side of the road from Santa Barbara to San Luis Obispo, several miles from the site of the old building, the structure whose ruins stand today being completed in 1807.

Towards the close of 1790 there arrived in California from Mexico four new missionaries bearing orders for the establishment of two more missions. The names of the proposed structures accompanied the orders, and the mission at Santa Cruz was the first. It was directed to be fixed on the sea coast at the north end of the bight of Monterey. The new site was passed upon by Lasuen, who visited it with five presidio soldiers and a corporal on August 28th, 1791, and the set ceremonies were performed on September 25th, following. The site possessed many natural advantages, and Corporal Peralta was of the opinion that in this regard it was the most fortunate of the missions.

The building was twice destroyed, the last being built in 1800. This, when erected, was 112 x 30 feet. By 1856 it had fallen into decay and was subsequently demolished. Fathers Alonzo Salazar and Baldomero Lopez were the first priests in charge of Santa Cruz. In 1796 its neophyte following was 523 and they never got far beyond this number.

The mission of Maria Santisima de la Soledad was the next to be marked off. It was located on the west side of the Salinas river near the head of a broad valley. The foundation of the mission was formally declared on October 9th, 1791. Fathers Garcia Diego and Francisco Miguel Sanchez reported two years after that the number of neophytes were 98. In 1811 it had 600. The adobe structure fell to decay about forty years after its erection.

With the ten missions first established, the occupation of Alta California may be said to have been completed. From the bay of San Diego to the bay of San Francisco along the bight of Monterey, along the Santa Barbara channel, the missions were on notable plains and in the most important valleys. They were, however, at wide distances apart, and for the sake of mutual protection and accessibility, as well as for the better conducting of the work of spiritual subjugation of all the Indians, it was necessary that the intervening spaces be settled by additional missions.

It was accordingly ordered by the Mexican viceroy, the Marquis de Branciforte, that five new missions should be established, to be placed on lines of travel as near as might be between the existing missions, the idea being ultimately to have these hospices scattered up and down the State at distances of not above a day's travel. One thousand dollars was vouchsafed to start each of the new establishments, and the college of Fer-



A CENTURY OLD ADOBE.

nando sent additional missionaries. Accordingly under these instructions there were founded the five following missions.

The Mission del Gloriosísimo Patriarca Señor San José, called also the Alameda and San Francisco Solano, was founded on Sunday June 11th, 1797, the day being the feast day of Holy Trinity. It is related that the rises and hollows were covered with beautiful wild flowers which were gathered to decorate the interior of the booth, within which was placed the altar where mass was said. The site of the new mission was on a rise of ground with the Contra Costa mountains looking to the northwest and to the northeast the ridge of the San Bruno. There officiated President Lasuen and Father Garcia Diego, Father Isidro Barcunilla being the priest in charge. In 1808 there was built a large adobe church roofed with tiles, the neophytes at that time numbering about a thousand.

On June 24th, 1794, the site of the Mission San Juan Bautista was formally consecrated, the dedication being to "Al Glorioso Precursor de Jesu Cristo, Nues-

tro Señor San Juan Bautista." It was near the main road from San Carlos to Santa Clara, on a tableland overlooking a large and beautiful valley, with grazing hills adjoining, the surrounding lands rich and arable. The first regular missionaries were fathers Martiarena and Adriano Martinez. In 1805 the mission catechumens were 1220.

San Miguel, dedicated "Al Gloriosísimo Principe Arcangel San Miguel," was fixed on the main road between the missions of San Antonio and San Luis Obispo. The site had been long selected and was called by the Indians "Vahea" and by the soldiers, "Los Pozos." It was on the west side of Salinas river in a beautiful grass grown valley, dotted with oaks. July 25th, 1797, was the day the ceremonies were performed, Padre Presidente Lasuen officiating, and Padre Buenaventura Sitjar assisting; the latter and Antonio de la Concepcion were made resident priests. Shortly after the foundation Concepcion became insane, committed many extravagances, and was sent back to Mexico. His place was taken by Father

Juan Martin. In 1812 this mission had about one thousand Indian converts.

At a point nearly fifty miles to the west of San Buenaventura and thirty miles north from San Gabriel, on an elevation bounded by valleys and low hills, there was on September 8th, 1797, located the mission of San Fernando Rey de España. The spot was called by soldiers "Paraje del Encino," the Indians called it "Achois Comihabit." Fathers Francisco Dumets and Juan Cortez were placed in charge. In 1806 when the original was supplanted by an adobe, tile-roofed structure, this mission had about thirteen hundred converts. It was here that the California forces capitulated to Frémont, an act which closed the Mexican War.

To complete the five missions there was founded that of San Luis Rey de Francia, the date of the ceremony being June 13, 1798. The site was selected upon a survey made by Lasuen himself and was at a spot named many years previous by the soldiers Cañada de San Juan Capistrano. It was on a little stream which ran six miles to the ocean thirty-five miles north of San Diego. There was not a wide range of arable land adjacent, but there were rich valleys about eight miles distant. Antonio Peyri and Josea Faura were the first missionaries. Peyri was the strong man of the two and under his regime the project flourished. In 1830 he had in his keeping 2,776 Indians, nearly twice as many as any other mission, and his herds and granaries comprised the greatest body of wealth attached to any mission in the State. The church he built was the noblest and most stately of all the Californian structures of the mission days; its domes and stout towers, its arched frontal and its long arcade, the high tiled roof and the mastic coating of the exterior, give its elevation an aspect of original and imposing majesty, rising as

it does in a solitude, its ruins hemmed by blue-tinged hills and by arid pastures.

The five missions ordered having now been located, making eighteen in all then within the State, no more were commenced until 1804, when on September 17th there was provided the establishment of "El Virgen y Martir Santa Ynez." This was placed on the north bank of the Santa Ynez river at a place called by the Indians "Lajalupe," about twenty-two miles northwest from Santa Barbara. The site had been selected by Lasuen, but it remained for his successor in the presidency, Estevan Tapis, to carry out the project. Fathers Antonio Calzuda and Rounaldo Gutierrez were made resident priests. The mission was built three times, an adobe structure having been badly shattered by the earthquake of 1812. A building of adobe 140 x 25 feet and 25 feet high was completed in 1815, its Indian following numbering then about seven hundred. There was an uprising of the natives in 1824 in which certain of the buildings were destroyed and were not replaced.

Up to 1817 the "spiritual conquest" of California had been confined to the territory south of San Francisco bay. And this, it might be said, was as far under control as was possible under the mission system. There had been a few years prior to that time certain alarming incursions of the Russians, which distressed Spain, and it was ordered that missions be started across the bay. The children of the Bear had pushed down along the coast to the erection of Fort Ross, sixty-five miles north of San Francisco, and it seemed that their occupation would be permanent. Accordingly on December 18th, 1817, a site was selected about twelve miles north by west from the San Francisco presidio, and in a narrow but fertile valley, with redwood-covered hills on either side and Mount



SANTA YNEZ, 1804.

Tamalpais five miles distant. San Rafael was the name of the new mission, and under the patronage of that archangel, Father Luis Gildetaboada assumed charge. In 1830 it had one thousand Indians under its control.

Still the Russians kept spreading over the Californian territory. They were farming quietly, improving their lands and pushing eastward toward the great agricultural plain of Santa Rosa. Mexico had meanwhile wrested itself from Spanish dominion, and it was she who undertook to establish, in further check of Russian advance, another mission. With this end in view another expedition, under José Sanchez, moved from the presidio by way of San Rafael and over into the Sonoma valley.

The spot fixed upon was in what is now the town of Sonoma and was chosen because of its contiguity to several wide and rich valleys and to the lands of Santa Rosa plains. The site was dedicated on July 4th, 1823, and again on August 23d,

with Father Altimira in charge, the mission being called San Francisco Solano. It is described as having been more of a military than a religious camp, a sort of outpost or barrier, first against the Russians, then against the Americans. It was the feeblest of the missions in Alta California and its Indian empire never exceeded 750.

This then, completes the extension of the mission system in California, and for several years later it continued to strengthen and flourish, the height of its ascendancy and power appearing to be about 1825. At this period the missions were rich, the priests, powerful. Commodious buildings, in some instances approaching a sort of barbaric magnificence, had supplanted the original tule-thatched stockades and adobes and they had been from ten to fifteen years in building. On the mission dominions browsed innumerable domestic animals and the granaries and warehouses were full.

So abundant had been the increase at

San Diego that the live-stock exceeded the pasturage, and cattle were killed for their hides and tallow, while herds of horses were driven into the sea by those who considered it an impiety that they should suffer starvation. At the height of its prosperity, during the years from 1825 to 1830, San Diego produced annually six thousand centals of wheat, sixty barrels of wine and brandy, besides corn, cotton, soap, and leather, beans, peas, and vegetables.

The Mission San Francisco Solano had in 1834, 3,000 cattle. In 1823, Santa Clara mission owned 74,000 cattle, 407 yoke of oxen, 82,000 sheep, 1,890 trained horses, 4,235 mares, 725 mules, 1,000 hogs, and \$12,000 worth of merchandise. That year it branded 22,400 calves. In 1825 the mission of San Francisco at Dolores owned 76,000 cattle, 1,000 trained horses, 800 mules, 7,900 sheep, 2,000 hogs, 458 yoke of oxen, 18,000 bushels of wheat and barley, \$35,000 worth of merchandise, and \$25,000 in cash. The property, exclusive of the land, was valued at \$97,000. In 1834 San Luis Rey mission owned 80,000 cattle and 10,000 horses. San Gabriel had over 100,000 horses. In 1822 San Antonio owned 52,000 cattle, 4,800 horses and mares, 500 yoke of oxen, 48,000 sheep and 1,000 hogs. San Gabriel had 105,000 cattle, 20,000 horses, 40,000 sheep; its annual crops were 20,000 centals of grain, and 500 barrels of wine and brandy. At the time of the secularization it had in its warehouses, \$40,000 worth of merchandise, and in its treasury 100,000 piasters.

It must be remembered that the reason for this mission system was that it was rescuing the savage souls to eternal happiness in the world beyond death, — that it was maintained through the Indians and for their benefit. Yet to what uses was all this wealth devoted? To the elevating of the material condition of the

Indians for whom it was held in trust? To the raising of them in the scale of civilization by affording them some degree of the physical comforts and immunity from incessant toil which is a chief benefit of civilization and without which civilization does not exist? Was it employed in tutoring them in arts and sciences and in their general education?

It was squandered on ecclesiastical pomp, to build big churches, to buy rich vestments, ornaments, and paintings of the pious sort. The nine bells of the Santa Cruz church cost \$4,000. Its gold and silver plate cost \$30,000. It went to feed the sacerdotal lust for splendor. In devotion to this fetish the padres forgot the poor human creatures on whose bodies they were raising their astonishing architecture, whose backs they were stripping to weave the consecrated cloths for their solemn service. All this magnificence based on misery! How could such a structure stand? With human liberty bursting all valves, exploding under the throne of Spain and wresting off a continent from the kingdom to form a republic, was it likely that these monasteries of the twelfth century would endure in a land where the pulse of freedom was beating in all secular civilized veins?

The system had singularly failed in its purposes. It was the design of the Spanish government to have the missions educate, elevate, civilize, the Indians into citizens. When this was done, citizenship should be extended them and the missions should be dissolved as having served their purpose. When the first padres came among the Indians, they found them wild and naked. But they were free. Except in a few instances they received the white strangers as friends, extended them aid in their work, hunted the hills for nuts to feed them when they were struck with famine.



OUR LADY OF ANGELS, LOS ANGELES.

The priests returned them projects of conversion, schemes of faith, which they never comprehended, of which they now hold but few relics,—or if any, as among the Penitent Brothers of the Arizona Indians, it were better they were without them. When an Indian became converted, he was henceforth no longer a “gentile,” but a “mission Indian.” He became a slave; the mission was a plantation; the friar was a task master. In some hut he lived at the mission, continuing much in his former habits of existence, saving that he looked to the mission kitchen for his food instead of on his native hills.

This food was mainly ground barley called *atole*, to which was added mutton at noon. Occasionally the addition of beans varied the menu. With this food, interspersed with masses and prayers,

during which he was “fetched” with a swipe of the rawhide if he should fall asleep, with the coarsest of fabric for his single layer of clothing, the Indian, snatched from his free mountains and valleys, was condemned to toil from daylight till dark. If he sought to throw off the shackles of serfdom and return to his former freedom, he was hunted by soldiers, sometimes with handcuffs and scourges, and brought back to the mission, where he was stripped and flogged, a barbarity inflicted upon women as readily as upon men.

As early as 1795 there were 203 deaths and 200 flights at San Francisco Dolores. Sudden wrath of a priest sometimes accounted for Indian deaths. Friar Tomás de la Peña Saravia of Santa Clara killed one Indian and wounded another with a mattock while in the field; and it was

complained that a father at San Rafael had committed a number of Indian murders.

Against these cruelties there were severe protests. In 1825 Governor Arguello wrote that the slavery of the Indians at the missions was bestial. The humane Father Fernandez got himself "disliked" for complaining against them, and he was sent out of the country; and Governor Figueroa declared that the missions were "intrenchments of monastic despotism."

Nor did the lives and habits of the priests differ greatly from those of the slave owners of San Domingo. The priests' quarters at the missions exposed a singular interpretation of the poverty vow of their mendicant order. These apartments were well, often luxuriously, furnished and arranged as were those, for instance, at San Gabriel under Salvadea. There a dinner at the priests' table embraced six courses, with fruits, sweetmeats, tea, coffee, and cigaritos, served by bright-faced Indian boys with waiter in hands and towel on arm. Lay and clerical highway travelers were daily entertained, and there were ready horses tied under trees for their pleasure, in the familiar slave plantation custom.

With such a system of slave driving, it is not to be marveled that the Indians at times revolted, and when without opportunity for a rising, wreaked their vengeance upon individual objects of their wrath. In 1805 Friar Pedro Cuera was killed by a San José gentile. In 1810 there was an outbreak at San Gabriel. In 1812 neophytes murdered Friar Andreas Quintanina at Santa Cruz. In 1824 there was an Indian revolt involving numerous of the missions. They burnt Purísima and Santa Ynez, and rose at Santa Barbara. A number of Indians were killed, a few whites were wounded, and it was suppressed. On the other

hand the poor creatures were appreciative of kindness and bestowed a canine affection upon those who thus treated them. When Father Vincente de Santa Maria of the Mission San Buenaventura was on a visit to Santa Barbara, Vancouver, who chanced there with his ship, offered him passage on return trip to the south. The padre accepted, and ordered his staff of Indian servants to proceed home with the animals; but the Indians, convinced they would never see him again, were greatly distressed and prayed him not to trust himself aboard the vessel; and as the ship sailed off they remained on the beach, supplicating the father to continue with them. When the vessel reached San Buenaventura and the padre landed, another display of Indian affection was presented. As soon as it was learned at the mission that the father had returned, the road became covered with Indians pressing round him to kiss his hand.

What, therefore, after sixty years of the mission system, had it accomplished? Obviously nothing. It cannot be said that it had made the Indians more able to sustain themselves in civilization than it had found them. The test following the dissolution of the missions showed that it had not. What it accomplished in a spiritual way, upon which its movers laid so much store, unfortunately the archives of the world of shadows has allowed us no inquiry. In 1830 there had been baptized at all the missions 85,634 Indians, of whom 61,343 were dead; leaving 24,614 living. Of these 17,634 were at the missions. It is estimated that there were never more than 50,000 Indians in Alta California.

Upon the whole it may be said that this mission experiment was a failure. And yet there were strong and earnest men who devoted their lives to it. Junípero Serra, Fermin Francisco de Lasuen, these are names which must ever occupy



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO FROM THE REAR

fair pages in California's history. Serra died at San Carlos Mission, August 28th, 1784, in his 71st year. He was the type of religious zealot of which saints are made; a man who would have found canonization at an early period and in a wider field of the church's history. He was remarkable for his intense earnestness, deep seriousness, and endless energy. So profound was his zeal that he scourged himself in the pulpit while preaching his sermons in order that his words might be thus made more effective with his hearers. His great exertions planted the mission system in California, and the subsequent work accomplished was largely in line with his plans.

But not all the energy of Serra could have saved the missions in 1830. The system had worn out. The fathers claimed all the land in California in trust for the Indians, yet the Indians received no visible benefit from the trust. There were others here by that time also who were entitled to consideration and access to the earth. Added to this the fathers refused to fall in with the new order of things. Their views, instincts, and feelings, were monarchical. The tenets of their Church had been to instil the spirit of submission, obedience, in the masses; to sink individuality of the common people in the awe of secular majesty reared above them. Mexican independence, following United States independence, had declared monarchical government and aristocratic caste a robbery of those who toil, and had brought into strong relief the individual. The fathers could not accept this. They refused the oath of allegiance to a republic; some of them were traitorously inclined. The Congress of Mexico in 1833 declared the missions secularized. Their temporal property was shorn from them, but they were permitted to retain the churches for purely spiritual purposes. The prop-

erty, too, was to be administered for the benefit of their wards.

Thus the missions became object of official plunder and rapacity. Many of those in power enriched themselves from what was left of the properties after a year or so of wanton waste by the friars after learning of the decree. Some of the priests escaped and went to Europe. Peyri, it is said, smuggled off ten kegs of silver dollars labeled *aguardiente*. Two old padres died at their missions of starvation. The Indians received but a trifling percentage of the property, and what they got quickly passed from them, and abandoned, they relapsed into their former state, more debauched by the white man's vices. The whites' diseases, too, took them off by thousands; smallpox and worse troubles infected them, and few escaped.

The Indian population clustered around the missions disappeared; the mission buildings were mostly abandoned and rapidly fell into ruins. It is difficult, indeed, to see why it should be otherwise. Save the veneration, or the curiosity, with which any fossil is regarded, there is little about them to recommend their preservation. They were citadels of tyranny, started as an experiment which proved itself a miserable fiasco, and their extinction was so well merited and so necessary that the whole of their history reveals no cause for a single word of regret at their passing.

There is in this State a sentimental movement for the repair and continuance of these structures as relics. I have been unable to become enthusiastic over such a project. No one familiar with their scope and work, and with a heart that can sympathize with poor, oppressed humanity—made so through its environment—can feel otherwise. That the mind and nature of the Indian was capable of education to a plane of decency

and thrift, the many results of their handiwork abundantly show. The friars did not attempt to teach their charges even the rudiments of learning beyond the pages of their catechism, their warped vision deeming non-Catholic books generally heretical.

The mission fathers had it in their power to make citizens of the Indians, they chose to make them their slaves. As it was, they left the aborigine worse than they had found him; and themselves, despoiled, stripped of influence,

smothered with obloquy, and many of them driven into exile, profited not by their narrow undertaking. The only appeal that an institution of the past can make upon the present to sustain monuments of its existence is where such institution has employed itself for the elevation of mankind. Such was not the work of the missions, and their edifices should be permitted to crumble. When they become no longer inhabitable, they should be removed as any other rubbish.

John E. Bennett.



View from Market Street.

UNION FERRY DEPOT.

Sketch by Victor Perard.

THE FERRY PASSENGER DEPOT.

ANOTHER BURDEN ON OCEAN COMMERCE.

NOW, as the prospects seem good for us to realize our dream of an imposing massive Union Depot in the metropolis of the Pacific, a little history may not be amiss.

At the general election held in November, 1892, the electors of California voted in favor of the issuance by the State of

nineteen year bonds in the sum of \$600,000; the money realized from the sale of said bonds to be used in the construction of a Union Passenger Depot at the foot of Market street, San Francisco. Since the building was to be upon State property, (you know the State owns the water front,) and was erected for the con-

venience and accommodation of the traveling public generally, it was thought proper that the entire State should contribute to the cost of the fine building. Nothing could be more reasonable, and it seems that it was understood at the time by the people who voted in favor of the bonds that they would be paid off when due with money raised by taxation apportioned throughout the State and covering the nineteen years for which they were to run. Lack of information, because of a failure to inquire into details, explains the existence of such a false impression. This understanding appears to have been practically universal, however, which fact was emphasized recently by a petulant editorial in a Petaluma paper in response to a request by the San Francisco Committee on Commerce to assist in furthering the interests of the State by advocating the proposed removal of State and local taxes from shipping and of pilotage reforms. The letter containing the request, which was addressed to over four hundred editors in California, read as follows:—

OFFICE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE.

Dear Sir:—

The San Francisco Committee on Commerce is an organization composed, as indicated on this

sheet, of representatives from nearly every important business interest, and has for its primary object the promotion of California's Ocean Commerce. The importance of this movement through which it is proposed to secure to California producers the cheapest possible transportation facilities and to the State at large many resultant advantages, can scarcely be overestimated, and the Committee is desirous of interesting every community in the State, so that all may understand and appreciate the work which it is ambitious to accomplish. We would be pleased to know that you will lend such aid as may be in your power to further the projects of this Committee, and that you will bring the matters pertinent thereto prominently and often to the attention of your readers, to the end that a general feeling of responsibility and co-operation among the people throughout the State shall result so that all may work together with a definite purpose for the future under the practical motto, "United California."

Very respectfully yours,

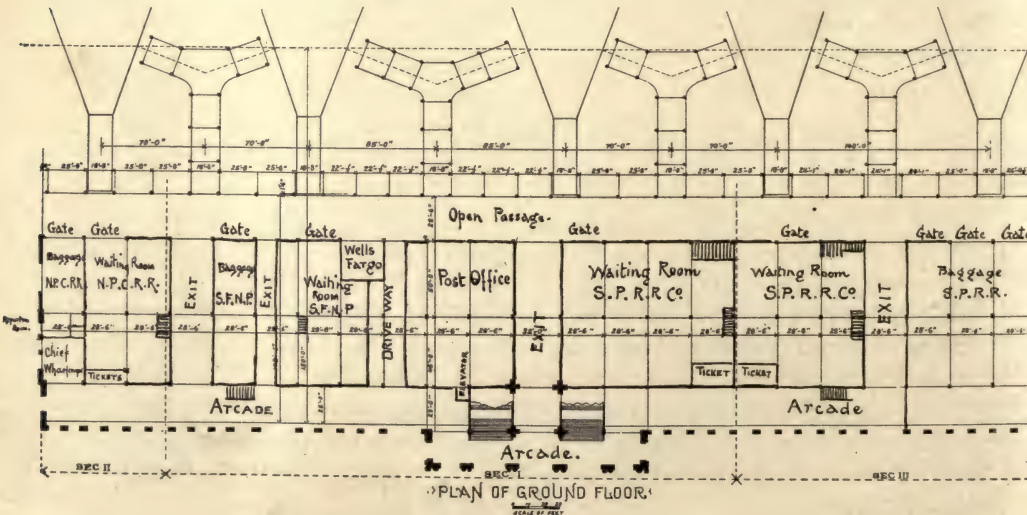
COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE.

This is what the editor said in part:—

After the outside counties voted to build a million dollar depot for San Francisco's benefit, they want to rob us of the little we get back in wharf charges.

The remainder of the editorial is an unfriendly and uncalled for fling at the Committee on Commerce, and a narrow-minded arraignment of its motives.

The ignorance of the true condition displayed in the above quotation suggested





VIEW FROM THE BAY.

Sketch by Charles Graham.

to the writer that possibly others might be laboring under the same hallucination, and upon extended inquiry it was developed, as hereinbefore stated, that practically all the people had been thus unwittingly deceived.

The talk among the voters on the subject at the time of election was confined largely on the argument that,—

The people should own the depot; let each taxpayer contribute his pro rata; we should not permit the railroad company to build a depot on State property, and control it; that would be an outrage; vote for the bonds and be independent, etc.

And so the bonds carried, the harbor commissioners took charge, and we have now already erected on a concrete foundation, paid for by ocean commerce, an extensive and at present rather squatty looking though strong and substantial iron or steel skeleton frame surmounted by a square skeleton tower extending more than a hundred feet above the roof of the main structure, and set at such an irregular angle as to cause people with straight eyes to squirm as they approach down Market street, and to ache with a desire to lay hold of that tower with strong hands and give it a twist to

the northeast and southwest that would square it with Market street, the whole being capped by a cone-shaped apex; all nearly ready for the stone veneering which will make our Union Depot “a thing of beauty and a joy forever,” “built and owned by the people of the whole State,” and paid for by them in the following manner:—

From the act which was adopted in 1892 as above recited, I now quote,— this will give the real source from whence the six hundred thousand dollars is to come.

For the purpose of providing a fund for the payment of the indebtedness hereby authorized to be incurred by the board of State harbor commissioners for the erection and furnishing of a general railroad, passenger, and ferry depot at or near the foot of Market street, in the city and county of San Francisco, at a cost not to exceed six hundred thousand dollars, which the said board of harbor commissioners are hereby authorized to construct in the manner and method authorized by law, and at a cost not to exceed said six hundred thousand dollars, the State treasurer shall, immediately after the issuance of the proclamation of the governor, hereinafter provided for, prepare suitable bonds of the State of California: one thousand bonds in the denomination of one hundred dollars each; five hundred bonds in the denomination of five hundred dollars each; two hundred and fifty bonds in the denom-

ination of one thousand dollars each. The whole issue of said bonds shall not exceed the sum of six hundred thousand dollars, which said bonds shall bear interest at the rate of four per centum per annum from their date, and shall be payable at the office of the State treasurer at the expiration of nineteen years from their date. . . .

At the expiration of nineteen years from the date of said bonds, they shall cease to bear interest, and said treasurer shall forthwith pay the same out of the San Francisco Depot Sinking Fund, provided for hereinafter in this act.

For the payment of the principal and interest of said bonds, a sinking fund, to be known and designated as the "San Francisco Depot Sinking Fund," shall be and the same is hereby created.

. . . And to provide means for the payment of said sum of five thousand one hundred and thirty-one dollars, monthly, from said San Francisco harbor improvement fund, in said San Francisco depot sinking fund, and for the other payments out of said fund authorized by this act, and as provided for therein, the said board of State harbor commissioners are hereby authorized and directed, by the collection of dockage, wharfage, tolls, rents, and crannage, to collect a sum of money sufficient therefor, over and above the amount limited by section two thousand five hundred and twenty-six of the Political Code of the State of California. After the payment of all of said bonds, the surplus or balance remaining in said sinking fund, if any there be, shall forthwith be paid into said San Francisco harbor improvement fund.

Now to explain further: Section 2526, mentioned above provides, as follows:—

No greater sum of money shall, in the main, ever be collected, by the collection of dockage, wharfage, tolls, rents, and crannage, than shall be necessary to construct and keep in repair such number of wharves, piers, landings, and thoroughfares, construct sheds, dredge such number of slips and docks, construct a seawall and harbor embankment, and pay incidental expenses allowed to be paid by this article.

To which assuredly heavy burden it will be observed that the harbor commissioners were authorized by this new act to add enough by increasing the high rates that ships previously paid for the enumerated port charges to raise over a million dollars with which to pay the principal and interest of these bonds.

The taxpayers of the State as a whole contribute not, but the ocean-going, merchandise-carrying ships, which have as much use for a Union Passenger Depot, as a railroad train has for sails, must contribute the great bulk of this money, (what they have not already paid,) within the next fifteen years, besides paying for the solid concrete sea wall that is being built along the entire city water front; both depot and sea wall the property of the State, paid for by this generation, but good for five or ten generations to come.

When to these enormous charges are again added State and local taxes on ships as property (an unknown tax now in enlightened foreign countries), and that most unreasonable and unjust toll called compulsory pilotage, exacted by a legalized private monopoly from captains who are competent to and do sail their own ships through the Golden Gate without assistance, it must be clear to the thoughtful mind that our producers—those citizens who alone of all the taxpayers are compelled to furnish this money, which they pay in the shape of high freight charges—are being unjustly treated.

True enough, as we said before, the ship pays the money directly, but how could the ship profitably exist without the producer and the freightage on his products? He is the source from which flows the golden stream that keeps afloat not only the ships of trade but the political machinery represented in the two unbusiness-like, wasteful commissions;—the useless pilot commission and the unnecessarily expensive harbor commission. It is just such institutions as these that retard the State's progress and clog the wheels of prosperity. Commissions, commissions, commissions! Each having three members, usually occupying sinecure positions, and less than one man's work for all. We have an over-supply of political

commissions, entirely too many of them. The United States government appoints one man as the head of a department much more complex than our commissions; why do we need three? The producer of the State, then, through his most necessary and friendly agent, ocean commerce, pays for that "million dollar Union Passenger Depot," which the State

never "voted to build," but only to lend its credit to for a time, and the other tax payers and travelers may thank California's hard-pressed farmer for this boon to their comfort and pride.

"Turn out the crank," commands the boss, "and let the play go on; the politician rules"; and as Artemas Ward would have said, "We're hissen." Ahmen.

Charles E. Naylor.



THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER.

SLOW was the weary, toilsome way
Where creaked the heavy laden wain—
Quaint follower of the speeding day
Across the plain.

White canvas covers, bulging, fair,
Enclosed fond hearts athrob with joy;
The builders of an empire there
Found safe convoy.

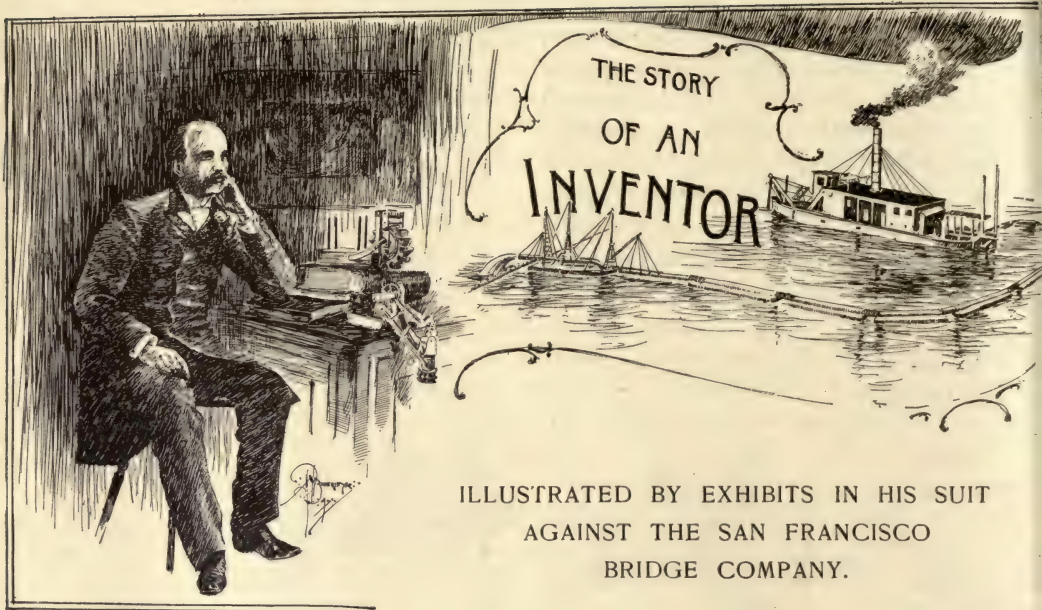
Along its course child-voices sweet
Marked all the strangeness of each scene;
While parents sought new homes to greet
With vision keen.

No luxury or ease was here
To lap the traveler into rest,
But staunch it bore the pioneer
On toward the West.

Deserted now, its ragged sails
Are furled—the port has long been won.
Sport of the boisterous, hurrying gales,
Through cloud and sun,

Unused, forlorn, and gray, it stands,
A faded wreck cast far ashore,
The Mayflower of the prairie lands,
Its journey o'er.

Charles Moreau Harger.



ILLUSTRATED BY EXHIBITS IN HIS SUIT
AGAINST THE SAN FRANCISCO
BRIDGE COMPANY.

UNDER t' e first heading above much of the following appeared in a Christmas article written by me some years ago for a daily paper in this city. I have now rewritten it and brought it down to date, so that it may be on permanent record. The OVERLAND, too, has printed part of the facts before, but for the sake of having a connected narrative they are given again.

It was in a south-of-Market-street boarding house about twenty years ago. A number of men were seated in a room called the "office." A man was standing by the window, talking to one or two others ; a brown-bearded, dark-eyed man with a broad forehead, his nose slightly aquiline and of the contour that Napoleon always looked for in his marshals. His suit was n't a recent purchase, evidently, but it fitted him neatly. His voice was soft and persuasive and had in its tone that something always noticeable in a man dominated by a single idea. He was explaining a mechanical invention. "My machine will revolutionize the art," he repeated more than once. The

speaker was Alphonzo B. Bowers, the inventor of the hydraulic system of dredging.

That was my first acquaintance with this man of genius. I don't intend to write the history of his far-reaching inventions, which have extended the horizon of man's dominion and furnished him with a new weapon for the subjugation of nature. I shall let that job out to the future historian. But I wish to tell the readers of the OVERLAND the simple story of a sorely-tried heart struggling under a load of penury and wretchedness, its cruel wrongs and travail in the long journey from darkness to triumph. And I shall get my story, outside of my own reminiscences, from the most uninviting sources in the world — from Patent Office documents, lawyers' briefs, testimony of witnesses, and rulings and decisions of the United States courts. These bristle with appalling chevaux de frise of technicalities, legal verbosity, and the jargon of the courts. As soon would one look for romance here as in the fascinating description of the potato blight, or the soul-subduing pages of an agricultural report.

But, all the same, the sympathetic deliver can reconstruct a romance that is told in these stern records with all the realism, the pathos, and the dramatic fidelity, of truth. They will show an ardent soul, in ill-health and in direst poverty, devising and perfecting an invention that created a new art, and when his conception had assumed form and color, viewing with bitterness the fruits of his genius appropriated and going to swell the coffers of rich corporations.

Alphonzo B. Bowers came from Maine. His birthplace was West Baldwin, Cumberland county. It is a strong soil, is Maine, and has produced and given to the West many hardy and energetic spirits. He comes of Revolutionary stock, sprung from Scotch and English ancestry. On his mother's side he is descended from one of the most ancient families of Scotland, and he himself inherits many of the characteristics of that unconquered race. I have often heard with a puzzled interest this man of modern ideas, so intensely American, whose intellect can grasp the most intricate problems in mechanical philosophy and master all their parts and their relation to the whole, tell with kindling eye of family heirlooms given to some kilted ancestor in recognition of services to "Scotland's lord" many centuries ago.

In the mills of his father, Wilder Bowers, and on the farm he could do any kind of mechanical work before he was sixteen. In the OVERLAND'S earlier sketch of his invention I read:—

He was at this time an active member and chairman of a juvenile debating club in which were discussed with all the dignity of the Roman Forum "grave matters of state." He had taught his first school, written his first newspaper squibs, delivered several lectures on phrenology, in which he was at that time a firm believer, made half a dozen speeches in an exciting political campaign, and built his first dam. He was am-

bitious and devoted from twelve to sixteen hours a day to study, owing to which his health became impaired.

The round of his native village was n't big enough for the aspiring youth. He could "touch the horizon on all sides with his hands."

An old Sonoma county newspaper says of him:—

The old residents of Sonoma county will remember a young civil engineer by the name of A. B. Bowers, who came to California *via* the Isthmus for the benefit of his health, which had become impaired by mental overwork. Three days before reaching this city he was robbed while asleep in his berth of every dollar he had in the world. While landing from the steamer he ran his fingers into his vest pocket and there found one solitary dime. With a snap of his thumb he sent it whirling into the water and stepped ashore in feeble health and penniless.

Proceeding to the mines, he worked for a time in the placer diggings. Something like a sunstroke made it necessary for him to seek indoor employment, and for several years he was mostly engaged in teaching in the county of Sonoma, being at the same time a frequent contributor to various literary and scientific publications. While thus engaged he was authorized by a special act of the Legislature to finish a topographical farm map of said county. He determined to make a better and more detailed county map than had ever before been made in America.

He accomplished his purpose, but at an expenditure of time and money he had little appreciated. When he commenced the work the county was thinly settled, large portions being entirely unoccupied, the best part being covered by large undivided Mexican grants. But few surveys had been made and a large amount of surveying was necessary. The county was so rapidly filling up that for several years he could not keep up with his surveys. Finally the map was completed and published, but he was unable to get paid therefor. He appealed to the courts, but lost his case through a defect in the law under authority of which he was acting, and so six years of hard work, with the expense of surveying, drafting, engraving, publishing, and the cost of litigation, left him many thousand dollars in debt.

Except when engaged in teaching or the practice of his profession the ill-fortune which cast him ashore at San

Francisco sick and penniless dogged his footsteps at every turn. But when Sonoma county refused to pay for his great map, which cost him six of the best years of his life and over \$53,000, it seemed that the limit of human endurance had been reached. He published a "History of the Bowers Map." It is an indignant protest against the treatment he received from those who had benefited by his labor. In vain he tells them of his sacrifices, his claims for justice, and his ruined hopes.

"It is said to be the most perfect county map ever published in the United States," said the *Sacramento Union*.

It will be of great value to the people of this county, [wrote Bowers,] though their failure to meet the cash expense of the work proves to me a serious loss, but a few years hence I shall be neither richer nor poorer on account of it. There is no want nor care in the grave. If all my efforts are equally useful to the public I shall not count my life a failure, even though I live in poverty and die in want. . . . Each copy (of the map) has cost \$110.75. The various county officials have had the use of eleven copies, for which I have received nothing. I have made presents of maps to various libraries and schools, receiving in most cases no acknowledgments or thanks. . . .

We have \$92,107.16 which the county has received in labor and cash from me, the map and the information I have furnished; and this is still going on, and increasing with the increased valuation of land.

It cannot fall short of \$10,000 per annum for many years to come. . . .

Further than this, I have been much annoyed by the ill-natured criticism manifested from the very first on account of the delayed completion, publication, and circulation, of the map. This clamor illy becomes the recipients of my favor. Is it not enough for me to wear out the best years of my life in your service that I must be sneered at for getting along no faster? No map of the kind, going so fully into details, has ever been made in America. . . .

It would be more dignified, perhaps, to bear these things in silence, but "continual dropping wears even a stone," and my patience, long and sorely tried, is now completely exhausted. . . .

In the service of this county I have subjected myself to many serious inconveniences. I have sacrificed a fortune and the years that would have enabled me to build up and establish a reputation and a home; and *if life and health be spared I will show this to be no idle boast. . . .*

But there is a limit to human strength and endurance. The overtaxed system at length gave way, and with it the inclination and ability to labor. For a year past I have been able to do almost nothing.

Had I been bred to business, the undertaking might have been an easy one, perhaps, but I was not. It will readily be credited when I say that I have often been careworn and weary.

I have written these pages in indignation, almost wrath, at the treatment I have received and in refutation of the slanders of those for whom I have sacrificed the dead years of my youth. The cup held to my lips has been one of exceeding bitterness or it would have wrung from me no word of vindication.

He concludes the book with a word to his friends.

To you, I say, I hope I have circumscribed my passion and kept my desires within due bounds, but if it be thought otherwise, surely something can be excused to one who is sore from much loss, slander, and continual pounding.

A year after his arrival in California he took charge of the public school at Petaluma, having previously had charge of the Benicia Collegiate Institute for two terms and the San Francisco English and Classical High School for one term, but he devoted his mornings, evenings, and Saturdays, to collecting data for his map. As an engineer and a teacher he was a success. The scholars loved him and the community appreciated him. That was the one oasis in the desert of his miseries. At this time Judge Southard, now deceased, was a resident of Petaluma, and he tells of a visit to Bowers's school.

Dr. Brown was at this time chairman of the Board of Trustees and was perhaps the best posted man in the State on educational matters. He was a member of the National Association for the Improvement of Schools, and an associate of

Horace Mann of Massachusetts. Dr. Brown was enthusiastic over Bowers's methods of teaching and always urged strangers in town to visit the school. He also often urged me to visit it and I finally did so. I intended to stay a few minutes, but I remained all forenoon and came back after recess, and spent the remainder of the day there. Bowers is a wonder. I never saw such a novel and perfect system and discipline. His influence over the pupils seems unbounded. I saw no confusion or inattention, nothing but downright hard work.

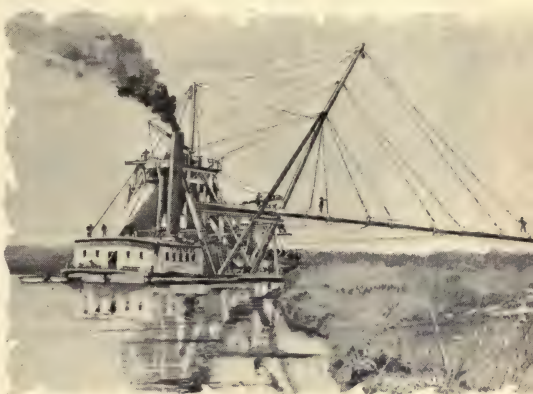
While speaking to Mr. Bowers I heard a movement in the large schoolroom and saw one of the pupils step out of his seat into the aisle. Twenty or more did likewise, marching in single file to the recitation room. As soon as these had retired another class in the same order proceeded to the recitation room opposite. A third class immediately took its place on recitation seats in front of the teacher. It aroused my curiosity that all this was done without noise or visible signal. Mr. Bowers examined the class on the lesson he had given. He would ask a question, which would be answered by the pupil, at whom he simply looked, but never named, and it would be immediately responded to. I noticed that every eye was fixed on the teacher until the recitation was over. He never designated a particular pupil to answer a question, but simply "fixed him with his glittering eye." The class was on the alert, for if a pupil did not answer when looked at he knew a check would be placed against his name. The whole system illustrates Mr. Bowers's power of organization and knowledge of human nature.

Dr. Brown said that he had visited the best schools in New England and had never in his life seen a teacher who had so much influence with his pupils, and if he could do the same with them he would give up his medical practice and take to teaching as a missionary. Dr. Brown, who was a deacon in the church, added that Mr. Bowers was doing more good than all the preachers in town.

Here is a stack of ponderous volumes which read: "United States Circuit Court, Northern District of California. Alphonzo B. Bowers, complainant, vs. Alexey W. Von Schmidt, defendant."

They number seven thousand one hun-

dred and nineteen folios of testimony. They cover the history of dredging in America and Europe. There are also fifty-two depositions and three hundred exhibits. Underneath this mountain of facts there runs a current of human inter-



HERCULES DREDGE, COVERED BY BOWERS' PATENT.

est mournful and deep, and one catches glimpses of a pale face and almost hears the beating of a heart. In proof that he had not abandoned his application he testified:—

I came to California broken in health by overstudy. In Aspinwall I was so weak I had to be helped ashore by two men. In collecting data for my map of Sonoma county I became familiar with Petaluma creek and other creeks and the marsh lands around their mouths, and spent much thought in schemes for their reclamation, collecting as I could data concerning machinery suitable for the purpose. In 1862 I had exhausted my entire means and was obliged to suspend work. In 1863 an act of the Legislature authorized me to finish the map. I was offered a position as clerk in the Surveyor General's office and to secure means to finish the map I accepted it.

There I was brought in contact with all matters pertaining to swamp lands and their reclamation. This led me to continue my investigation of dredging and ditching machinery, and I soon came to the conclusion that the proper mode of leveeing a river was to take the material from its bottom.

The complainant's brief says:—

One day in the Mercantile Library in this city, Mr. Bowers's eye fell on the following sentence

in Cressy's Encyclopedia of Engineering, "Balme made a vertical wheel, which worked between two boats, armed with six buckets, which lifted a vast deal of mud." This was about the year 1630, during the reign of Charles I.

These words, "lifted a vast deal of mud," arrested his attention. Was there no way of overcoming the defects that had always and everywhere made these machines such absolute failures, notwithstanding their great capacity for lifting? Or, rather, could he not invent an excavating wheel that *could* be properly handled, combine it with a transporting device, which he had already invented, and carry away to a distant place of deposit that "vast deal of mud" lifted by the wheel?

After much thought and speculation over the matter the device gradually took shape in his mind, and he embodied it in a drawing which is in evidence.

This drawing was made in pencil before breakfast, on a piece of brown paper on the morning of July 13, 1864. He tells the Court the hour, day, and year, of the momentous birth of the invention.

I fixed the time in my mind because I was so elated I would never forget it if I lived a thousand years.

He had n't the money to develop his invention and now poverty and care became his constant companions.

The failure to get pay for his years of labor on the Sonoma map plunged him more deeply in debt.

Bankrupt financially, I lay still for about a year doing nothing. I was not able to do anything. In 1867 I went to San Francisco and began making models. I spent my time in trying to enlist capital to introduce my invention, but without success. Then came typhoid and brain fever.

In the fall of 1873 I was appointed Secretary of a Board of Engineers to remodel the Mare Island Navy Yard. I was requested to write up a report of the commission. For about two hours in the morning I got along well. If I attempted to write longer I left out words, made mistakes, misspelled the simplest words, and had to do my work over.

After this he went to work for a company putting in water works in an interior town under the promise that if he

would do the engineering work a company should be organized to take out his patents and build and work his machines. He remained on the work for two years. For all this work, owing to the failure of the company, he received no pay.

When I asked one of the company for money to pay my board I was told to come tomorrow, and when I wanted money to buy a drill or a piece of brass he would give me 50 cents or at times \$1.50.

I have a memoranda of my expenses after returning to San Francisco. I rented a room for \$8 per month, and by cooking with an oil stove reduced my living expenses to from \$2.50 to \$5 per month.

This, in consideration of his ability as a writer, and the fact that he could command the highest salary as a teacher or engineer, shows the stern determination of the man and the sacrifice he was willing to make for the sake of his invention.

William Perkins, a lodging house keeper, testified:—

During the fifteen years he lived in my house he was working on these models for dredging machines.

His financial circumstances were poor during all that time. He owed me between \$2000 and \$3000. I would go and see Mr. Bowers about it and would hear his statements and hopes about the future in this enterprise and it would inspire hopes within me and I would let it go on. Mr. Bowers would endeavor to do what he could for me. The bill would sometimes get so large that I would say to him that I could n't stand it any longer, and then he would take some little temporary job in surveying for a week or two and give me the proceeds of that. (Record p. 855.)

Q.—What was the state of his health during that time?

A.—Well, he was getting very poorly, sir. It was very much impaired. He was extremely rigid in economy. He had a pile of models so big that I wanted to have them burned. I was disgusted with them. (Record p. 857.)

Mr. Hackett, in the dredging business, testified:—

Nobody labored harder than Bowers did. It seemed to be an uphill job with him for a great many years. He was trying to accomplish some-



BOWERS DREDGE ANACONDA.

thing that very few people believed in. Everybody was against him, and I thought myself that he was a dead failure. I pitied him, too; he used to work so hard and try so hard that I used to think that a man that would put so much energy into a thing ought to be successful. I don't believe he had any money at all.

He stuck to the theory that material could be pumped ashore — that dredging could be done on that principle. He always stuck to the theory that he could make a success of his pumping machine, and that he could, instead of putting the material ashore in cars or any other mode, put it through pipes for miles, as he claimed. . . . I recognize what Bowers has been trying to accomplish in pumping material has been accomplished, and it is the most practical system of dredging at the present time. . . .

Bowers is the first man that ever impressed upon me that he could make it a success. *He has been talking to me for twenty years about it.* (Record p. 760.)

If you had talked with Bowers at that time you would be satisfied that *he* was satisfied beyond all question. He would talk you plumb to death on the proposition. He had made up his mind for years. He has come to my house and talked for hours to me. He was perfectly wrapped up

in it, as some men would be in religion. (Record p. 761.)

The testimony of Calvin Brown, one of the most eminent civil engineers in the United States, and under whom Bowers served at Mare Island, reads:—

Mr. Bowers was talking of nothing but dredging machines when not actually engaged in our commission work. He then had his models, and was in poor circumstances and borrowed money from me. I had had much experience on dredging, but had never heard of any system similar to Bowers's until he explained it to me. When contemplating doing a large amount of dredging at Mare Island, I abandoned my own design and concluded to adopt that of Bowers. (Record, p. 942.)

"Think of an accomplished and highly educated civil engineer," exclaims his attorney, John H. Miller, in his masterly argument before the Circuit Court of the United States. "In the prime of life, giving up everything for a new and untried theory, pursuing it unfalteringly for thirty years amid trials and disappoint-

ment, living in poverty on \$2.50 to \$5 a month, his health impaired, his reason almost dethroned, and debts approximating \$100,000 staring him in the face and demanding payment."

In his woes, in the derision of his contemporaries, in all save the "prisoned solitude," the story of Bowers recalls that of Galileo. This toiling and ardent soul, enduring every physical privation and the more awful isolation of the heart, so directed the entire machinery of his mind that he became a part of the thing he studied.

Confining himself to this from June, 1867, to May, 1885, a period of eighteen years, the only money he earned was three months' pay as a clerk at Mare Island and a few dribbles, not exceeding \$500, derived from odd jobs of surveying. The record of promissory notes shown in the book of exhibits is appalling. He was compelled at times in borrowing to give a note for the principal with compound interest thereon at two per cent per month, *and a note for a bonus of ten times the amount borrowed, payable out of the profits of his dredge.* Claims and indebtedness long since outlawed, some of them bearing an Asa-Fisk-rate of interest, aggregating nearly \$100,000, have been paid by Bowers. It shows the character of the man.

The history of Bowers's application for patents and proceedings in the Patent Office is voluminous. His troubles here began with his patent solicitors, to whom he paid a fee for an application for a patent, with instructions to forward the same to Washington. After receiving his money, they failed to forward the papers for a long time. This was a serious injury to him. After the matter had hung for several years in the Patent Office, with occasional action on the part of his attorneys, Bowers personally took charge of the case and sent this communication to Washington:—

613 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, }
June 13, 1882.

To the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.:—

SIR,—Unable to fee attorneys to prosecute my cases at the Patent Office, they hang fire, while I grow gray. It becomes necessary for me to do the best I can with them myself. The power of attorney heretofore granted by me to ——— of San Francisco and ——— of Washington, D.C., is hereby revoked.

Respectfully,

A. B. BOWERS.

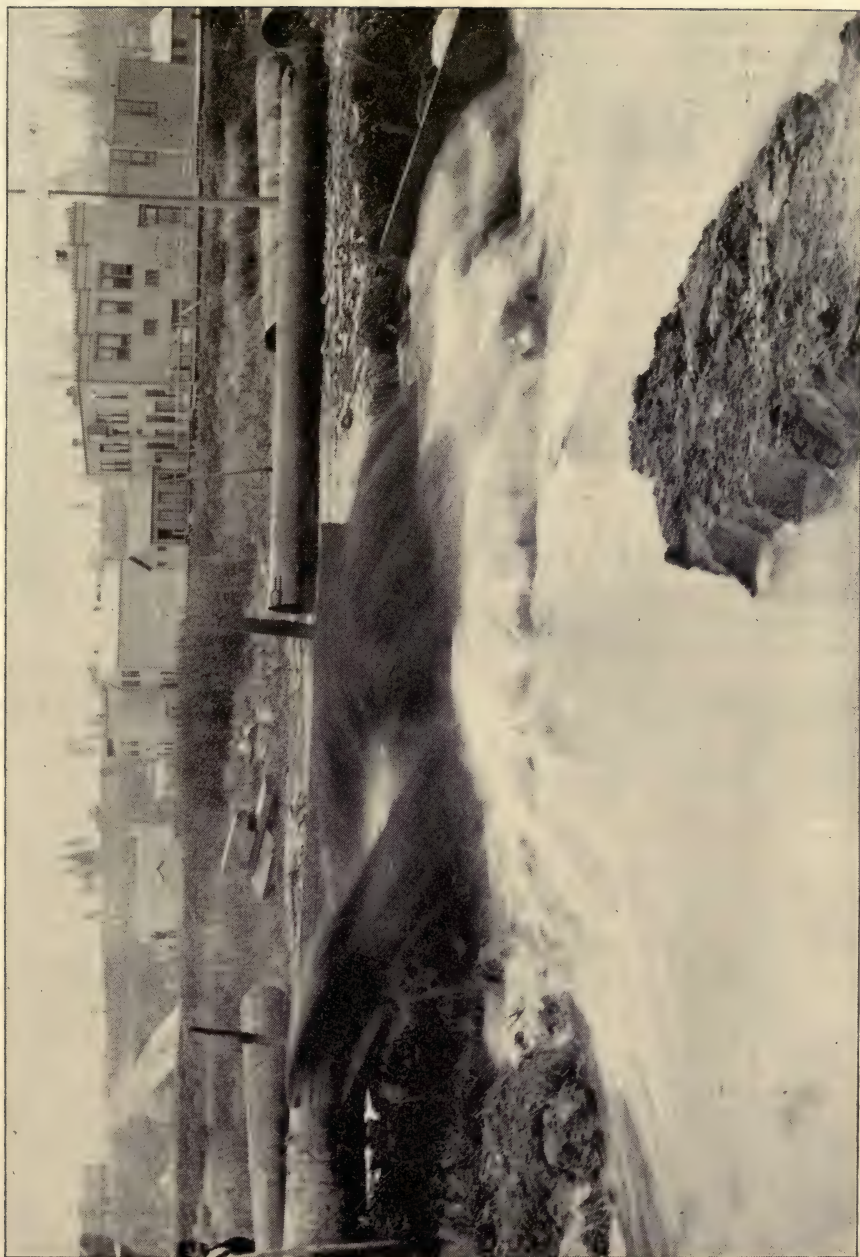
He studied patent law, pushed his claims with energy and skill, and having gone on to Washington in 1884, succeeded in securing twelve patents for his inventions.

The brief, on final hearing, in the case of Bowers vs. Von Schmidt for infringement of two of the twelve patents above mentioned, is a powerful presentation of facts by John H. Miller. In a succinct form he sketches the state of the art prior to Bowers's discoveries.

Prior to the Bowers invention, dredging was in a crude and undeveloped condition. The only forms of practical machines then known were the "scoop," the "clam-shell," and the "chain-bucket." Their action was purely mechanical, and while differing in details of construction, they all worked on substantially the same principle, viz.: that of scooping up the mud and dumping it into lighters alongside of the dredge-boat.

These were the different forms of practical dredges known at the date of the Bowers invention.

The state of the art of dredging was as above detailed when Bowers conceived the bold and original proposition of excavating and cutting up hard material in place at the bottom of deep waters by means of a rotary cutting implement at the end of a suction pipe, lifting it through said pipe by the power of atmospheric pressure, and delivering it through a long discharge pipe, floating on the water, to any desired place of deposit on land thousands of yards distant, the said operation being performed automatically, connectedly, and continuously, and by it a clean level bottom being dredged, and at the same time the dredged material being used for filling purposes at distant points. This is hydraulic dredging, a principle



DISCHARGE OF THE BOWERS DREDGE ANACONDA.

diametrically opposite to that of the old-style dredges.

The term "hydraulic dredging" is the proper one for the art or particular branch of industry to which the Bowers patents relate, because it is by means of a carrying stream of water that the material is raised and transported through pipes.

This is a modern term, because the art is a modern art. Scarcely any information can be found on the subject in the encyclopedias or reference books, and this may be readily verified by consulting the same. Mr. Bowers is virtually the pioneer in this branch of business. He struck out a new path in a hitherto unexplored territory and virtually created a *new art*. He had secured twelve patents, having in the aggregate 389 claims, and one of those patents is for the *art* of dredging by his method.

You can see how the idea germinated, grew, and bore fruit, in this fertile and comprehensive mind, with what patience and persistence he labored to extract from countless details the consummation sought, to assimilate them and divine the remote conclusion. And when the derided theory became an accomplished fact it revolutionized the art; old systems and types were kicked out of sight, and Bowers taught the civil engineers of the world the art of hydraulic dredging, as Napoleon taught the generals of Europe the art of war.

I can find in works of reference no account of any practical hydraulic dredge except in the new edition of "Johnson's Cyclopedia," vol. 2, pages 830-1:

Another dredge which has been brought to a high state of perfection and remarkable state of efficiency is the machine patented by A. B. Bowers of California. This consists substantially of a large barge, carrying engines, boilers, pumps, cutters, and gearing, with flexible distributing-pipe supported upon floats whereby the spoil is conveyed ashore, and used for back-filling and reclamation of low or marsh lands. The boat is so arranged as to cut a swath of 132 feet, and to a depth of over 30 feet. The invention dates back to 1868. [The record shows that it goes back much farther than that.—W. W.] No. 3 [the Anaconda], working at Tacoma, put in place 165,000 cubic yards in July, 1891, and during the year, with a loss of three months, it handled 821,700 cubic yards.

The stimulus given by Mr. Bowers to this class of dredges has effected great economy in the removal of obstructions to navigation. . . .

The general principle of these machines, as covered by Mr. Bowers's patents, is a revolving cutter with interior delivery, connected with a non-rotary suction pipe, whereby the spoil is removed from the cutter after suitable dilution with water, and pumped ashore or to hoppers or barges alongside. The proportion of earth to water has reached over 70 per cent. When the material must be removed from the stream they are the most efficient known.

The capitalists who had smiled at Bowers as a crank came to scoff, but remained to prey. They knew a good thing when they saw it, and testified their appreciation and distinguished consideration by appropriating his inventions.

Some proceeded straight-away to build dredgers, with thinly disguised infringements of his patents, and cynical effrontery. They were rich and powerful and Bowers was in his normal condition of impecuniosity. He sought to make terms and brought suit only as a last resort to have his rights respected. "Go ahead," they said, "We'll give you all the law you want."

Early in 1888 he brought suit in equity against Williams & Bixler, the Golden State and Miners' Iron Works, Colonel A. W. Von Schmidt, and later against the San Francisco Bridge Company, several parties in the East, the McNee Brothers, Captain John Hackett, and the Pacific Coast Dredging and Reclamation Company, of San Francisco, and L. W. Bates of Chicago.

Colonel Von Schmidt was the only one of the above defendants who had invented anything except a few trifling details of construction. The suit against him, therefore, was the most difficult of all, since he infringed much less than any of the others and Bowers pressed that with relentless vigor.

It was well understood that if he won the others had small hopes, and when Judge McKenna on the 23d of July, 1894,

entered a decree against Von Schmidt for costs, damages, and profits, and a perpetual injunction restraining him from making, using, or selling, any more of his machines, the main fight was thought to be over. This, however, was not so. An appeal was taken from the decision of Judge McKenna to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and not until January 4, 1897, was a decision rendered sustaining and broadening the McKenna decision, declaring Bowers to be the original or pioneer inventor of the hydraulic system of dredging, his patents not confined to the details shown in the drawings, but entitled to a broad and liberal construction. In settlement of various suits for infringement of his patents, in addition to large sums of money, Mr. Bowers has become the assignee of eighteen patents, including the Von Schmidt, Angell, Lynch, Brown, and other patents, and he now owns thirty in all, having 452 claims, each of which is for a separate invention and is in fact a separate patent; 389 of these are for his own inventions and he has applications for numerous other inventions still pending in the Patent Office. He has also many foreign patents. Mr. Bowers gives Von Schmidt credit for being misled by bad counsel rather than for willful appropriation of his invention. The same is true of Messrs Williams & Bixler, *et al*, in their use of the "Hercules" and "Atlas" dredgers.

After hearing the testimony, Williams & Bixler, and the Golden State and Miners Iron Works saw that Bowers had made out his case, and like honorable men secured a settlement by consenting to a decree for costs and damages in a large amount, but bearing an insignificant proportion to the profits received from their infringements, and after the decision by Judge McKenna, McNee Brothers, of San Francisco, McMullen & Morris, of Duluth, the

Hydraulic Dredging and Improvement Company, of Philadelphia, and others, followed their example. Some of the remaining defendants ran to temporary cover under the plea of abandonment during the years when poverty and sickness forbade Bowers to labor, while others are seeking to compromise the suits pending against them.

The very able decision rendered by Judge McKenna and sustained by the Circuit Court of Appeals leaves the other defendants without excuse.

A writer, familiar with the subject says:—

"This decision is so clear that he who runs may read. Thus far the defendants in the other cases have refused to heed the lesson or to respect the decrees of the court sustaining the validity of the Bowers patents, but go right on bidding for work and taking contracts. They have profited so long and largely from the use of the Bowers inventions that they are loth to give them up. But it seems to be merely a question of time. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," and Bowers is as tireless as fate. If he was penniless when these suits were brought he is not penniless now. He says he is able and thoroughly determined to protect his rights, and in this he has the sympathy not only of hundreds who personally know the facts, but of multitudes throughout the entire Pacific Coast, who appreciate his pluck and persistency.

For the purpose of becoming familiar with the practical working of our patent system, access was had to the record in all these cases and to Mr. Bowers's old models and drawings as well as to the printed briefs and the decisions and decrees of the courts. The parties against whom judgment has thus far been obtained may have had some excuse, but others all over the country have no right but that of might. It is not to be wondered that inventors so seldom profit from their inventions. No sooner is a valuable invention made public than scores of unscrupulous men stand ready to appropriate it, while others, too honorable for this, say to the inventor, "We cannot pay you a royalty and compete with those who pay nothing." The inventor is therefore obliged to bring suits, get judgments and injunctions, and stop infringing machines before he can profit to any extent from his patents. This is

beyond the power of most inventors, and happy, indeed, is he who can do it before his patents expire, especially if it requires a large amount of money to put the invention into practical operation.

But Bowers now controls large capital and he is conducting the cases against the other defendants with the sleepless vigilance of him "who has suffered wrong."

In his various suits against infringers of his patents, nothing has been set up in defense that had not been carefully considered in the Patent Office before granting the Bowers patents. Nothing in the shape of hydraulic dredges, antedating his invention, was found except a few crude devices that existed only on paper, having never been put into practical operation, and which, though not anticipating a single one of the Bowers claims, were pronounced by every mechanical expert and practical dredging man who testified in these cases, (except those directly interested in the infringing machines,) to be impracticable, and utterly worthless, the principal ones being those of Bodmer and Schwartzkopff, yet these impracticable and utterly worthless devices enabled a score of infringers to make millions of dollars; several of them to gather up and take their ill-gotten gains to foreign lands beyond the reach of justice, tied up all the United States Circuit Courts, and kept the inventor in misery and wretchedness for more than three years.

The most flagrant of all the infringements of the Bowers patents, as it appears from the records, is that of Lindon W. Bates of Chicago, though the San Francisco Bridge Company and the New York Dredging Company are not far behind. On February 11, 1887, Bates took a license from Mr. Bowers for Kansas City and operated two dredgers there. On January 23, 1888, he, with Adam L. Amberg

and H. A. Christy, took a license for False bay and the bay of San Diego, in Southern California, where one dredger was put in operation. Subsequently, on December 16, 1889, he and his associates took a license for the State of Washington, exclusive of Gray's harbor, and also for that portion of Oregon including the Columbia river and its tributaries, and have operated two Bowers' dredger there up to the present time. Until about four years ago he was manager of the Bowers Dredging Company. As such he obtained blue prints of the working drawings of the Bowers dredgers Anaconda and Python. After losing his position as manager of the Bowers Dredging Company on account of misappropriation of company funds, he went to Chicago, outside of all three of his licenses, taking the blue prints with him, and there took contracts and built several Bowers dredgers, used by Heldmaier & Neu on the drainage canal, changing a few details, chiefly in the way of makeshifts of cheaper and inferior construction. He obtained patents for several of these changes of minor details, which, however, gives him no right to use the Bowers invention outside of the territory covered by his licenses. Suit in equity is now pending against him for this infringement. He has recently illustrated and described these machines in the *Engineering News*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Scientific American*, and even in some of the leading foreign technical journals, modestly terming them "The Bates Hydraulic Dredgers." He does not sign his name to all of the articles, but the accuracy of description appears to be such as could be given by no one not thoroughly familiar with the Bowers dredge. Since then he has built a machine for the Mississippi River commission, virtually consisting of six Bowers dredgers on a single hull, and on this also, he obtained a patent for some triv-

ial additions and changes, though its main parts are all covered by the Bowers patents.

The official tests of this machine raised expectations that have not been realized. Whenever repairs are to be made on any part, the whole machine must shut down. It is as though a fleet of six dredgers at work on a river should all lay up when any one of them is disabled. For this and other reasons the idea of building more for the Mississippi river has been abandoned, and the United States government is now building for the same river four other hydraulic dredgers of different design.

When subpoenaed by Bowers to testify before the Master in Chancery concerning this infringement, he refused to answer, and before an order of court, commanding him to answer, could be procured, he skipped out of the country, leaving numerous dupes to bewail their losses, while he seeks new victims in other lands.

Bowers and his attorneys think that Bates could not have expected long to masquerade as the inventor of this dredge, and that it is not clear, unless it be for the benefit of other would-be infringers, why he has so fully illustrated and described the Bowers invention. He presents, according to the records, the curious anomaly of claiming a monopoly of hydraulic dredging under the Bowers patents in the territory covered by his licenses and of openly defying these patents everywhere else.

Talking of Mr. Bowers the other day, a gentleman said:—

"He is the only man I know whom the making of a million dollars has n't spoiled."

A man who has spent the better part of a lifetime in a fight, alone and unaided, against the rich, the powerful, and the

unscrupulous, who has felt "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," win or lose, often emerges from the contest a cynic and a misanthrope. With Bowers it is singularly different. A life of warfare has poured no bitterness into his soul. If the record of his generous help to the needy were to be mentioned here he would become a shining mark for the adventurer. His love of children amuses his friends, and he delights in submission to their charming tyranny. He is reserved to strangers and seems even dull in conversation with them, but among congenial people he possesses a charm of manner that comes from the heart, and he is the best single-handed talker I ever met. Women, young and old, he treats with a deference, a noble tenderness, that has been a life-long characteristic of his. It would be a pleasing task to turn from the narration of the continuous fights over injunctions, infringements, and patents, to a study of the social side of this original mind, but Mr. Bowers is now East pressing his remaining suits, and should anything of the kind catch his eye it would meet his disapproval.

It seems to be a condition of his mind that it impels him to continual effort. I never remember seeing him when in health that he did n't have an article under way for some periodical. He wrote for various California, Eastern, and European journals on engineering, political economy, sociology, religion, poetry,—and hydraulic dredging.

In the *Mining and Scientific Journal*, September 4, 1880, in a paper on "Inter-Oceanic Ship Railways" he discusses the inventor's woes and his words are prophetic:—

There are others who examine a new invention, understand and appreciate its value, but discover that for every ten dollars they could save by

its use, the inventor might make one,— and they “go” for that one. Instead of feeling that the inventor is rendering them the great service of largely reducing their expenses they think that he is robbing them of one eleventh of their legitimate savings; and rather than submit to this they will use the old machines, forgetting that by so doing they mulct themselves ten dollars to the inventor’s one. But these patient, persistent, investigating workers *have a strange habit of succeeding at last*, and posterity “writes down as asses” those who attempted to block their way, though it can’t be denied that inventors, as a rule, see things at first only from their own standpoint and are so unreasonable that even liberal capitalists can do nothing with them, and they not infrequently discover their error when the opportunity has passed.

He then makes an abstruse calculation on the strain of waves on ships and continues:—

When we try to combine with these the strains exerted by the winds and sails and leverage of masts, by the rolling, pitching, and tossing, of the vessel, and the mighty blows of ocean waves, the problem becomes too intricate for finite intelligence ever accurately to solve. But when we consider that the engineer is able to approximately calculate and control these mighty forces, to build his ships to stand the storm, to drive them swiftly, unerringly against wind and water, through fogs and midnight darkness and the howling tempest, across vast oceans to their destined port at the appointed time, we are proud to be a member of that grand profession whose triumphs are dotting the ocean and changing the face of the globe.

The study of law always had an attraction for his analytical mind. Long before he had become a victim of “the law’s delay” he had attacked that study with the fierce energy that was a part of his mental equipment. He read a whole library of authorities, and although he never practiced, was well grounded in the principles of law. Dissatisfied with the specifications and claims of his first attorneys, he was compelled to prepare his own applications. This necessitated the study of patent law, and into this wilderness he plunged as if it were a garden of roses. These studies were of great serv-

ice in assisting his attorneys in his patent litigation, so much so, indeed, that one of the opposing counsel said ruefully that Bowers would never have won his case if he had n’t worked it up himself and got out all there was in it.

A Santa Rosa gentleman who knew Bowers when the latter was climbing mountains, fording streams, and exploring cañons, in search of data for his map, told me the following story about him. It is a practical demonstration of what is called the courage of opinion. Bowers descried a cone-shaped peak poking its head above the range near his camp. He determined to ascend it. Taking a stick and leaving his gun behind, he started out. He had n’t gone a hundred yards when he saw a short distance ahead a California lion approaching. Now, Bowers had n’t cultivated the society of lions and was n’t looking for any that day. But he had a theory. The lion would run if attacked, and to run himself was death. With yells meant to be terrific and swinging his stick in air, Bowers rushed on the beast. The latter, entirely disregarding the Bowers theory, crouched for a spring. On came Bowers, but just as he got ready to land one on the head of the king of beasts, the latter sprang into the brush and disappeared. Bowers drew a long breath,—he had demonstrated his theory. This anecdote is more typical of the man than fifty pages of biography.

The same gentleman, who had accompanied Bowers on a few occasions to the mountains in early days, relates that the latter, while camping in the Mendocino mountains, was awakened by his horse touching him with his nose. Looking out, he saw three Indians creeping up the trail. Grabbing his gun, he jumped into a hazel thicket, cut some hazels to make room for spreading his blankets, and

knowing that the renegades had seen him on the alert, he argued that they would not attack him. Acting on this theory, he rolled himself in his blankets and went to sleep.

The "Anaconda," here illustrated, is a second class Bowers dredge. It was first used at Coronado beach. In material 90 per cent sand and shell it raised and delivered 4.19 cubic yards per minute. In the softest material the dredge raised and delivered 26.85 cubic yards per minute. It afterwards worked three years in the State of Washington. Here it made a record of 165,000 cubic yards in twenty days. It has an estimated capacity of ten thousand cubic yards per day in soft material.

The "Python" has been working at East Portland, Oregon. It is a Bowers dredge of the first class. This monster has raised coarse gravel containing stones from an inch to two inches in diameter and cobblestones nearly as large as a man's head from depths varying from twenty-five to forty feet, and delivered it at an elevation of about thirty feet above water through an eighteen-inch discharge pipe one thousand feet long. Both the "Anaconda" and "Python" belong to the Bowers Dredging Company, and are now at Seattle, working on what is said to be the largest dredging contracts ever undertaken by any company in America.

At Shoalwater bay, where one of his dredges was at work, Mr. Bowers was crossing the bay in a steamer, when a lady inquired of the quiet gentleman if that was the Bowers dredge in the distance. He said it was.

"They tell me," she continued, "that the poor man has been swindled out of his invention and that the loss has driven him crazy, so that he is now a driveling idiot and goes around muttering to himself, 'Rotary excavator, self-contained pivot, center of oscillation, flexible discharge pipe,' etc."

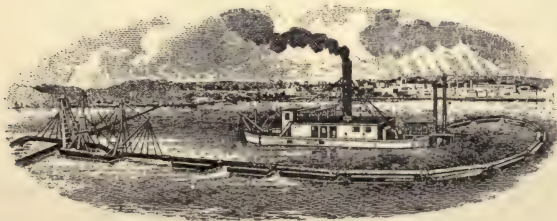
"I would like to know," he said, "what a driveling idiot looks like."

"Like Mr. Bowers, I suppose," she answered.

"Madam, I am Mr. Bowers." said the gentleman, smilingly.

Thirty years ago Bowers was considered a crank. Today his genius is recognized throughout the civilized world. His transcendent conception is beneficent in character and calculated to augment the powers of man and ameliorate his condition. It has dug canals, deepened harbors, irrigated lands, reclaimed tide and marsh land, filled and made solid ground of land reclaimed from the sea, and planted prosperous towns thereon. In the race of original minds he struck out upon a trackless sea. He is the Columbus of the art of hydraulic dredging.

William Walsh.



BOWERS SYSTEM OF DREDGING AND FILLING.



Photo and drawing by F. Marryatt.

Courtesy of Van Dyke & Handy—Lick House News Stand.

Twenty-ninth of October, 1850.

THE FIRST ADMISSION DAY PARADE.

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.—I.



BEFORE the Gringos came California was still the land of "*mañana, ò pasada mañana.*" The prevailing social conditions were yet of the mission period.

It was the land of the vaquero and the adobe dwelling; the land where the cattle shared contented pasturage with the deer that roamed unscared among

the grazing herds; the land yet sparsely tilled here and there with the plow made from a forked branch of the

convenient sycamore rudely tipped with iron; where the tortilla and the frijole constituted the chief staples of family subsistence, supplemented by the strips

of dried beef, commonly known as "jerky"; where the men lived in the saddle and the women dreamed away their lives in contented simplicity; where hides constituted the currency of the country,—soon to be demonetized by the discovery of a much more precious circulating medium. It was yet a land where politics and political dissensions were based chiefly upon antagonistic individual ambitions and rivalry for power among the more wealthy ones, whose domains were measured by leagues, while frequent attempts at revolution, successful or unsuccessful, furnished the chief source of public excitement and entertainment.

Such conditions the earlier pioneers had found on their arrival long before the complications over the Texas question had aroused antagonisms between the native Californians and the American settlers. Indeed the frequent intermar-



From "Annals of San Francisco."

W. D. M. HOWARD, FIRST PRESIDENT.

riages during these early years between Americans and the native daughters had, to a large extent, established ideal domestic, social, and political relations, with the strongest of all ties,—the ties of kindred,—to give confident appearance of permanency to the happy state of affairs.

In the southern part of California these marriage relations had been both numerous and romantic. The mariners of those days whose venturous voyages had brought them to this distant and then little known coast, when they found their ships swinging idly at anchor in the blue and placid waters of Monterey bay, soon became enamored not only of the land and the climate, but of many a fair maiden born and reared beneath the sunny skies. With sailor-like ardor,—not to say recklessness,—they proceeded to the business of marrying. The most serious obstacle they had to encounter was the inexorable law of the land which

compelled a foreigner to become a naturalized citizen before he could wed a native California girl. As this involved considerable legal routine and a residence of two years in the country, it may well be imagined that it severely tested the patience of many a mariner violently in love with a *hija del país*.

"Why don't you carry me off, Don Enrique?" said Doña Josefa Carrillo to Captain Fitch, who had reached California in 1826, but who chafed and remonstrated in vain with church and legal authorities alike to be released from the "law's delays."

The query was promptly answered by the gallant mariner, who at once "took ship" with his sweetheart for Valparaiso, where they were united in matrimony and returned to California to live happily and leave behind them a numerous posterity. Two years later another ardent sailor, Captain Wm. G. Dana, finding



SAMUEL BRANNAN, SECOND PRESIDENT.

himself as deeply in love as Captain Fitch had been, wrote to his friend Captain Cooper in Monterey that "he had no objection to changing his religion, but damned the institutions that forced him to lose time." He waited impatiently the necessary two years, however, was naturalized, and married to Doña Josefa, and became the father of twenty-one children during a long and happy married life.

Through such family combinations was an early marked kinship established, which, in later years, even through serious complications growing out of race prejudices and international complications, materially aided to harmonize and allay the bitterness which for a time seemed likely to last for generations.

The magnetic attractions of soil and climate, and fair daughters of California, drew many another American hitherward during this early period, as is attested today by the names of Cooper, Stearns, Temple, Black, Wolfskill, Yount, Warner, Spear, Hinckley, Larkin, and others.

Many of these names are perpetuated by a posterity of mingled American and Spanish blood, and most of them became possessed of many a square league of fertile land.

But the sailors were not long left alone in the monopoly of their new found Eden. Trappers, traders, agriculturists, adventurous fortune seekers of varied class and condition, soon began "to spy out the land," and finding it good, took up their abode. Nor did the complications between the United States and Mexico, growing out of the Texas controversy, tend to stay the tide of immigration from the States. So when the conquest of California and its cession to the United States had become accomplished facts, there were pioneers "a plenty" to contribute a respectable community ere yet the gold discovery had made California the point of attraction for a whole world.

The advent of the Mormon colony in the ship Brooklyn from New York on the 31st of July, 1846, the ship Thomas H.



COLONEL JONATHAN D. STEVENSON.



SENATOR DAVID C. BRODERICK.

Perkins, coming in March, 1847, followed soon after by the Loo Choo and Susan G. Owens, each bringing a detachment of the famed Stevenson's regiment, contributed largely to the population, and to the importance of the new movement of American colonization. At the close of the war with Mexico American enterprise and energy took the place of the apathy that had hitherto prevailed. Contented with the situation and indeed fairly enamored of the country, the leading American settlers now began to put forth united and systematic effort to draw immigration. Brannan's paper, the "California Star," in March, 1848, furnished an article six columns in length by Doctor Forgeaud, describing the resources and the attractions of California in glowing terms. This was sent overland for general circulation in the Atlantic States. A few days later came the news of the gold discovery in the foothills of the Sierra, which soon proved a stronger incentive for immigration than all the newspaper encomiums upon soil and climate that could be published.

And now began that multitudinous and impressive tread of pioneers that the

whole civilized world gazed upon with amazement. Singular to say, the earlier pioneers, who had earnestly desired increased immigration, for a time manifested a strange class jealousy of these "men of '49." They had come under a widely different incentive, and having acquired dominance in civil affairs, had not dreamed of so sudden a dethronement as this overwhelming influx of new comers now threatened. But time, as just as it had a little earlier been generous in its influences in directing population hitherward, mellowed this feeling into the brotherhood of common countrymen, with common impulses and a common prosperity for all.

Meanwhile, however, the class distinction remained, well defined, and tenaciously held, so that, at the inception of the organization of the Society of California Pioneers, the "'49er," however cordially recognized in social and business intercourse, was for three years barred from eligibility for membership. By these older pioneers he was set down as a new comer who in no sense could be regarded as a pioneer proper in the founding of American



JAMES KING OF WM.



JAMES PHELAN.

civilization on the Pacific Coast. And yet, up to the date of the influx of the "'49-ers," very little "founding" of this particular kind of "civilization" had been accomplished. The effective work was mainly performed when the combined numerical strength, patriotism, and good sense, of the old and the new comers rendered it possible.

The organization, therefore, of the Society of California Pioneers began with the earlier comers, and was for three years maintained by them exclusively. For among these old-timers the feeling seemed to prevail that because they had come to the country prior to the gold discovery, they were thereby entitled to a patent of nobility as distinguished as that claimed by the men who "came over with the Conqueror."

The time came, however, when the "old-timer" was glad to call upon the "'49er" to come up and help him; for

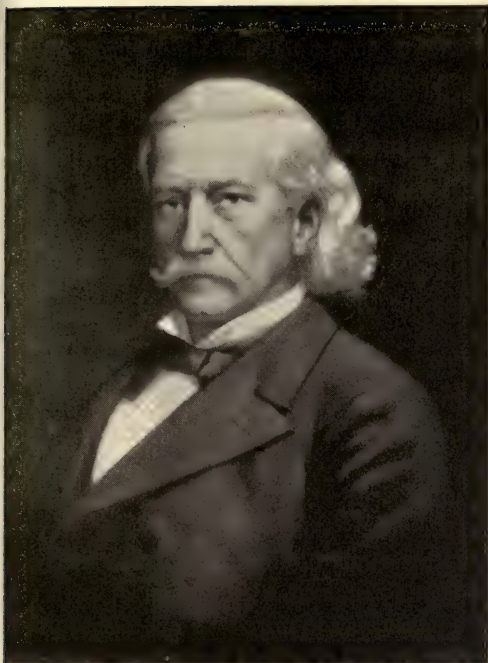
it eventually became manifest that without that aid the organization of the society which they had thus founded must be abandoned.

The steamship California, which arrived at San Francisco on the 23d of August, 1850, brought the news of the death of President Taylor. A movement was at once inaugurated among the "earliest residents" to pay proper respect to his name and memory. It was proposed by W. D. M. Howard, Samuel Brannan, J. C. L. Wadsworth, and others, that the old residents or "pioneers;" should unite in a body as such, and take part in the contemplated observances.

A call was made through the public press for all "old residents" to join in the movement. It was responded to with such unanimity that the "pioneers" who appeared in the procession when the imposing obsequies were celebrated, became one of its most impressive features.



ADOLPHUS G. RUSS.



From oil painting by S. W. Shaw.

SAMUEL W. HOLLADAY.

This suggested further concert of action on the part of the "old residents," looking to a permanent organization, and accordingly a notice appeared in the San Francisco morning papers of August 30th of which the following is a copy:—

 The early pioneers of California are requested to call at the Iron Warehouse of Howard & Mellus, on Montgomery street, on Saturday evening, 31st of August, at 7 o'clock.

It is expected all old pioneers and residents of three years and upwards will attend. The object of the meeting will be announced.

Anglo Californians.

At this meeting the preliminary steps for permanent organization of the "Society of California Pioneers" were taken, and on the 10th of September a meeting was called for the following Wednesday evening "to hear the report of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws."

No public announcement of the details of the organization was made until the 27th of September, when the Constitu-

tion and By-Laws were published in the morning papers. The *Herald* of the 27th of September contained the following editorial comment:—

We have seen no movement in our midst so fraught with interest as the formation of the Society of California Pioneers. Most of our readers are probably unaware that the old settlers have united in a society with the view of preserving a record of the various historical incidents connected with the early colonization of California by Americans, which can only be elicited and preserved by such a communism as is likely to be brought about through this organization.

From time to time these records will be published, and we doubt if any volumes will be more sought after than these which shall contain the reminiscences of the hardy, bold, and enterprising men whose foresight and love of adventure led them to these shores long before the gold discoveries which have since turned the heads of half the American people.

The first officers elected under the new constitution which had been thus adopted and promulgated were: President, Wm. D. M. Howard; Vice-Presidents, Jacob R. Snyder, Samuel Brannan, and George Frank Lemon; Recording Secretary, Captain J. L. Folsom; Assistant Recording Secretary, J. C. L. Wadsworth; Corresponding Secretary, Edwin Bryant.

Here was a group of men who had played, and were still playing, conspicuous and important parts in public, commercial, and social affairs in California. The names of four of these, Howard, Brannan, Folsom, and Bryant, have been honored and perpetuated by being applied to great streets of San Francisco.

William D. M. Howard arrived in California in 1839. He had made the voyage from Boston in the ship *California* as cabin boy. His career in California was that of an upright and successful business man, always active and prominent in every good public and social movement.

Jacob R. Snyder reached California in company with the late Captain William



F. Swasey and William L. Todd in 1845. He was a native of Pennsylvania. His career in California was honorable and conspicuous. He served as major in the California battalion in 1846. He was surveyor for the middle department of California in 1847, a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1849, State senator in 1852-53, and assistant United States Treasurer from 1853 to 1860. He retired to his ranch in Sonoma in 1862, where he remained until his death in 1878. Major Snyder commanded through all his life in California the respect and esteem of of the whole community.

Samuel Brannan arrived in California on the ship Brooklyn. He was the leading spirit of the Mormon colony that came out in that ship,—as indeed he always was in whatever venture or enterprise he engaged in. In the early days of San

Francisco no man was so active and conspicuous in public affairs as Brannan. Commonly known as "the richest man in San Francisco," the largest real estate owner, the courageous capitalist, who led in all great improvements of property, who built and owned the greatest buildings, was the recognized leader in early vigilance committee movements, and conspicuous in every public gathering, he was a potent factor in shaping events and forwarding enterprises in those exciting days. Even the once well known "Candy Man," who for years hawked his sweets at the corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, and who was one of the many conspicuous human eccentricities that have adorned the streets of San Francisco, as an especial plea for the passer-by to purchase his "big lumps for money," clinched his argument with the well known phrase — at that time — of, "Everybody buys them,—Sam Brannan buys them." To do small justice, even, to the name of this then prominent but eccentric man, would require a chapter of many pages in itself, but must be thus summarily dismissed here with the regretful statement that the story of his early and middle life and active manhood should terminate, as it would if told in detail, in poverty and want.

George Frank Lemon, the third Vice President, had come to California a lieutenant in Stevenson's regiment. Leaving California in the late '50's he entered the service of the government in 1861, and fell at the battle of South Mountain, gallantly fighting for the preservation of the Union.

J. C. L. Wadsworth arrived in California in the bark Whiton in 1847. He became sutler's clerk of Stevenson's regiment soon after his arrival. Subsequently removing to Stockton, he was made alcalde there, but returning again to San Francisco, entered into an active and

honorable business career. He learned through many years of experience in mining and other ventures how fortunes are made and lost, but always preserved an untarnished name. The vicissitudes of fortune at length induced him to return to the old home, where, among his kindred, the Wadsworths of Connecticut of Charter Oak fame, he is passing a green and contented old age, probably happier in the vivid recollections of his active and venturous California career, than even in the pleasant society and staid and sober comforts of a New England home. However this may be, it is certain that few among the old Californians ever left the country and the associations of their earlier days, who bore with them firmer friendships than he shares today among those who were once counted as his intimates and old time friends.

Edwin Bryant, the author of the book entitled "What I Saw in California," had reached California in 1842. He became alcalde in San Francisco, returning East soon after his term of office had closed to superintend the publication of his book, which, for a time became an authority of recognized importance among those seeking information of the new El Dorado.

Twelve vice presidents and twelve secretaries not residents of San Francisco were chosen at the same time in order to arouse general interest in the movement among the then "early residents" throughout the territory. The constitution which was at the same time adopted would appear to have been somewhat ambiguous in its provisions as to the qualifications required for membership, inasmuch as no special date of arrival in California was required, but only a given term of residence, whether past or future not having been clearly defined. The editor of the *Herald*, in commenting upon its adoption, said:—

We look forward with pleasure to the time when, our probation ended, we may be permitted to enroll ourselves in this very useful organization.

Its true intent and meaning was, however, that any person desiring to become a member must have been a resident in California for three years prior to its adoption.

The objects of the organization at that time as declared in the first article of the Constitution, were:—

To cultivate the social virtues of its members, to collect and preserve information connected with the early settlement and conquest of the country, and to perpetuate the memory of those whose sagacity, enterprise, and love of independence, induced them to settle in the wilderness and become the germ of a new State.

In the general prosperity which then prevailed the thought of the possibility of Pioneers ever coming to want does not seem to have occurred to the founders of the Society. Therefore no provision was then made "to create a charitable fund" for its members.

From the very beginning the Society took the place of prominence and honor, and held the right of the line upon nearly all festive occasions. At the celebration of the admission of California into the Union, which took place on Tuesday the 29th of October, 1850, the organization occupied a conspicuous position in the procession. The *Herald* of October 31st in describing the main features of the procession and notably that which immediately preceded the pioneers, said:—

The Grand Marshal, Colonel J. D. Stevenson, was accompanied by five aids. The Grand Marshal was dressed in white scarf with gold trimmings, light blue sash, military hat, and gilt spurs.

He rode a superb horse handsomely caparisoned. His aids wore light blue scarfs edged with silver. The marshals wore crimson scarfs with gold edgings and fringes. The marshals of the various societies wore orange colored scarfs. Next came,—

Four trumpeters abreast, followed by three marshals, and band of music, preceding

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

This society formed one of the chief attractions of the pageant. In advance of it Mr. Grayson, one of the early settlers, costumed in a full suit of buckskin, bore a banner with a device representing a pioneer and a native Californian, each in costume. The pioneer with pick in hand, stands pointing to a piece of rock which he has just cleft from a mass above him. Inscribed on it are the figures 1846. The cavity opened discloses the State seal of California. The banner bore the inscription "Far West, 1846. Eureka. California Pioneers, organized August, 1850." In the ranks were many who had resided in this country for seventeen years, and many who are intimately identified with its progress. [Pp. 180, 186.]

The Society having been thus successfully launched, and having taken its place in public estimation as an organization to be esteemed, honored, and cherished, soon began to make known its usefulness, and its fostering influence as a social factor in the new community.

The pervading generosity and social attribute of the early pioneers at that time, cannot be better exemplified than by quoting here the published call for its first public celebration, as it appeared in the public journals of December 14th, 1850. It will be seen that "the Pioneers" in these prosperous days, literally "kept open house" and bade nearly everybody to sit at their board, and partake of their hospitality. The call was as follows:—

"SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.—There will be a semi-annual meeting of the Society of California Pioneers held in the city of San Francisco on the 1st day of January, 1851, on which occasion there will be a social banquet, in conjunction with the "First California Guard" at the hall of that military company; and other pageantry and exercises, which will be more particularly specified hereafter.

All members of the Society at a distance, and in the city at the time are hereby invited to unite in the ceremonies.

The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the

State of California, the Secretary of the State, and other State officers; the members of the Legislature, the several officers of the vessels of the United States in California, the officers of the army, the Mayor and Council of San Francisco, the President, Vice-Presidents, and Secretaries of all societies in San Francisco, are respectfully invited to attend.

This public notice is given in order that should not a card of invitation to each individual reach them in time, owing to the uncertainty of the mails, they may consider themselves invited.

EDWIN BRYANT,
SAMUEL BRANNAN,
J. MEAD HUXLEY,
R. M. SHERMAN,
ROBT. WELLS,

Committee of Arrangements.

Placer Times, Sacramento City, and *Stockton Times*, Stockton, will copy twice a week and send bill to this office.

The celebration which resulted from this call, and which took place as advertised on the 1st day of January, 1851, was a notable event of that time.

Escorted by the "First California Guard," the procession moved through the principal streets to the old Plaza, now Portsmouth square, where a salute of thirty-one guns was fired. One for each State in the Union, California having been the thirty-first then admitted. From the piazza of "The Old Adobe," then standing in the northwest corner of the Plaza and Washington streets, the first oration was delivered before the Society by Captain John B. Frisbie. It was an eloquent and scholarly effort, embodying a prophecy of the future of the new State, since literally fulfilled. The sentiments therein expressed, cheered and reëchoed as they were by the Pioneers who surrounded the orator, voiced the patriotism of these early settlers, which has never ceased to glow within the breasts of those old Pioneers who still remain.

In the observance of all important public events the Pioneers now took a leading part. Indeed their co-operation came to be a necessity, not only to add to the

impressiveness of the pageantry upon such occasions, but also because from the Pioneers almost invariably came the necessary financial aid.

At the Fourth of July celebration of 1852 by a vote of the Common Council the Pioneers were assigned the right of the line in the procession. A month later the Society was called upon to perform a less welcome duty, in attending the obsequies of their fellow member, Edward Gilbert, who had been killed in a duel with General J. W. Denver.

In less than one week later, on the 9th of August, 1852, the Society met again to take appropriate action upon the death of Henry Clay, and arrange to take part in celebrating his obsequies.

For some time thereafter no special event occurred to call out the Society and no active steps were taken to enlarge or press onward the organization. On the 6th of July, 1853, a meeting was called at the Oriental Hotel for the purpose of reorganization. The next evening, July 7th, an election of officers of the Society was held at the same place, at which Samuel Brannan was elected President; Thomas O. Larkin, Jacob R. Snyder, and Benjamin S. Lippincott, Vice Presidents; James C. Lew, Secretary; and Captain Wm. T. Sherman, Treasurer.

At this meeting the first step was taken toward collecting and preserving historical data, by the adoption of the following resolution:—

Resolved,—That with a view to the collection of all papers relating to the history of California from its earliest settlement to the admission of the State into the Union of the Federal Government, it be recommended to the members of the Society to deposit with the Recording Secretary any such document to be preserved among the archives of the Society.

A committee of five was then appointed to revise the constitution. On the 7th of August following the revised constitution reported by this committee was ad-

opted on motion of General H. W. Halleck. And here as well as elsewhere the roll may be called of California Pioneers who subsequently achieved honor and distinction in public service. It will refute the impression, that through careless misrepresentation has come to prevail in the public mind, to the effect that the Society was a rude social organization distinguished chiefly for its lack of moral force, and dominated by brutal manners and instincts. Considering the population of California at that time, in contrast with the larger populations of the Eastern States, it is probably the fact that no other community at the inception of the war of the rebellion and during the years that it prevailed, furnished so large a percentage of able and distinguished men as were gathered for public service from the ranks of California's Pioneers. Let the roll of honor which follows attest the truth of this remark.

Let it be borne in mind that it is not claimed that these men were in any manner to be credited to California as special examples of the products of her soil and climate. But they rose from the ranks of the pioneers who founded the State, and may fairly stand as types of the men with whom their early lives were thus associated.

Among these California Pioneers whose names are inscribed upon the most important pages of American history were Henry Wager Halleck, William T. Sherman, John C. Frémont, General John W. Geary—afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania, General E. O. C. Ord, General George C. Stoneman, Commodore Stockton, General Henry M. Naglee, Rodman M. Price—afterwards Governor of New Jersey, Edward F. Beale—late U. S. Minister to Austria, Commodore Selfridge, Commodore Meade, General J. W. Denver—later Governor of Colorado, General Joseph Hooker, General Joseph R.

West — who held an important command through the war of the Rebellion and was later elected to the United States Senate from Louisiana, George Frank Lemon — who subsequently fell at the battle of South Mountain holding an important command in the Union Army, Captain Selim Woodworth — who held an important naval command during the war, and others who rose to distinction and lasting historical honor.

While the organization continued thus to be preserved and perpetuated from year to year, it began to be perceived that its future could not be assured by the "old residents" as desired under the terms of the constitution. During the three years that the Society had been in existence, but 172 "old residents" became members. Many, if not a majority of these, were residents of remote localities, and could not take an active part in the Society's affairs, nor did they furnish any considerable revenue in monthly dues. It became therefore absolutely necessary to recruit its members from other sources or to abandon the movement. The first alternative was chosen, and in July, 1853, the constitution, having been amended as already stated, made all those who had arrived in California prior to January 1st, 1850, eligible to membership.

So tenacious were these "old residents," however, of the distinction which their early arrival in California had — according to their long cherished ideas — conferred upon them, that in admitting the 49ers to membership in the Society they retained for themselves a distinctive red regalia and gold badge, and prescribed for the forty-niners the less distinguished insignia of white regalia and silver badge. This division in the Society existed for many years, but the time came when the forty-niners, being overwhelmingly in power, — possibly with exceedingly bad

taste, — wiped it out altogether. The admission of the forty-niners to membership, even upon these conditions, was gratifying to them, but it was in no sense right or proper under the then existing conditions. The limit fixed, the 1st of January, 1850, was a line of demarkation drawn without one single substantial reason to be offered in its behalf. It meant nothing, and barred out hundreds of young men who were in every respect just as much pioneers as the forty-niners. The State was still a territory, men were flocking into it who were destined to play conspicuous and active parts in converting it into Statehood and in making its early history. The 9th of September, 1850, was the only limit that could appropriately have been fixed upon for eligibility to membership, the date in which California took her place among the sisterhood of States. To have made men eligible to membership in the Society who arrived prior to that date would have been a graceful, just, and appropriate act, and would have given to the organization the co-operation, respect, and fraternal regard, of a body of men who have always justly complained that they were improperly discriminated against. It would have made the Society's name widely known and respected in the world at large. Much as it may be deprecated and open as it is to severe criticism of the forty-niners themselves, it but shows that they are in such matters in common with mankind generally, moved by selfishness. For, while earnest efforts have from time to time since been made to enlarge the limit of eligibility to membership to September 9th, 1850, a majority has always been against it. This feeling time and the fortunate acquisition of great wealth by the Society, through the Lick benefactions, has since so strengthened as to make hopeless the future enlargement of the limit, however willing a minority

of more liberal-minded members are, and always have been, to endorse the proposition.

The admission of the forty-niners in the late summer of 1853 doubled the membership of the Society before the close of the year. There were yet some years of earnest work, however, before permanency could be thoroughly assured, for, enthusiastic as the early Pioneers were over the work which they had accomplished in becoming "the founders of a new State," it was clear that their association could not live on enthusiasm alone, and that well assured and constant revenue was the only thing that could endow it with permanent life.

In those days there was a constant shifting of population, constant returning home of early comers as well as constant new arrivals, so that even with an increasing membership, the fact remained that many were yet leaving the State with uncertainty as to returning, and commercial stability was a thing not yet accomplished. The great fires which had swept over San Francisco in the early fifties, the Vigilance Committee episodes, the unceasing exciting events that were occurring in the new community, tended also for a time to distract attention from the organization and to lessen the interest which had at first been felt in it.

No permanent headquarters had been provided, but the infusion of the forty-nine element was steadily strengthening the organization, and it became evident that, come what might to divert public attention, the "Society of California Pioneers" must and should be kept alive, to become the foremost social and historical institution of California.

How far this ambition has been gratified remains to be told. It is clear, however, that such a consummation could never have been reached had the doors

not been opened to the forty-niners. For, out of all who had become eligible to membership by three years of habitation in California prior to 1850, and who had joined the "Society of California Pioneers" prior to August, 1853, but eight remain upon the roll at the present writing. Of these General John Bidwell, who arrived in California in 1841, Thomas Eager, who arrived in July, 1846, and Pierre B. Cornwall, who arrived in 1848, are the only ones still residing in California. One more of these early Pioneers has but just been laid away out in the western hills of San Francisco, after the longest continued residence in San Francisco of any man who was living last Christmas, the day of his death. This was Captain William F. Swasey. No name is more closely and honorably interwoven into early California history than his. His life was in itself a romance full of stirring adventure. The part that he played during the conquest in 1846, as a member of Frémont's staff, as the first United States Marshal of California, and in other like important capacities, added to the equally important service which he gave later on in the organization of civil government, his active military career during the war of the Rebellion, and his useful and honorable citizenship during more than half a century in California, would furnish material for an extended narrative in itself, full of interest and instructive as a lesson in self reliance and energetic exercise of physical and mental power. For true manliness, for independence of thought and action based always upon sincerity of conviction, he was a man, who, however widely one might differ with him in controversial matters, commanded the homage of respect. He was a man of such outspoken opinions at all times and upon all subjects, that he found many opponents arrayed against him in life, but in death no man

spoke of him save in honor. There are none, opponents or friends when living, who do not sincerely regret he has "passed over the divide," and that his genial and frank companionship will be known to them no more.

Willard B. Farwell.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE OF THE MARY ANN.



HE shaved the shivering bulks of wet,
And mounted merrily each she met.

So ho! for home!
Her sails, once white as the white gull's wing,
Were grimed with a touch of everything,
From Beloochistan to Rome.

In her hold she held the whole Orient,
Bought bit by precious bit as she went
'Twixt Cairo and Singapore.

She left a reek as of gums and spice
On the gale that gulped up all in a trice,
And hungered and howled for more.

Her men were soaked with the flying brine,
But they gave a cheer as she crossed the
Line.

So ho! for home!
For all the wide world and the wild wide
sea

I 've set my back, where it all drives me
With the cloud, the gull, and the foam!



Herbert Crombie Howe.



GOLD RUN MINING COMPANY.

MILLIONS IN GOLD.

SISKIYOU AND ITS WEALTH. II.—DESCRIPTIVE.



THE name California will ever suggest one thing, — gold, — even in the far distant day when the gold mines of Siskiyou and the last mining camp shall be but a tradition. California's fruit and flowers, her vast reaches of grain, her miles of foothills covered with greater herds of cattle and droves of horses than ever ranged over them before the coming of the Gringo, her perfect climate, and romantic history, will never obliterate the memory of her gold.

Today mining counties like Siskiyou are doing more for the State and the na-

tion, in their quiet, unostentatious way, than agricultural districts of twice their area and renown.

It is the gold of Siskiyou and her sister mining counties yearly poured into the markets of the world that causes all classes and all nationalities to turn toward California for relief.

Professor Charles A. Ogden, Ph. D., a well known authority on mining matters, has prepared the following sketch for this article :—

GOING north from Redding, into Siskiyou county, the topography of the country changes, growing more rugged and increasing in elevation, till the center of Siskiyou county is reached.

In the northern portion of the State of



TEN STAMP MILL, GOLD RUN MINING COMPANY.

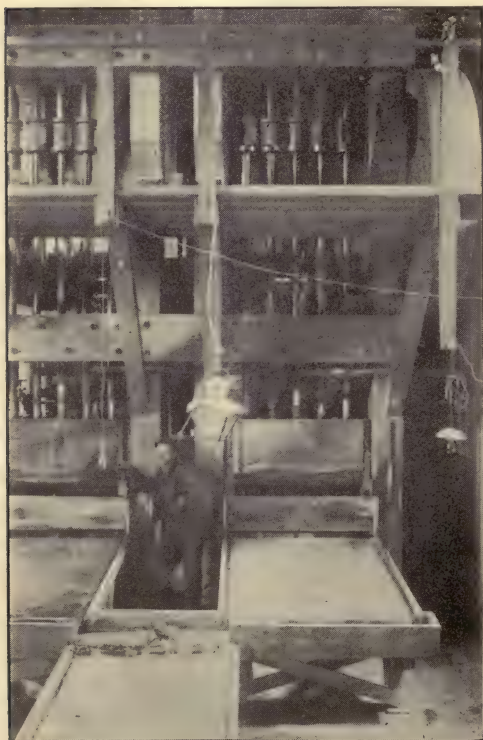
California the Sierra Nevada and Coast ranges intermingle, forming a mass of rugged mountains and peaks, with precipitous cañons emptying into narrow valleys.

That portion of the county situated to the east and north of Mount Shasta is

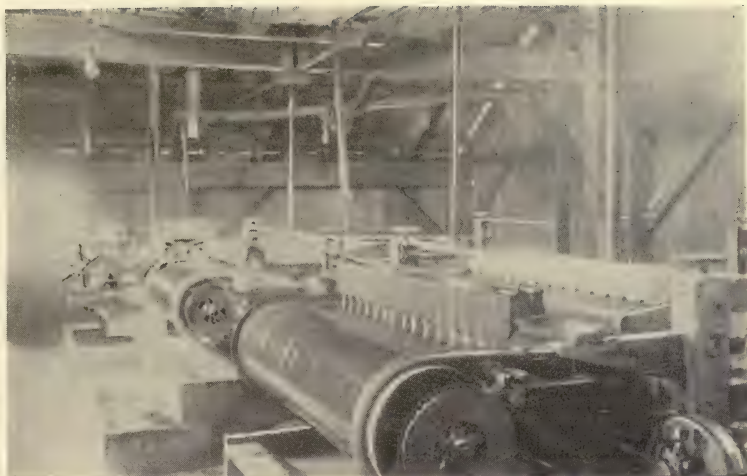
known as the Lava Bed district; here, the underlying metamorphic and granitic rocks are overlaid with immense beds of plutonic formations; these lavas were not only exuded from Mount Shasta and other peaks, but also from great fissures in the underlying formations. The erosions and denudations that have been taking place for ages since the cessation of the flow of lava has not yet exposed these vast fissures.

That portion of the county from a little east of Mount Shasta to its western and northwestern boundaries is composed of a series of high precipitous mountains and intervening valleys. The mountain chains have not a general course but trend in all directions, inclining more particularly to the north and east. The water courses, flowing westerly through the intervening valleys, have their main outlet to the ocean through the Klamath river. The cañons and mesas along the water sheds, are filled with the detritus from the denudations of the mountains, and the gravels resulting from the vast erosions contain immense values of the precious metals.

The central core of most of the mountain chains in the western portion of the county is composed of granitic rocks, flanked by what were at one time sedimentary deposits of clays, muds, and sands, but through the upheaval of the granites, the sedimentary deposits are now metamorphosed into slates, schists, sandstones, quartzites, and the like. These rocks, by shrinkage, contraction, and al-



INTERIOR OF MILL, GOLD RUN MINING COMPANY.



CONCENTRATORS OF THE GOLD RUN MINING COMPANY.

teration, are now pierced by dikes of diabase, diorite, and serpentine. At a later epoch, the mountains have again been intruded from below, through fissures, by porphyritic dikes. It is along these lines of fracture that the veins have been developed, from below, and have a more or less general trend along the mountain chain in which they are situated. As proven, the mineralized section embraces more than one half of the western half of the county.

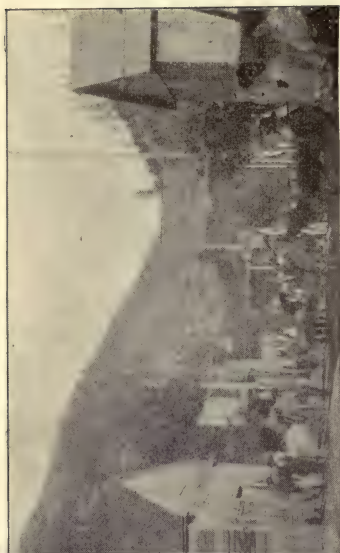
Isolated as the county was before the railroad entered, the amount of gold it had added to the world's wealth is astonish-

ing. This gold came from the extensive beds of auriferous sands and gravel and was extracted by hydraulic and shallow placer mining, and also by bench and river washing. The yield of the placers shows no increase, but rather a decline, but since the railroad has passed through the county the total yearly output has increased continuously because of the development of quartz mines.

The prospecting, locating, and development, of the Siskiyou mines are due mostly to home perseverance and industry, and very little to outside capital. It has been demonstrated and proven that the formations are favorable for mines, and that the values in the ores continue to be equally remunerative as depth is attained. As before said, this development has been done without the assistance of pumping and hoisting machinery, but with the aid of a few small, light arrastras and mills. It was for a time asserted that the minerals in the veins gave out at and below the water level, and gold could not exist below that point. But the deepest and most successful of the mines, such as Black Bear, Schroeder, Gold Run, and others, which are from three hundred to eight hundred feet below water, continue to be as rich as they were at the surface; the values now being in the larger percentage of concentrates, sulphurets, obtained. Most of the mines in which capital has invested, and which are economically and systematically worked in depth, are very remunerative.



A. DANNENBRINK,
MANAGER AND SUPERINTENDENT GOLD RUN MINING
COMPANY.



SAWYERS BAR.



The country in which the mines are situated has been cut up by faults, fissures, and eruptive dikes. In a number of mines and locations which I have particularly examined, where the fissure was filled by the vein there was a dike in close proximity, and one or both of the wall rocks was highly silicified from the arising mineral solutions. In many cases the vein followed the dike, the dike being one of the walls.

The wall rocks of the veins are similar in most cases to those of remunerative mines in other districts. The Black Bear and Gum Boot mines have slate walls; the Brown Bear and Sheffield are between slate and porphyry; the Schroder is between slate and diabase; the Klamath is in talcose slate; the Commodore is in porphyry; the Boyle and Nelson are in serpentine. Those that differ are the Jordan and Low Hill, which are in trap dikes with granite walls.

The Black Bear, Schroder, and Gold Run, have been continuously worked for a number of years, they have the greatest developments, and have produced the largest amounts of bullion, which aggregates millions. They also employ the greatest number of men. There are thirty odd other properties that have mills and arrastras, but most of them are small, old fashioned, expensive to run, and do not save all the free gold and the sulphurets. It would be a great advantage to the county to have two or three good custom mills that would work the ores economically to a high percentage.

In addition to the gold mines scattered through the western half of the county, there have been discovered veins holding both copper and silver in a quartz matrix, about three miles from Callahans. Cinnabar mines have also been found and partially developed in the north central part of the county. At one mine a ten ton furnace has been erected for its reduction, and several hundred feet of ground have been opened and stoped. On Horse creek, ten miles northwest of Oak Bar, cinnabar is found in the sluice boxes of the placer mines.

The only drawback in relation to vein-mining is the cost of transportation of heavy supplies from the railroad to the mines. Up to within a year or two the construction and improvement in roads



H. J. ELDREDGE & CO.

SAWYERS BAR.

HICKEY BROTHERS HOTEL.

has been slow ; but now energy is displayed, and money is being spent, to make all sections easily accessible by conveyance. The expense of carrying groceries and small packages is not excessive.

Mining and other requisite labor is as cheap here as in any portion of the State, and morally and intellectually the laborers are of a better class.



DR. A. C. HELM.



KLEIN GRAVEL MINE, SALMON RIVER.



HAWKINSVILLE.

Surrounding the mines are large and small farms, which as a rule are kept under as high a state of cultivation as circumstances permit. The effect is that

the necessities of life are as cheap as in any other portion of the State, having only a home market.

The high mountains of Siskiyou, having rugged outlines, are cut with deep and precipitous cañons, in nearly all of which are streams of water. The veins of mineral course nearly parallel with the trend of the mountains, and have a general pitch from nearly perpendicular, to not below forty-five degrees. Thus most of the mines can be worked through tunnels for an elevation of from two hundred in many places, up to six hundred feet before a deep working shaft is necessary.

The supply of water is ample, whether used directly or for generating electric power. This is of great economic advantage. It allows a saving in the first cost of heavy driving machinery and in its transportation and erection; and also a saving in the continuous expense of fuel to generate power.

The sides of the mountains are covered with grand forests of pine and other woods. Timber for mining and other purposes can be delivered at the mine at a nominal sum.

It seems to be the opinion of many that the country is inaccessible, a barren mass of rock without cultivation. Any part of the county is easy of access, much more



HARRIS BROTHERS' STAGE ON SALMON MOUNTAIN.

so than many of the southern counties. Most of the mountain chains are crossed by grades and roads, which are being constantly improved.

There are any number of mineral springs such as the Klamath, the Carbonated at Shovel Creek, Frey's Soda, Shasta, and others.

The Klamath hot springs have been a boon to thousands. The climate has life giving powers, and the mud baths have the power of eradicating all kind of humors from the blood and skin.

The Shasta mineral springs are well known, situated as they are along the line of the railroad. Thousands of bottles



of the various carbonated waters are shipped each week to distant points.

• The minerals and mines of the county as yet continue to be an unknown quantity, as time advances new sections are discovered and the continuity of the veins proven. Until four years ago, it might be said there were not over a dozen districts which were worth consideration of the honest miner. At this time the districts can be enumerated by the hundreds. The miners were, at first, loth to hunt for mines, because they were not on the Mother Lode, but the veins were staring them in the face, and even



then they had to stumble upon the discovery. Their cupidity was excited, and one discovery led to another, and is continuing to lead them on, with almost a certainty of finding their haven, a competency.

The men employed in and about the mines in the years 1893 and 1894, were 1,550, of which 460 were Chinese. In the years 1895 and 1896, there were 1,953, of which 484 were Chinese. The Chinese are engaged only in gravel mining, for themselves and not as employees. There were other men engaged, such as prospectors working on their own claims, how many it is impossible to find out as they were too scattered. The number of white men working in the placers has been decreasing year by year, yet the amount of labor going into vein mining is more than double that which leaves the placer and gravel mines.

The amount of bullion produced in the year 1894 was \$740,000; in 1895 it was \$950,000; in 1896 it ran far over the \$1,000,000 mark.

Of the gold taken out by the Chinese it is impossible to obtain any sort of data, if the amount could be known, it would greatly augment the county's output.

The resources of the county are almost



SCENES IN YREKA.



SIGMUND SIMON.

unlimited and it is coming to the front with rapid strides. Its gold production will soon reach \$2,000,000 a year. This grand county from the first has been one of constant turmoil and energy. It was the bulwark which held the Sierra back from its encroachment, leaving to man these charming valleys of which the State is proud. So it will continue to advance, reaching for perfection. The time is not distant when it will be the banner county for gold production.

R. L. DUNN, E. M., writes in the 11th annual report of the State Mineralogist:

The actual auriferous area of Siskiyou county is small; practically it is scattered over the western three-fifths of the county. There are only



CHARLES H. SIMON.

six quartz mining districts, three of which are generally termed the Salmon River district, but placers are widely scattered and cannot be so closely grouped. For convenience, however, the mining districts of the county may be named as follows: Salmon River district, including the quartz and placers of the entire Salmon river drainage system; Callahan's Ranch, being the placers of the South fork of Scott river; Quartz Valley, the quartz and placers of the valley of that name in the northwestern corner of Scott valley; Scott Bar, placers and quartz of the Scott river from where Mill creek joins it to its junction with the Klamath river; Klamath River, being the placers in the cañon of the river from Cottonwood creek to where the Salmon river comes in, including many old districts, unimportant now; Humbug Creek, the quartz mines on the several branches of Humbug creek east of Old Baldy summit; Deadwood, the quartz mines on the opposite slope of Old Baldy, and the placers of Indian and McAdams creeks, tributaries of Scott river head-



ARTHUR SIMON.

ing in Old Baldy; Hungry Creek, quartz mines on that stream and on the headwaters of Cottonwood creek; Yreka, the quartz mines and placers near the city of Hawkinsville; and Henley, which might more properly be termed Blue Gravel.

The largest of these districts, it will be noted, is that in extremely rough region drained by the Salmon river. It has to be a mining district if anything, for there is hardly level space in it for a potato patch, and its supplies come from outside. Only within a few years has a wagon road been built from Etna in Scott valley to Sawyer's Bar, its largest town. Mr. Dunn says that before that time it had



WING DAM MINING, KLAMATH RIVER.

“been a district so isolated that many children have grown up in it to manhood who have never seen a wagon or carriage.”

But this district contains a large population because of its wealth in placer and quartz mines. The streams, both forks of the Salmon, Eddy's creek, and others, are all rich in placers, and this kind of mining is on the increase there, unlike almost any other part of California, with many good claims still untouched. The

Black Bear, Gold Run, Gold Ball, Know-nothing, Ampback, Uncle Sam, Fagundes, Golden & Eveleth, and other quartz mines already developed, some of them the richest in the county, show the possibilities of the Salmon River district in that kind of mining when capital and labor have been properly applied to its development.

Of the ancient Blue Lead of northern California, Mr. C. B. Jillson writes as follows:—



QUARTZ HILL MINE, SCOTT BAR.



WILLIAM PORTER BENNETT.

Having had many years of experience in hydraulic and drift mining in Sierra and Nevada counties, I was in 1888 called to examine a hydraulic property situated on Beaver creek in Siskiyou county. The evidence of early rich pla-

cers, at Hornbrook, on the line of the California and Oregon railroad, also the auriferous deposits of Henley and vicinity, confirmed my opinion, that they had been made by erosion from an ancient river or glacial system. From the topography of the country I traced its crossing of Cottonwood creek, Rancheria creek, Rocky gulch, Kanaka gulch, Rancheria gulch, Klamath river, Yreka, and at points between the latter place and Big Butte creek, Butte county, where it emerges into the Sacramento valley. At Henley, I learned that the Klamath river, at the intersection of the crossing of this ancient system, was very rich, having paid as much as two thousand dollars to a single pan. Rancheria gulch, Kanaka gulch, Rocky gulch, Rancheria creek and Cottonwood creek were all rich. Rocky gulch alone had paid more than a million of dollars. The other gulches were proportionately rich, according to the depth they had cut into the ancient system. Once away from the influence of this ancient deposit, either in the river, or elsewhere, no prospect could be obtained.

I therefore made my locations in accordance with this idea as to where the lead should be, named one of them the Blue Gravel Mine, and began exploiting by a series of tunnels, from which I obtained very satisfactory results. The gold is coarse, and in character and fineness very similar to the gold of the ancient river channels of Sierra, Nevada, and other counties. The Black Jack Mining Company, to the north and adjoining the Blue Gravel, have demonstrated that they have a large amount of gravel that will pay from three dollars to five dollars per ton, mill process. From the explorations and developments made in the vicinity of Henley and Yreka, it is evident that there are untold millions of



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND FLUME BRIDGE OF W. P. BENNETT, FORKS OF SALMON.



FORKS OF SALMON.

hidden treasure in this ancient deposit, which must in the near future add greatly to the wealth of Siskiyou county and the world.

Oro Fino, in the Scott Valley, was among the earliest of Siskiyou's placer mining camps. In the early fifties when ten dollars a day to the man was the lowest limit for good diggings, there were upwards of five hundred men in these mines. This early working was confined to the shallow ground. Lower in the valley, it was found later, the auriferous ancient channels coursed. Where drifting was possible in these channels, twenty-five

dollars to a set of timbers was the average pay, while a great deal of the valuable deposits was missed. About ten years ago the system of hydraulic elevators was introduced, with gratifying results to the projectors. The Wright & Fletcher claim and the Eastlick Brothers claim, which are at present the leading mines in the camp, are worked by this process. Some idea of the richness of these claims can be formed from the fact that the records of dust purchased from them by one man alone shows a realization of \$387,000 to the owners, and this



FORKS OF SALMON, LOOKING UP THE NORTH FORK.



PACK TRAIN OF W. P. BENNETT, FORKS OF SALMON.

too where the water supply limits the working period to about ninety days of each year.

The mountains from whence Oro Fino valley descends abound in gold-bearing quartz ledges, the gulches from them are without exception rich in placer deposits, and there is every indication that these deposits and the auriferous channels extend through the valley below. Water and other facilities readily available to energy and capital are all that seem required to uncover unlimited wealth. Here is not to be encountered the anti-debris incubus. There are no navigable streams in Siskiyou county.

Descriptions of a few representative mines will follow this article, which can deal only in a general way with this great-

est industry of Siskiyou. There are some two thousand miners in the county, and nearly all of them, about four-fifths, own the mines they work. There has been no mining boom in the county,—no effort to induce outside capital to enter its borders. The people have come to a firm belief that it is better to take the time necessary to develop the mines with their



FORKS CLAIM, W. P. BENNETT PROPERTY, FORKS OF SALMON

own capital and thus to retain the whole result in the community than to take it out much faster at the expense of sending most of it away as dividends to outside owners. For that reason the prosperity of the county is solid and the four hundred or more stamps that are always employed in crushing out Siskiyou gold are



COUNTY TRAIL BRIDGE, FORKS OF SALMON.



BENNETT FLUME BRIDGE, FORKS OF SALMON.

working almost solely for the benefit of Siskiyou people. The mines range from the big ones already mentioned, which have paid their millions apiece, down to the little claims owned by sturdy relics of '49, each of which brings its owner a hundred or two hundred dollars for his summer's work, enough to enable him to hibernate in comfort through the rest of the year.

The portion of Siskiyou county seen by the passing traveler on the line between California and Oregon is likely to make a permanent impression on him. The varied beauty and surpassing grandeur of its scenery is to be equaled by few sections of the continent. Beyond the beautiful Castle Crag, on the extreme northern border of Shasta county, the first stopping place of note in Siskiyou is Duns-muir, a pretty town of 600 inhabitants, nestled among the Coast range of mountains at an elevation of 2300 feet. It is really the keystone of the arch of summer resorts of the Upper Sacramento cañon. No other town in the State has so many pleasure resorts near by. To show how conveniently placed it is for the tourist we give the table of distances to resorts, some of them world famous:—

Upper Soda Springs	¾ miles
Shasta Retreat	1½ miles
Mossbrae, Hedge Creek, Falls.....	2 miles
Shasta Mineral Springs	3 miles
Big Springs (source of Sac'to River) ..	10 miles
Mount Shasta	15 miles
Castle Lakes	10 miles
Poison Springs.....	2½ miles
Castle Crag Tavern	4 miles

By 1850 placer mining was carried on at Soda creek, five miles east of Duns-muir, but when gold was discovered at Yreka, in 1851, the miners at Soda creek left for that place, and Soda creek was abandoned. Mining has never been re-



BENNETT'S CHINA CLAIM, SHOWING BED ROCK CUT AND BOXES IN PLACE.



PLACER MINING AT FORKS OF SALMON' BENNETT'S CPAPO NO. 2.

sumed, save by an occasional prospector. Early in the spring of 1854 Ross McCloud, a surveyor and miner, with a party from Shasta county came to what is now known as Upper Soda springs, settled on a squatter's right, and built a camp and corral to accommodate the pack trains that traveled from Redding to Yreka. These trains were owned by Jerome Churchill of Yreka, now one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Siskiyou county. Several years later Uncle Dick Manon, one of the characters of the early times, purchased the property from Ross McCloud and built part of the present

hotel. The first post office was established here and named Manon. A family named Hedge settled at the creek above and gave their name to the creek and falls. The Indians that inhabited this section were a part of the Wintoon nation and were at all times a peaceable sub-tribe. The Poison springs, which are located about a mile up the creek from the county road, were held in superstitious awe by them. The Indians had left this part of the country for several years when the Sub-Chief Towawdollay returned, built a cabin and log barn, and cultivated the ground.



PLACER MINING, FORKS OF SALMON—SHOWING GIANT AT WORK AND OVERSHOT WHEEL.



HORN CLAIM, W. P. BENNETT PROPERTY, FORKS OF SALMON.

What is now known as Dunsmuir was first called Pusher,—this from the fact that the railway grade begins here, and a pusher is put on to help the trains over the 116 feet to the mile. The side track one mile south was called Dunsmuir. The round house and machine shops were located at Pusher, and that brought all the people from Dunsmuir and also the name of the town,—which was for Robert Dunsmuir of Victoria, B. C., who presented the town with a handsome foun-

tain situated in the railroad reservation. The first hotel and store was erected in 1886 by M. M. Brown, who did quite a business and took gold dust in exchange for goods. The railway division headquarters are the main support of Dunsmuir. More than one hundred thousand dollars yearly is paid out by the company. The town has a six thousand dollar school house, three teachers, a Chautauqua circle, three churches, electric light works, and good water and sewer systems.



ELOOMER CLAIM, W. P. BENNETT PROPERTY, FORKS OF SALMON.



BLOOMER CLAIM, SHOWING BED ROCK TUNNELS, W. P. BENNETT PROPERTY, FORKS OF SALMON.

The Sacramento by the time Dunsmuir is reached has ceased to be the placid tule-bordered stream of its lower course, and travels and hurries over its rocky bed in beautiful cascades and ever changing rapids. The hills on either side are covered with sugar pines above and beautiful shrubbery and ferns down by the stream. The Mossbrae falls are in full view from the car windows in all their unique beauty.

The train pauses at the noted Soda

Springs long enough for each passenger to take a deep draught of the sparkling water, gushing up in the midst of most delightful surroundings. No wonder this region has become the resort to which hundreds of campers go every year, and having gone once, return again and again, spoiled by its charms for the enjoyment of any other camping ground.

Soon the train reaches Sisson, famous with more than a national reputation for being the starting place for parties at-



CRAPO CLAIM NO. 1. GIANT AT WORK. W. P. BENNETT PROPERTY, FORKS OF SALMON.



CRAFO CLAIM, LOOKING DOWN THE SALMON RIVER. W. P. BENNETT PROPERTY.

tempting the ascent of Mount Shasta, and for its hospitable tavern. The view of Shasta here is one of unspeakable grandeur. The snow-clad peak rises fourteen thousand feet into upper air, unobscured by neighboring peaks or high foothills,—lonely, splendid, awful. The pink flush of dawn halos it or the crimson of the afterglow at sunset shines full on its face with a glory never to be forgotten.

The town is, next to Yreka, the largest in the county and is becoming the center of an important lumbering industry. The great sugar pines that makes the hills around shaggy bow to the service of man. Sisson is also the supply point for the important agricultural region of Shasta valley. This valley and Scott valley, over the range to the westward, are the two largest bodies of arable land in the county, though many a little flat on the Klamath and other rivers is used for local agriculture.

The representative paper of the Mount Shasta section is the *Mirror*, published weekly at Sisson. The local enterprises of the region, notably the lumbering interests and the life of the popular summer resorts, find creditable reflection in its columns. The publishers, George W. Rogers and Charles E. Wolcott, are both young men, but have several years of newspaper experience and impart a distinguishing quality to their publication.

The principal farming interest of Siskiyou is coming to be its stock-raising, which has largely increased in the last few years. Hogs, too, are a growing product, and Siskiyou hams are preferred in the markets of California and Oregon, especially in Portland.

Alfalfa is very productive. Three and often four crops in a year are obtained and that without irrigation. Indeed irrigation seems to be rather a detriment than an advantage, as the low, wet places do not yield so well as some of the unpromising looking uplands. As Major Myers put it, "Tracts that you would not think a killdeer could live on will raise alfalfa without irrigation."



RIVER BED MINING, SALMON RIVER, NEAR SAWYERS BAR.
DOSCHER & COMPANY



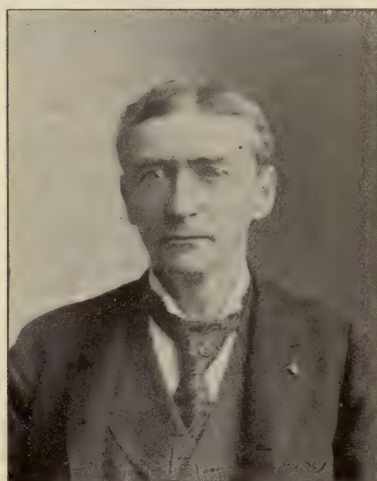
JAMES CAMP.



HON. A. B. CARLOCK.



ROBERT NIXON.



MAJOR ANDREW G. MYERS.



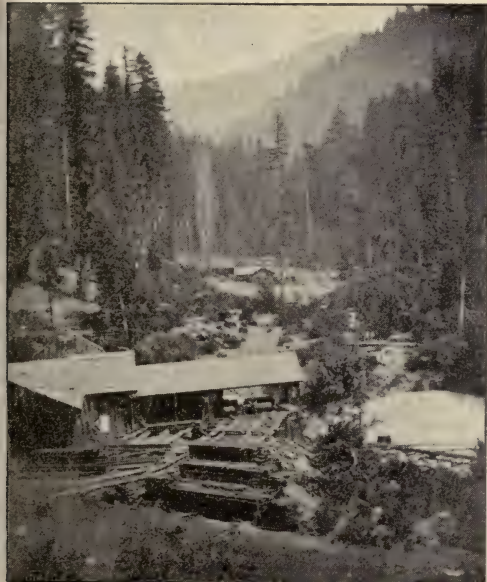
ARCHIBALD S. MACIELLAN.



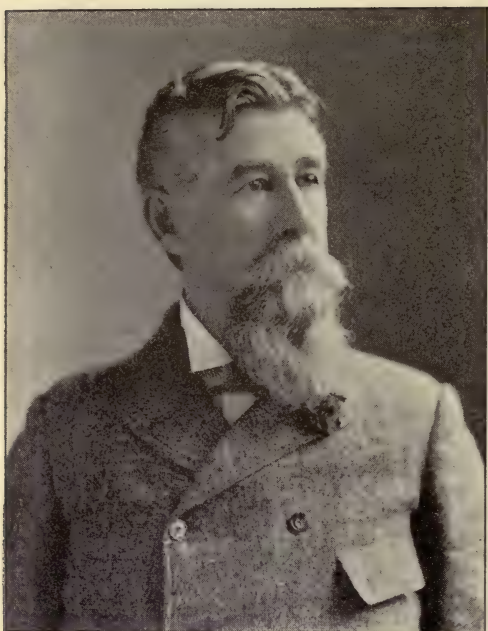
C. B. TILLSON.



STAMP MILL, BLACK BEAR GOLD QUARTZ MINE.



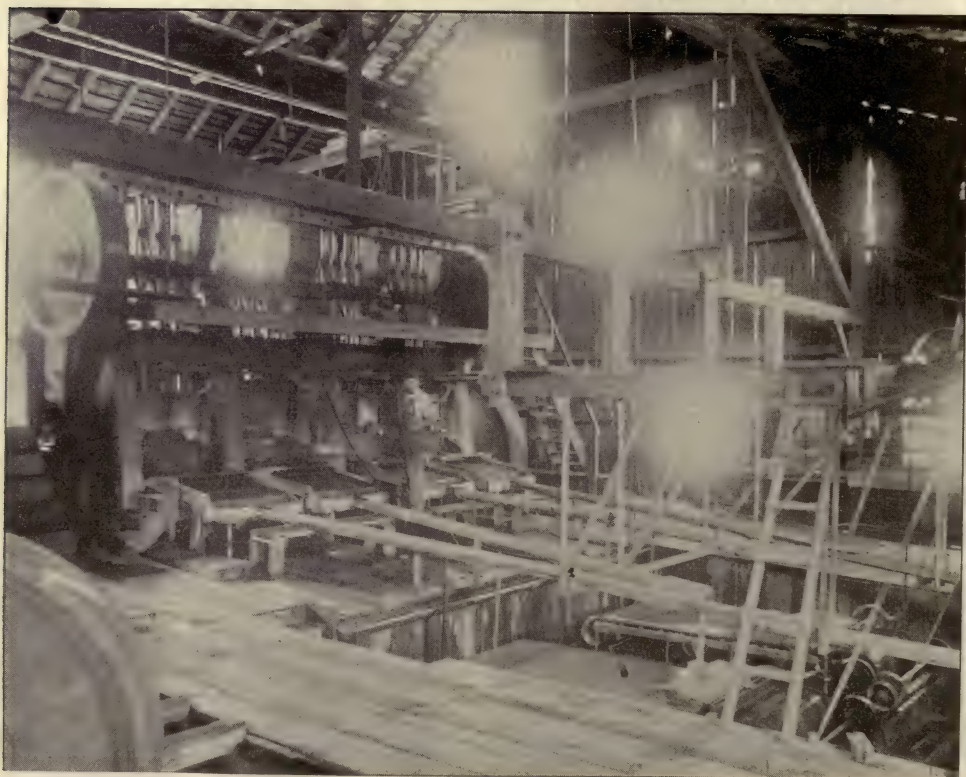
SCENES AT BLACK BEAR GOLD QUARTZ MINE.



EX-LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR JOHN DAGGETT.



STAMPS AT WORK, BLACK BEAR MILL.



INTERIOR BLACK BEAR MILL.



BLACK BEAR.

The deciduous fruits of Siskiyou are noted all over the United States. The firm, full-flavored apples, the pears, especially Bartletts, the plums, peaches, and similar fruits, attain their greatest perfection in the high-lying valleys of this mountain county. The miners furnish a large and growing home-market for the products of the farms, and the hand of hard times has never touched the ranches of Siskiyou.

To resume the journey interrupted by this digression on agriculture: after leaving Sisson the train goes on in full sight of the great dome of Shasta for several hours, amid a country gradually growing more rugged. At Montague we find a flourishing little town, the outlet of the little Shasta valley, the northerly extension of the farming region before mentioned, and the junction of the branch road to Yreka, spoken of in the January



AS SEEN ON THE TRAIL TO BLACK BEAR.



NEW COUNTY COURT HOUSE, YREKA.

article. Montague also possesses a fine flouring mill.

Continuing over the line of the railroad, the train soon passes over the divide into the valley of the Klamath, where again lumbering interests are prominent.

There are ten billions of feet of timber tributary to the Klamath river. While it is perfectly practicable to drive logs down

the Klamath to the sea, at present the most feasible outlet for this timber is over the Southern Pacific railroad. At the point where this railroad crosses the Klamath river the Klamath River Lumber Company have located their lumber mills, and around them has grown the town of Pokegama.

The Klamath River Lumber Company



Photo by J. P. Churchill.

ON THE GREENHORN MOUNTAIN ROAD.



ERNO MINE, QUARTZ VALLEY.

was organized by Portland and Milwaukee capitalists in 1889, but soon passed into the hands of J. R. Cook, a veteran lumberman of Michigan. Mr. Cook's first care was to secure timber lands, and he now controls about one billion feet of timber, including the Jenny Creek tract,

than which there is no finer timber on the Coast. Extensive improvements were immediately started. A railroad was constructed from the timber to the river; a log chute, half a mile long, was built to carry the logs from the plateau, on which the timber stands, to the river, five hun-



JAMES F. FARRAHER.



ROBERT J. NIXON.



popular local fallacy that logs will not float: during the four years that yellow and sugar pine have been handled the percentage of loss has been no greater than with the white pine of the East. The mill has a capacity of sixty thousand feet per day, running one band mill; and plans are making to double this during the



BUILDINGS IN YREKA.

dred feet below. The river itself was extensively improved to facilitate driving, and finally a saw mill and planing mill, both modern in every detail, were built at Pokegama.

The land on which the timber stands being level, the company uses big wheels for hauling the logs to their railroad, by their use making it possible to haul seventy thousand with four horses in one day. The logs are carried over a railroad seven miles to the chute; over the chute they travel to the river half a mile in from fifteen to thirty seconds. From the foot of the chute the logs are floated twenty-one miles to the saw-mill. The river is available at all stages of water. The scale sheets of the company have exploded the

next season. While manufacturing mountain pine, this company's mills are so situated in the valley that they can saw twelve months out of the year.

The town of Pokegama now depends upon the lumbering interests connected with the company mentioned and the



WRIGHT AND FLETCHER AND EASTLICK BROTHERS PLACER MINING CLAIMS, ORO FINO.



WRIGHT AND FLETCHER AND EASTLICK PLACER MINING CLAIMS, ORO FINO.

Pioneer Box Company, but it has a flattering outlook for the future. It is the natural distributing point from the railroad both up and down the river, as by following the river roads all heavy grades are avoided. As a manufacturing center, it has the advantage of the untold power

of the Klamath, only waiting to be converted into electricity.

Beyond Pokegama is the thriving little town of Hornbrook, a center of the stock-raising region on the southern slopes of the Siskiyou mountains.

Steep grades now and some remarkable



JAMES H. WADSWORTH.



WRIGHT AND FLETCHER AND EASTLICK PLACER MINING CLAIMS, ORO FINO.



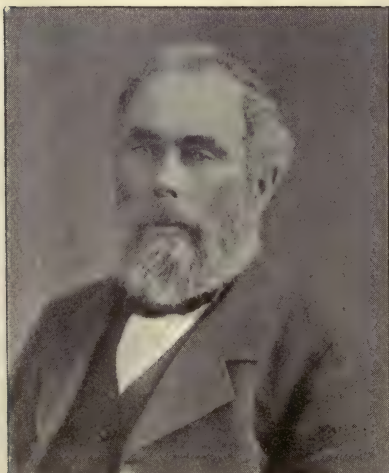
HAPPY CAMP, HOME OF MARTIN CUDDIHY.

engineering ; for the mountains are to be climbed, and the summit is not reached until the road has run into the State of Oregon. The ride through Siskiyou is one that is memorable in any journey, no matter what wonders may afterward be seen.

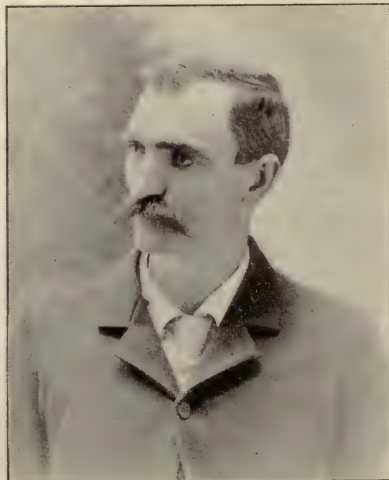
Besides the towns spoken of in the rapid trip across the county several more must each have its paragraph in a description of Siskiyou.

Fort Jones is a thriving town of about

five hundred inhabitants located at the northeast end of Scott valley. It is eighteen miles by stage from Yreka and is the main supply point for Scott valley farmers. The town is prettily built along its main street and the buildings are in many cases of brick. The development of the mines of Oro Fino, Quartz valley, and neighboring districts promises to make Fort Jones a more important point of supply in the near future. A railroad has been talked of from Yreka. The most important industry in the town itself is a



MARTIN CUDDIHY.



JOHN W. HARRIS, SUPERINTENDENT SISKIYOU MINING COMPANY, KLAMATH RIVER.



AT THE BUNKER HILL MINE, KLAMATH RIVER.



HIGH TRESTLE, FLUME OF THE BUNKER HILL MINE, KLAMATH RIVER.

large flour mill. Fort Jones is lighted by electricity, and is notable for its beautiful homes, and its schools and churches.

Etna, formerly Etna Mills, is the supply point for the Salmon River mines. The town has about five hundred inhabitants. Freighting is carried on from Gazelle on the railroad to Etna by way of Callahan's Ranch. The pack trains for Forks of Salmon and the quartz mines in that district leave from Etna, as do also freight teams for Sawyer's Bar, which is the end of the wagon road. Should this wagon road be continued down the Salmon to the Forks of Salmon, a thing much to be hoped for, it would be of great benefit not only to Etna but to Sawyer's Bar, and would open up a great country for both quartz and placer mining, which is now practically undeveloped because of the cost of getting in machinery and supplies.

The town of Sawyer's Bar, as may be seen from the illustration, is prettily located on Salmon river and is the terminus of the wagon road from Etna. The placer mines about here have produced much gold in the past, and with the in-

vestment of capital to bring water on the high bars will produce much more. It is the supply point for all of the small placer miners scattered all down the river, and the prospectors and quartz miners in the hills. From Sawyer's Bar a wagon road has been built by Hon. John Daggett up Eddy's gulch and on to Black Bear, about nine miles. It has done much toward the development of small quartz properties in that district. The acceptance of this road by the county is now before the supervisors and it is earnestly hoped it will be accepted. The question of building a wagon road from Sawyer's Bar to Forks of Salmon is also under discussion. This road would open many mines that are not worked, owing to excessive charges for packing. It would mean much also to Sawyer's Bar, as it is the natural station between Etna and the Forks. The building of the road would help the county generally, as much merchandise is now brought in from Humboldt county during certain seasons. Sawyer's Bar has two hotels, several general merchandise stores, and other creditable buildings.

The thriving little town of Scott Bar

has been in existence since 1850. Here the miner of the Klamath and Scott rivers, Mill creek, and the surrounding country transacts his business. Every day the visitor may see a line of teams and saddle horses hitched along the main street. Night comes and Scott Bar settles down to a sleepy little place. A great deal of gold has been taken from the bars hereabouts and yet the half has not been found. Adjoining the town are many gravel claims which are worked today, and with

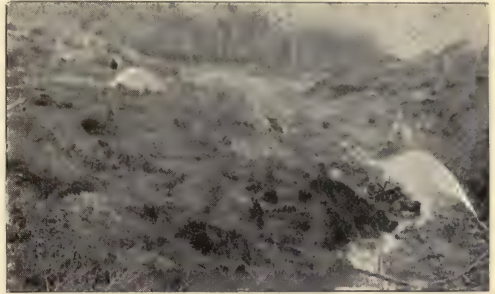
northern California county. That part of the State comes more slowly into prominence than the patent glories of the south, because it requires more labor to bring its rugged forces to the use of civilization. But all the more surely the



GEORGE H. VOGAN.

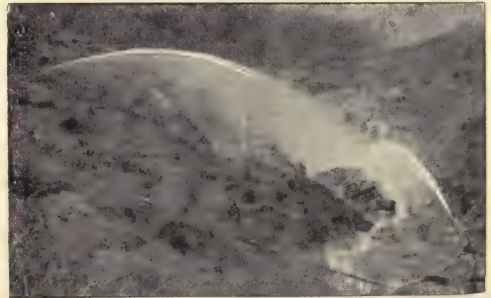
improved mining facilities, Scott Bar may again become the lively mining camp of the fifties. In addition to the placer mining some very good quartz ledges have recently been discovered, among these the rich Gum Boot and the Columbia, which has a ten stamp mill.

Thus the county has been traversed and described in broad lines and in a few details. It would take a series of volumes rather than a short article or two, to tell all the interesting things about this



CLASSIC HILL MINE, NEAR HAPPY CAMP.

prominence will come and will come to stay. The people of Siskiyou realize this, and in firm belief in the resources of their chosen home, they seek to bring to their borders no throng of Eastern tourists, no flow of foreign capital. They can take



GIANTS AT WORK, CLASSIC HILL MINE.

care of themselves, and welcome among them only such as they, people who will make homes, develop the country, and become, more even than its millions in gold, the wealth of Siskiyou.

S. G. Wilson.

NOTES ON THE PROMINENT MEN AND MINES OF SISKIYOU.

We supplement Mr. Wilson's article by giving definite examples of the energetic men, and flourishing mines of Siskiyou.—ED. OVERLAND.

JOHN DAGGETT was born in Newark, Wayne county, New York, May 9th, 1833. At the age of nineteen he came to California with his older brother, who established the Marysville Foundry. He mined first on the South Fork of the American river, then at San Andreas, Calaveras

county, and subsequently on the Mokelumne river. Reports of rich diggings on the Salmon river in what was then Klamath county in the spring of 1854, sent him to Sawyer's Bar, where he engaged in mining and blacksmithing by turns. He spent the winter and summer of 1857 in Cot-



FOUR FOOT VEIN. EIGHTEEN DOLLAR ORE.—MYERS' MINE.



QUARTZ IN BREAST OF DRIFT.—MYERS' MINE.

tonwood, Siskiyou county, but returned to Salmon river in the fall and made that place his home.

In the fall of 1858 he was elected to the Assembly from Klamath and Del Norte. He was returned again for the session of 1860, but the discovery of gold quartz in the spring of that year lured him from the field of politics and he was at the head of a company that constructed the first quartz mill operated in the Salmon River region. In 1862 he became an owner in the Black Bear mine, but not content with its unbusinesslike management, sold out and went to Nevada in 1864, engaging in the superintendence of silver mines and mills at Aurora. His faith in the value of the Black Bear induced him to return to his former haunts, and in 1865 he joined with J. D. Coughlin and John S. Reed in the purchase of that property, which justified his judgment and became one of the historic mines of the State.

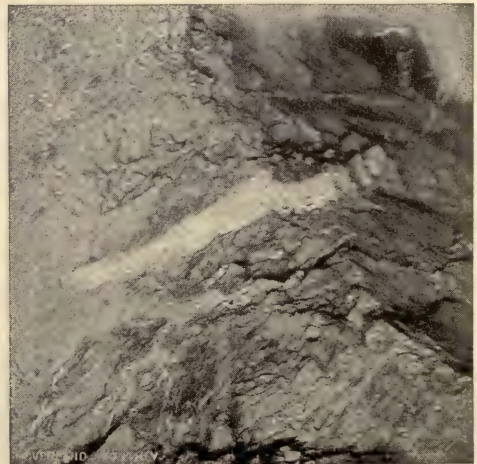
After the sale of the mine Mr. Daggett ex-

pende a large sum in the construction of a ditch in El Dorado, but later returned to the mines of Salmon. In the meantime Klamath county had been divided, a portion being given to Humboldt and the Salmon River region attached to Siskiyou, and Mr. Daggett was elected to the Assembly from that county and Modoc in 1880, serving a regular and extra session with great credit. His defeat of the gerrymandering apportionment bill with an opposition majority to overcome, led to his nomination and election as Lieutenant Governor in 1882, and he presided over the Senate during two regular and two extra sessions which were turbulent and exciting because of a mass of important legislation and the fact that the body was evenly divided. This required many casting votes, which were given with a courage and dignity that always attended his actions.

During this period from 1882 to 1885 he was largely interested in silver mining in Calico, San Bernardino county, and personally superintended



END OF THREE HUNDRED FOOT TUNNEL.—MYERS' MINE.



EIGHTEEN INCH VEIN AND STRINGER.—MYERS' MINE.

the properties while not engaged in legislative duties.

In the spring of 1885 he obtained a controlling interest in the Black Bear mine, of which his son is at present superintendent.

Upon the establishment of the California World's Fair Commission in 1891 Governor Markham appointed Governor Daggett a member of that body from the 1st Congressional district, and he served with his usual ability and has as an evidence of his zeal the beautiful display of California woods now in the Golden Gate Park museum. On the 18th of May, 1893, President Cleveland appointed him Superintendent of the United States Mint in San Francisco, which position he now occupies. To that institution he brought a ripe business knowledge and a fearless sense of duty, and his record shows the most economical administration in the history of the mint.

Governor Daggett is the sole owner of the Evening Star and Central mines with four-stamp mill upon the head of Eddy's gulch, and has expended quite a large sum of money in the development work. He has great faith in the future of that property and proposes to equip it with a larger plant. He is also the promoter and one of the largest owners of the Santa Rosalia gold mine in Sonora, Mexico, a dividend paying property.

THE Black Bear gold quartz mine, situated at the head of Black Bear creek, a tributary of the South Fork of Salmon river, was discovered in 1860. Some ore crushed in an arrastra showed its value, and during the subsequent year considerable progress was made in development by a company composed of a large number of men, who constructed two water power arrastras. That reducing process was found to be too slow and unprofitable, and in 1862 a twelve stamp mill was erected, and work continued with variable results until 1863. Then the property passed into the hands of Messrs. John Daggett, John D. Coughlin, and John S. Reed, who by personal supervision and economical business and mining methods, succeeded in placing the property upon a profitable footing.

From 1865 to 1872 a considerable sum in dividends was paid, and a large amount of improvements and development work effected. In 1872 a company of San Francisco capitalists purchased the property, increased the capacity of the mill to thirty-two stamps, and made other extensive improvements, including a shaft six hundred feet deep. In a few years nearly one million dollars in dividends were paid besides a large sum of money for labor and supplies.

In 1884, through several changes in the superintendents and the resulting want of information, the ore chutes were lost and the property shrank in value. At this time Hon. John Daggett, who had been familiar with the mine since it first came to light, purchased a large controlling interest in it, and proceeded to develop ore in such quantities that the mine is certain to take its place among the noted mines of the State. Self-feeders and Triumph concentrators have been placed in the mill, which is run by a Dodd water wheel with 260 feet of pressure. A tramway of two miles with gravitation inclines has been so

constructed that the ore is transported from mine to mill at a minimum cost.

All of this work has been accomplished by ore developed above the adit level, and arrangements are being perfected to open up the mine below, where there are known to be large bodies of ore that by the present improved and cheapened process of working, can be profitably worked.

A good wagon road has lately been constructed connecting Black Bear with Scott valley at Etna, thus affording lessened freight rates.

THE extensive gold mountain known as the Quartz Hill property at Scott Bar, has just been examined by a party of mining experts, who have carefully investigated its value and merit and pronounced it one of the most extensive, if not the largest mountain of gold bearing quartz in California. It is favorably located for working on a large scale, as the water power in connection with it makes the reduction very cheap. At least eighty stamps should be erected to begin crushing, and the mountain will supply two hundred stamps for fifty years and longer. M. F. Campbell, who was one of the party of experts that last season examined this mountain, has accompanied this last party as one of the experts. He finds the crosscut being run into the mountain shows new reserves and he feels highly pleased with the results. The Quartz Hill property has produced from the surface since 1851, several millions of dollars in gold. Siskiyou county can claim in Quartz Hill, one of the most valuable properties in California. Mr. M. F. Campbell will be in charge as Manager and Superintendent.

DOCTOR ASBURY C. HELM, of Sawyer's Bar, one of the most prominent of Siskiyou's physicians and surgeons, was born in St. Louis, March 3d, 1845, but at an early age he removed to New York. In 1863 he went to Salem, Oregon, where he studied medicine until 1869, and then returned to New York city and graduated from Bellevue Hospital in 1871. He returned to Oregon and practiced in Salem and The Dalles. In 1892 Doctor Helm came to Siskiyou and settled at Sawyer's Bar. He enjoys the confidence of the people of the entire western section of the county, and is retained by all of the large mining companies. Doctor Helm is interested in mines and the development of the county, in fact it is probable that he settled in Sawyer's Bar because of large interests acquired in that section before he removed from Oregon.

JAS. F. FARRAHER, a leading lawyer of Siskiyou, was born April 7th, 1863, on a farm in the county, where he remained until fifteen years of age. Then he took a clerkship in a store in Yreka. At eighteen he went to St. Mary's College in San Francisco for a fifteen months' course, after which he studied law and was admitted to the bar in May, 1886. Since that time he has been engaged in the practice of law at Yreka, and has built up a very large business.

HON. A. B. CARLOCK, of Fort Jones, arrived in California in 1852, and at the age of nineteen he engaged in mining on the Trinity river. In 1853 he started a fast train, and soon saved enough money to open a store at Deadwood, Siskiyou, in 1856. In 1860 he sold this business

and removed to Fort Jones, where he remained and engaged in mercantile pursuits until 1876, when once more he disposed of his interest and gave his exclusive attention to the banking and express business. Mr. Carlock was elected to the State Senate on the Republican ticket, and served his constituents faithfully as chairman of the Committee on Fish and Game, member of the Claims, Contingent Expenses and Mileage, Engrossed Bills, Finance, Labor and Capital, and Roads and Highways committees. He was postmaster over twenty years, manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company's office for twenty years, and agent of Wells, Fargo and Company's Express for over thirty years. Mr. Carlock still continues in the banking business, and enjoys the respect and good will of the people of the county.

ONE of the best known in the county is Martin Cuddihy, of Happy Camp. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, November 9, 1832, arrived in New Orleans during 1848, and for four years was employed on the Mississippi river steamers. In 1852 he crossed the plains to Oregon, where he engaged in the hotel business, and two years later went to Happy Camp, in Siskiyou. Here he engaged in mining, and was successful. In 1860 he bought the hotel and merchandise business of Henry Doolittle, and continued these until 1877, when he sold the merchandise business to Horace Gasquet.

Mr. Cuddihy acquired a great deal of property in Happy Camp in 1888, which he still retains. He is the friend of the miner, and many of them owe their successes to him. Always an open-handed and genial host, his hostelry, the "Young American," at Happy Camp, is celebrated all over the county for its excellence.

ANDREW G. MYERS, of Fort Jones, was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1838. He came to California in 1859, but rumors of war caused his return to Washington City. In 1881 he enlisted as a private in the United States Cavalry, and shortly after was appointed paymaster by President Lincoln, with the rank of Major. At the close of the Rebellion he resigned. In 1890, Major Myers returned to California and engaged in mining. He is interested in several mining properties in Siskiyou county, one of which, the Myers Mine, is quite a large producer. The last mill run of fifty tons netted \$2,460. The mine is developed by several hundred feet of tunnels. It employs about twenty-five men and has a ten-stamp mill. Major Myers is also interested in timber tracts and stone quarries. He is an enthusiastic believer in the future of Siskiyou and is an energetic advertiser of its many resources and advantages.

THE Bunker Hill placer mine is located on the Klamath river seventeen miles below Happy Camp, and contains about three hundred acres of mining ground. It is what is known as old high channel, and varies in altitude from one hundred to five hundred feet above the present bed of the stream. The property has been worked for a number of years, and has produced a large amount of gold. Under the former owner, a Mr. Temple, the output was regularly

150 ounces per month, and the largest month's run ever made was 299 ounces. Somewhat over a year ago the property passed into the hands of San Francisco parties, who by the legitimate expenditure of money put the property into better shape than it had ever been. The building of some six miles of flume and ditch, carrying two thousand inches of water has furnished an ample supply and pressure of water. The pressure is 350 feet. The gravel is fine, with but few large boulders, hence no derrick is necessary. The dumping ground is excellent, because of the height of the old channel from the present river bed, and the absence of any arable lands in the vicinity. The height of the gravel bank is from 50 to 150 feet. The water right is one of the best in the county. In addition to the supply obtained from side gulch streams, the main ditch connects with a natural lake in the mountains at an elevation of six thousand feet with an area of over one square mile and a depth of ninety feet. The general character of the gold from this mine is what is known as "cucumber seed," but at times it changes to very coarse gold. The hydraulicking at present is being done with a Number Three Giant, four and one half inch nozzle, and as soon as the bank is opened up enough others will be added. The property has been recently incorporated, and the stock in the company is all held by San Francisco parties. The active management is intrusted to Mr. A. J. Hughes, the competent and conservative superintendent, and it is safe to predict that the old Bunker Hill will not only equal its production of some years ago, but so far exceed it, that it may come to rank as first in the great placer producers of the country.

A MAN prominently identified for years with mercantile and mining interests in Siskiyou is James Camp, who carries on a large general merchandise business at Fort Jones. Mr. Camp was born in the province of New Brunswick in 1832. When of age he emigrated to Alexandria, Virginia, and learned printing in the government printing house during President Fillmore's administration. In 1854 he came to Klamath county, (part of which is now Siskiyou), and acquired and mined Classic Hill mine on Indian creek. Mr. Camp mined along the Klamath at Cottage Grove and Milligan's Bar and was the pioneer of Bunker Hill. He later established a trading post at Ferry Point, fifteen miles below Happy Camp, and remained there for five years. He removed to Happy Camp and there built a large brick store, still the only brick building on Klamath river. He continued in business until 1890, when he sold to Horace Gasquet and removed to Fort Jones, where he had interests. Mr. Camp is also largely interested in mining properties on the Klamath at Fort Gough and Portuguese Flat. He stands commercially and financially in the front rank of Siskiyou's citizens.

THE Gum Boot mine is located on Mill creek about eight miles east of Scott Bar. The mine is developed by two tunnels, one of 180 and the other one hundred feet, and a shaft about ninety feet deep. The ore is of a free milling character and is found in slate formation. The ledge va-

ries in width, but averages about four feet wide. The ore contains, besides the native gold, galena, sulphurets, tellurium, and silver. It has been the purpose of the owners, Messrs. A. & C. Simon, to develop ore in sight rather than to extract it. There has been no stopping done, and the only ore that has been taken out has been that necessary to develop the vein. The development work has paid for itself and soon the Gum Boot will help to swell the output of gold in Siskiyou.

SCOTT BAR has the leading merchandise house of the lower Scott and Klamath river mining district, Messrs. A. & C. Simon. This business was established first in Simonville, two miles below the present town, in 1853, by Sigmund Simon, who came from Hamburg, Germany. Mr. Simon arrived at Scott river in 1851, and engaged in mining, but soon turned to merchandising. In 1853 Mr. Simon opened a business and named the town now known as Hamburg. In 1864 he formed a partnership with Mr. Wentzel and commenced business in Scott Bar under the firm name of Wentzel & Simon. This was successfully continued until Mr. Simon's death in 1881, when the name of the firm was changed to L. M. Simon & Son, his widow and his son Arthur. In 1892 the present firm of A. & C. Simon took the business. These brothers are young and energetic. Their interests are the interests of the section. They are conservative, yet always willing to assist in the development of the county. By close attention to business they have built up for themselves a general merchandise business which is second to none in the county, and the leading one in their section. They are both Native Sons, Arthur Simon, the senior member of the firm, was born at Simonville on Scott river, September 7, 1863, and his brother, Charles Simon, at Scott Bar, April 7, 1869.

Mr. Arthur Simon was nominated for county supervisor on the Republican ticket in 1896, but was defeated by the fusion Democrat and Populist candidate. He accepted the nomination much against his will, as his business interests demanded his closest attention, but his friends urged him and he accepted in the hope that if elected he might be able to do something towards improving the cañon road from Fort Jones to Scott Bar, over which the people of this entire section must freight their supplies. The road in question was built some years ago, but has been neglected until it is a disgrace to the county. It is to be hoped that the present board of supervisors will give this very important highway their attention, as the Scott Bar country promises much addition to the wealth of the county.

YREKA has an industry that she may well take pride in as indeed may all the county. It is the packing establishment of James H. Wadsworth. In 1891 Mr. Wadsworth purchased the butchering business of Miller & Hughes and at that time commenced the improvement of the property. In 1893 fire destroyed the building, but he immediately rebuilt and started the only packing establishment in northern California. The plant is complete, the ice machine, refrigerator, smoke house, pickling vats, and all the other appliances

are of the most improved pattern. One mile from the packing house and just outside the city limits of Yreka is the abattoir. Here again everything is modern and unexcelled from a sanitary standpoint. He kills daily ten bees and the same number of sheep and hogs. On his ranch of seven thousand acres, a few miles further from town, he annually raises two thousand tons of timothy, alfalfa, and meadow hay, which affords the best of feed and grazing for the large number of cattle which are yearly consumed by the people of Siskiyou. Mr. James H. Wadsworth, the enterprising proprietor, was born in Yreka, June, 1864. He graduated from the Oakland High School in 1886, after which he managed the ranch of his father, Elijah Wadsworth, until he engaged in his present undertaking Mr. Wadsworth personally oversees every detail of his large interests and is classed among the leading men of Siskiyou.

AUGUST DANNENBRINK, manager of the Gold Run Mining company, was born on Cannon creek in Trinity county, January, 1868. He received his education in the public schools of Weaverville, and graduated at the age of seventeen. He entered the employ of D. Hanson, general merchandiser at Weaverville, and remained there three years. In 1888 he went to Salmon river and bought, together with his brother Henry, D. Hanson, and F. Radelfinger, an interest in the Gold Run mine. In 1893 Mr. Dannenbrink incorporated the company now known as the Gold Run Mining company, and was elected manager. He has a thorough knowledge of the mine, having worked in the property as a miner, and it is due to that knowledge that the fourteen hundred foot tunnel recently run to tap the ledge was so successful. He is at the mine at all hours of the day and night, and to his energy may be attributed the great success of this company.

THE property of the Gold Run Mining company is located in the Salmon River mining district about sixteen miles southwest of Sawyers Bar, and about nine miles from the Forks of Salmon. It consists of five full patented claims, known as the Gold Run, Gilta, McCauley, Emma, and Jeannette. Development has been confined principally to the Gold Run and Gilta, and consists of some seven tunnels run on the ledge, in all about two thousand feet with raises and stopes necessary to extract the ore bodies so developed. The last work of importance was the driving of a five by eight tunnel to tap the ledge at a depth of 350 feet below the former workings and about six hundred feet from the surface. This was successful and the ledge proved even better than the company had hoped. This tunnel is about fourteen hundred feet in length, and proves conclusively the theory advanced by Mr. Dannenbrink, the manager, that the deeper the ore is found below the surface the greater the width of the ledge and the richer the ore. The pitch of the ledge is into the mountain and at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

The vein is a true fissure. The formation cherry limestone on the foot with a quartzite hanging wall. It is full and regular, with a pay streak about twenty in width and about 250 feet in length, which comes in at about regular inter-

vals of two hundred feet. The Gilta, Gold Run, and Hunter ledges are parallel and about 250 feet apart.

The ore from these ledges is of a free milling character and yields from fifty to seventy-five dollars per ton. The ten-stamp mill on the property is run by water power, and was built expressly for this company by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. It was transported on mules to its present site. The concentrates are valued at three hundred and fifty dollars per ton. The company uses the Ingersoll-Sargent compressed air drill and employs about twenty-five men. It is estimated that this mine has produced since 1890 about \$300,000, and is in better shape today than ever. There are millions of feet of the finest sugar pine and fir timber on the claims, and a saw mill plant with a capacity of three thousand feet a day. The capital stock of the company is one hundred thousand shares at one hundred dollars per share, full paid and non-assessable. It is owned by August Dannenbrink, Henry Dannenbrink, D. Hanson, and C. Junkins, and is a close corporation.

PLACER mining at the Forks of Salmon is almost entirely controlled by W. P. Bennett. Mr. Bennett was born in Sangamon county, Illinois, October 15th, 1832, and came to Shasta county, California, in 1853. From there he went in the same year to Trinity county and engaged in mining. In 1856 he went to Salmon river, then in Klamath county, and continued mining and merchandising. During 1873 Mr. Bennett purchased for fifteen thousand dollars what is now known as Forks of Salmon or Bennett's. Since then he has supplied almost the entire section with merchandise of all kinds, and his pack train of fifty mules is constantly on the road. This train carries about 250,000 pounds of freight annually, during part of the year from Gazelle and Etna, and early in the spring from Korbel in Humboldt county. Mr. Bennett has brought water in from the South Fork of Salmon on the north side by carrying it across both the North and South Forks by high trestles and trusses, to ground that was left practically untouched by the early miners owing to lack of water. He has built many miles of ditch and flume, and has in use today over six thousand feet of pipe, which in sheets has been packed in on mules and made up here. The present season will find eight giants (five Number 3; two Number 2; one Number 1) in use, running five thousand inches of water.

Mr. Bennett's property consists of the following claims: Bloomer, Crapo Number One, Crapo Number Two, McNeal, Horn, Forks, Missouri Bar, and Nigger Hill. They have a working area of about five hundred acres.

In eleven years washing it is estimated that the ground worked has produced about half a million dollars, and that about one tenth of the ground has been worked out. It must be remembered that the working season here is only about seven months, owing to lack of water. This could be remedied by the construction of a high line ditch taking water out of the North Fork about fourteen miles above the Forks, which would develop a pressure of about 350 feet and cover much ground that at present cannot be worked.

Mr. Bennett is the only trader on the river who fits men out to mine and who is willing to trust them until the earth gives up the gold. He employs twenty men the year round and pays about \$15,000 per annum in wages. His improvements in the last ten years would aggregate about \$150,000. Mr. Bennett carries his sixty-seven years lightly, and may be seen every day among his men, personally supervising the details of his great interests. Were it not for an affliction which prevents him from riding on horseback, the only means of ingress to this district except walking, Mr. Bennett would undoubtedly end his days at the Forks of Salmon. He has by the closest attention to business and an enormous amount of personal labor brought his properties from nothing to the greatest group of placer mines in Siskiyou county.

SISKIYOU has only one incorporated banking institution but that is one of which it may justly be proud, as may be seen from the following statement of its condition made December, 1896:

Resources.

Cash on hand.....	\$ 27,685 03
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,000 00
Real Estate.....	41,082 49
Loans and Discounts.....	199,340 26
Gold Dust.....	2,059 50
Due from Banks.....	53,464 03

\$325,631 31

Liabilities.

Capital, paid up.....	\$100,000 00
Undivided profits.....	72,992 80
Due Depositors.....	152,099 13
Due Banks.....	539 38

\$325,631 31

The Siskiyou County Bank was incorporated September 11th, 1882, and has the following officers: President, J. Churchill; Vice-President, H. B. Gillis; Secretary and Cashier, Fred E. Wadsworth. These together with J. A. Julien and Mrs. L. Hussman constitute the board of directors.

The Yreka Electric Light Works are situated on the bank of the Shasta river about nine miles from Yreka. When some years ago Mr. James Quinne proposed developing the water power of Shasta river he was ridiculed. Today he develops 350 horse power on three wheels, and could readily increase it to one thousand horse power even at the dryest time of the year. The Brush system is used with a 750 light dynamo. The plant is owned, managed, and run, by Mr. Quinne and his sons.

JOHN W. HARRIS, superintendent of the Siskiyou Hydraulic Mining Company, and senior of the firm of Harris Brothers, mail contractors and owners of the Etna and Salmon River Stage Company, was born in Cook county, Illinois, in 1857. He was brought across the plains in an ox team to Yuba county in 1859. Mr. Harris first engaged in the cattle business in Butte county in 1870, and later on moved to Lake county, where he drove stage under the noted

whip, Clark Foss. In 1875 he went to the cinnamon mines in Trinity county, and during 1876 came to the Black Bear mine in Siskiyou, where he was employed for about a year. He then went to Sawyer's Bar and engaged in placer mining. In 1879 he formed a partnership with his brother, Edwd. F. Harris, and located the Harris Brothers mine on Salmon river five miles from Sawyer's Bar, which they sold in 1894, to what is now known as the Salmon River Hydraulic Gold Mining and Ditch Company for \$15,500. Mr. Harris's varied and practical mining experience throughout the county makes him a valuable man for the company, which engaged him to reorganize their properties in 1896.

THE Classic Hill placer mine is one of the oldest discoveries in the county, but for a long time has remained idle. It is located on Indian creek about six miles from Happy Camp, and is now owned and worked by Mathews Brothers and Vogan. It covers about 350 acres, of which only about fifteen have been worked. It has produced about \$300,000, and will again become a large producer. It yielded in one sixty day's run \$60,000, a part of which were two large nuggets, one weighing \$597.50 and another \$2,439.60. The gold is coarse, and the formation decomposed quartz and not gravel. The development consists of three ditches about seven miles in length and some three thousand feet of 11x15 inch pipe, carrying ample water at high pressure to run three No. 2 giants. The property can be worked successfully for nine months of the year.

The following are representative firms of Yreka: Walbridge-Carr Company, general

merchandise; J. Churchill & Son, drugs; Franco-American Hotel, Charles Herzog, manager; R. H. De Witt, general merchandise; Walker-Avery Drug Company, drugs and fancy goods; Clarendon Hotel; John Pashburg, fine groceries; Junker Brothers, hardware; F. N. Clift, café; Nehrbass & Harmon, wagons and blacksmiths; Fred A. Antenrieth, Hardware; Charles Junker, brewery; Oliver Orr, café; A. Wetzel, general merchandise; Herman Brinzer, general merchandise; Dr. O'Connell, druggist; Martin & Irwin, livery; Henry Koester, hotel and restaurant.

At Etna are the following:—

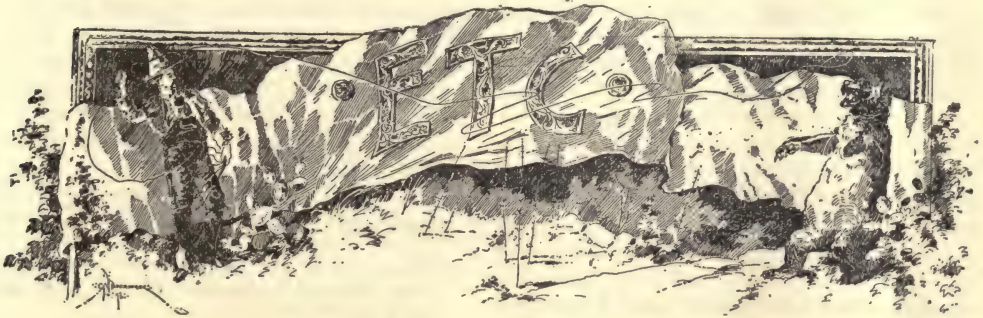
F. A. Herzog, hotel; Denny Bar Parker Company, general merchandise, also branches at Calahans and Gazelle; Joseph Stephens, general merchandise; Otis Wilsey, café; Mrs. A. Mani, café.

At Fort Jones:—

J. R. Courts, Western Hotel; E. F. Reichman & Company, general merchandise and flour mill; A. A. Beem, livery; A. A. Milliken, physician; John Florencio, blacksmith; Kunz & Dudley, agricultural implements; John Henderson, café; Charles S. Cowan, physician; William Baptist, manager telephone company; J. W. Young; I. S. Matthews.

At Sawyer's Bar:—

H. J. Eldredge, general merchandise; T. Luddy, butcher; Roger Corbett, café; H. P. Robinson, Pioneer Hotel; S. H. Birdsall, general merchandise; Hickey Brothers, Sawyer's Bar Hotel; John Doscher & W. E. Klein, mines; H. Finley, freighting and livery.



Governor Budd on Yosemite. WE NOTE with pleasure that Governor Budd in his biennial message to the legislature agrees with the OVERLAND regarding the improvement and the management of Yosemite park.

We have repeatedly urged the commission to cut out the underbrush that cumbers the floor of the valley, to open up the views, to repair and build new bridges, to protect the river banks, to extend and improve the trails, and to erect a new and

artistic hotel for the guests. The papers of the State have commented favorably on our views and now the Governor voices the needs of the park in no uncertain manner. It is to be hoped that the legislature will make it possible to carry out all his wise and sensible suggestions.

He says:—

On August 24, 1896, the Stoneman house, erected by the State, in the Valley, was totally destroyed by fire. The hotel never should have been constructed where built and as built, for it was located in a most undesirable portion of the

Valley, and of poor design to withstand the winter storms. The State requires, either another building in the Valley, or additions and improvements to the present buildings. Any building constructed should not exceed two stories in height, and be of Yosemite granite. Whether the hotel be rebuilt or additions be made to the buildings now there, should depend largely upon the appropriations made for other purposes. It will be necessary to keep the taxes at the present low rate or to reduce them, a thing easily accomplished by limiting appropriations to the necessities of the State.

A power and light plant should also be established in the Valley, to cost not exceeding \$15,000. This would insure better rental for the buildings, light the Valley driveways, and furnish power to operate small motor pumps at various points for supplying water for the roads, and also power for general purposes.

An act transferring to the Yosemite fund a part of the unused \$50,000, appropriated to build a road from Mariposa into the Valley, and authorizing the commissioners to use the same to repair hotels, and for other kindred purposes, would probably be sufficient for all present needs.

The general government should purchase the three toll roads now leading from the Yosemite reservation through the Yosemite park and to the public highway beyond. A bill to this effect is now pending in Congress.

**The
Letter Carriers'
Bill.**

BILL No. 260, now on the Speaker's desk in the House of Representatives, is known as Letter Carriers' Bill. It was introduced in the Senate by Senator Mitchell of Oregon and passed that body unanimously. The House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads represented the measure to the House and recommended its passage. As yet it has not been taken from the file. This measure is a popular one, as it does justice to a class of public officials who will merit liberal treatment for the labor they perform. The salary paid letter carriers at present is graded as follows: In first class cities, \$600 for first year of service, \$800 for second, and \$1000 thereafter. In cities of the second class \$600 and \$850 respectively is the allowance. But this salary does not begin when a carrier enters the service. To be appointed he must pass the civil service examination and also an examination as to his physical condition. Then he must serve from four to five years as a substitute. During his term as a "sub" he is allowed by the government \$100 per year salary, and whatever he makes over and above that comes out of the salary of the regular carriers. This sum seldom amounts to over \$35.00 per month. Out of this sum he must pay living expenses, properly uniform himself, and

dress as becoming an official of the government. It can be seen that by this arrangement at least seven years and usually eight must elapse before he can expect to reach the highest grade of salary. This is a long and severe apprenticeship. The experience gained as a substitute generally qualifies him for any place in the service, but outside of the Post Office it is practically no service to him. Owing to the arduous duties and the exposure to the weather to which a carrier is subjected it takes a man with a rugged constitution to stand the work, and even sometimes the most hardy give way under the strain. We trust this bill will pass.

**Senate Bill
2714,
House Bill
815.**

THE agitation incidental to the discussion of Mr. Loud's postal measure has been productive of investigation which may result in the righting of much injustice. Under existing laws, the publishers of monthly periodicals when they mail copies to subscribers within the same postal district as the office of publication, are obliged to affix a one or two cent stamp to each copy, although they are permitted to send copies across the continent at the rate of a cent a pound.

It is hard to believe that the United States authorities desire to discourage monthly publications. The existing conditions of the law were certainly adopted without reflection as to their bearing upon such publications. The OVERLAND is in entire accord with the American Publishers' Association in its support of Mr. Loud's bill to correct abuses of the postal service, and it is loth to believe, and in fact, does not believe, that Mr. Loud is antagonistic to the bill and known as House bill 815 and Senate bill 2714, the provisions of which are as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:—

That from and after the passage of this act monthly publications, and other publications less often than weekly publications, when admitted as second-class matter under the postal laws of the United States and deposited in letter-carrier Post Offices, shall be charged at the same rate and no more than is now charged under existing law for the carriage of weekly publications admitted as second-class matter. And in no case shall a higher rate be charged such publications when delivered in a Post Office nearest to the office of publication than is charged for transmission to the most distant Post Offices in the United States.

The Ferry Depot.

IT HAS been called to our attention since Mr. Naylor's article in the present number was printed that he has misapprehended the source of

the revenue from which the nineteen year bonds issued to construct the new Ferry Depot at the foot of Market street are to be paid.

His general contention that all burdens on ocean going commerce from this port should be made as light as possible is so good that his arguments will not be scrutinized over closely by the people of San Francisco. And yet in assuming that because the law allows the harbor commissioners to increase the moneys they may collect sufficiently to pay these bonds and interest during the nineteen years from their date, the bulk of it will be collected from the sea going ships, he has allowed his zeal to carry him too far.

The sum to be paid monthly to meet these bonds and their interest is \$4,631, and the harbor commissioners must raise it by adding it to their total collections. And yet in the fiscal year ending June 30th last, the Southern Pacific Company alone paid in rent to the commission, \$19,200 for the poor accommodations the present building affords, and in tolls for merchandise carried across the docks \$55,136.29 more. The section

of the seawall used exclusively by the ferries brought in a further sum of \$85,851.61.

And whereas the United States now pays for its post office accommodations at the Ferry \$250 per month the commission proposes to charge it for the increased space in the new building \$1,000 per month, and says that if the government is unwilling to stand the raise, immediate notice is necessary, as other parties wish the space.

Now if other rentals are proportionately increased, and it is stated that they will be, the increased rentals from the new building will furnish ample revenue to meet the bonds, and the white-winged messengers of commerce will not have to pay a sou markee of it.

Mr. Naylor's ideas as to the architecture of the new building are of course his personal views, and as a matter of taste not to be disputed about. The judgment of others fairly to be considered is that the building and its crowning campanile is to be one of the most beautiful structures in the city.

Mr. Naylor has done such good work in calling attention to the needs of an ocean commerce, and his arguments in general have been so fair that we are sure he will wish to have this further light thrown on a subject of such genuine interest.



The Cat and the Cherub.¹

MR. FERNALD first appeared before the public with a little sketch of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. This appeared in *The Century Magazine*, and it was followed by several others, including the one that gives the title to this volume, all dealing with a similar phase of life. Six of the present stories have to do with the Chi-

nese, including, "The Cruel Thousand Years," "The Gentleman in the Barrel," and "The Pot of Frightful Doom." But Mr. Fernald is not limited to a single field. Some of the best of his stories are those in which he depicts New England character. Mr. Fernald is only twenty-eight years of age, and is the son of the well-known naval architect. With his father he lived for some years in San Francisco, and here familiarized himself with the Chinese types that figure in his stories.

¹The Cat and the Cherub. By Chester Bailey Fernald. New York: The Century Co.: 1896.

Balzac in English.¹

TWO translations of Balzac, *The Country Parson* and *The Deputy of Arcis*, which have just been issued by rival publishing houses, reveal the wonderful acquaintance the great Frenchman had with all callings and all phases of the "Human Comedy." The first treats of the engineer's occupation, of the relation between agriculture and irrigation, the second of politics, and the workings of the electoral franchise in France.

The drama which is unrolled in *The Country Parson* is a terrible one, and its characters all revolve around the awful expiation of the sin of Veronique. Her love, her crime, and her repentance, are so frightfully real that they are almost repugnant to sensitive minds.

The Deputy of Arcis lacks this gloomy tragedy, and yet it is not light reading, for, all mystery and depth, it never travels the ordinary walks of life. In it are found some of the friends that have made their bow in "Père Goriot" and other novels grown older and developed into a fuller life. The book was left unfinished at Balzac's death, and many of the problems outlined in it are left unexplained.

Both novels are translated with an accuracy and finish that is commendable and are printed and bound in pleasing style.

Hugo's Notre Dame.²

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., whose superb edition of Dumas's works have been repeatedly reviewed in this magazine, have brought out in uniform binding the leading novels of Victor Hugo. In their preface to the *Notre Dame* they truthfully state: "The present edition of *Notre Dame* will be found more complete than any which has hitherto been printed in English. It contains a special translation of Book V., embracing the chapter entitled 'Abbas Beati Martini,' and the important chapter on Architecture and Printing; also the author's long note added to the edition of 1832, and not included in any other translation. The English edition has been carefully examined and a number of errors have been corrected." The paper and presswork are of the finest and the full page illustrations are etchings of the highest order. To those acquainted with the hunch-back, Quasimodo, the priest, Claude Frollo, the dancing girl, La Esmeralda, and Gringoire and Phoebus, this mention of a new and perfect edition is enough, but to a later generation

who are unfamiliar with Hugo it will be a great delight to make his acquaintance in such a charming garb.

Briefer Notice.

THE purpose of Mr. Woglom's treatise on *Parakites*³, which is the pioneer work on its subject, is to place before the public the result of his investigations and of his practical experience in the designing and constructing of the tailless kites, or "parakites," and in the perfection of methods for the flying of these in various conditions of the atmosphere.

The instructions given in the text are necessarily technical in regard to the construction of these tailless kites and their management under different conditions of the air, but the author has endeavored to make his directions so clear and explicit that the youngest reader should find no difficulty in understanding them. It is his expectation that the boys will in the near future discard the old tail-burdened kite, with its uncertain movements, for the scientifically made parakite with its great lifting powers.

Mr. Woglom gives several reproductions of photographs taken at various altitudes. The steadiness of the kite is proved by the clearness of the prints.

An interesting feature of the book is a new signal code without flags, the letters being represented by certain movements of the arms.

THE *Tales from Hans Andersen*⁴ sympathetically illustrated by Helen Stratton are five of his best known stories, "The Wild Swans," "The Ugly Duckling," "The Little Mermaid," "The Storks," and "The Snow Queen." The book is prepared for young children, being printed on heavy plate paper in very large clear type. It is handsomely bound and profusely illustrated with pen drawings.

About Children, What Men and Women Have Said,⁵ is a companion volume in idea, compilation, and binding, to the books of last year by the same house, "About Men" and "About Women." It is arranged as a calendar. Under each day is a quotation relating to children from some classic author. Homer, Virgil, Epictetus, Shakspere, Goldsmith, Browning, Swinburne, Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor, and Eugene Field, all contribute to the glory of the little ones. It is just the book for a gift.

³Parakites. By Gilbert Totten Woglom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1896.

⁴Tales from Hans Andersen. The Macmillan Company: New York: 1896. \$1.

⁵About Children. By Rose Porter. New York: G. P. Putnam's Son.

¹The Country Parson. By Honoré de Balzac. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Deputy of Arcis. Ibid. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

²Notre Dame. By Victor Hugo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 2 vols.

Immensee, a remarkably tender and graceful romance from one of the best of German story writers, is appropriately issued in the new series of Modern German Texts published by the American Book Company. Besides the story, which is printed in the best German type, the little volume contains an introduction giving an account of the author and the present work, brief literary and critical annotations by the editor for the student's help, and a very complete and convenient vocabulary.

¹*Immensee*. By Theodor Storm. Edited for school use by F. H. Dauer. Twenty-five cents. American Book Company: New York: 1897.

IN HIS new edition of *Iphigénie*² Doctor Woodward has provided valuable aids to the better appreciation of Racine and his work. These include a biography of the poet, a discussion of the classic myth on which the tragedy is based, a selection from the comments of great critics, a full bibliography, and an appendix devoted to a critical examination of Racine's use of words and forms of expressions. The grammatical and exegetical notes are very full and give all necessary assistance for a clear comprehension of the text.

²*Racine's Iphigénie*. Edited by Benjamin Duryea Woodward. Sixty cents. American Book Company: New York: 1897.



SENATOR WILLIAM M. STEWART, the editor and publisher of the *Silver Knight Watchman* of Washington, the great organ of the Silver Party, announces its prospectus for 1897. Among its contributors are William J. Bryan, Senators Allen, Butler, Cockrell, Daniel, Dubois, Morgan, Teller, and Vest, and Congressmen McMillan, Towne, and others. It is an eight-page paper and contains an accurate report of Congress, as well as much space devoted to the family. It claims a circulation of forty thousand and rapidly increasing. It is the best journal of its kind in America and will without doubt rank as one of the leading weeklies in the country.

THE January issue of the *Sierra Club Bulletin* contains articles of more than usual interest. The story of the tragic death of one of the most promising young mountain climbers in America, Philip S. Abbott, above the glaciers of Mt. Le-froy in the Selkirks is told by one of his companions, and a biographical sketch is added.

Professor B. C. Brown, of Stanford, contrib-

utes an entertaining paper on wanderings in the South Fork region of Kings River. He was accompanied by his wife, who seems to have taken to the novel life, with its occasional exposure to storms, cold, and hunger, with as much ease and zest as her husband.

There seems to be an opening for athletic young women in the Sierra which bids fair to result in still another Western type.

An article on "Mountain Trips, what to take and how to take it," gives excellent practical information and Professor Stillman, of Stanford, describes a short route to Tehipite valley from King's River cañon.

Mr. T. S. Solomons has an all too brief report of an early summer trip to the Tuolumne cañon and Mt. Lyell, the object of which seems to have been to test the capacity of young women for rough camp life and hard climbing in cañons and on mountain peaks. The result seems to have been affirmative and encouraging.

Entertaining notes on mountain roaming and kindred subjects conclude the number.

Greater Los Angeles, the weekly journal that appeared for the first time on last Thanksgiving, entered its second volume on January 2d. The founding and maintaining of a high class weekly in any city and under the most favorable circumstances in these days is no light undertaking and one that is always watched with keen interest by newspaper men.

Joseph D. Lynch, late editor of the *Los Angeles Herald*, and Major Ben. C. Truman, late editor of the *Capital*, both veteran journalists and writers of acknowledged standing, as Editor and Manager, respectively, gained the journal the respectful attention of the reading public at once. The succeeding numbers have improved from week to week, until today *Greater Los Angeles* ranks second to no weekly in the State.

JOSEPH B. GILDER and Jeannette L. Gilder, the editors of the *Critic*, have established a monthly edition of their paper under the name of *The Month*, which appears for the first time with the January number. The new magazine is built on the exact pattern of a weekly paper, in which the forms are remade from the daily. In other words, subscribers to *The Month* can get all that there is in the weekly *Critic* for one dollar a year, instead of three dollars. The subscription list of the *Critic* will without doubt fall off, for literary news does not spoil, and then if one is in a hurry there is always the *Literary World* of Boston, which stands at the head of the periodicals of its kind in America. However *The Month* promises well. It is bright, well printed, and attractive, and if it lives speaks well for the rapidly growing literary public in the United States.

THE *Weekly Commercial News* appears in a new shape, much like that of the *New York Nation*, and far more convenient to handle than the larger page. For twenty-two years this paper under the able editorship of Morris U. Bates has been authority on all commercial matters relating to the West Coast.

THE SIERRA CLUB is the proud possessor of a growing collection of unique photographs of California scenery which is shortly to be placed on exhibition in the rooms of Mr. Vickery, on Post street. The enthusiasts of this club of

mountain lovers have brought to the nether world glimpses of the glories of the untrodden Sierra wilds,—the professional photographer having contented himself with flooding America with views of Yosemite, good, bad, and indifferent—mostly indifferent. The wonderful King's River country is especially represented in albums presented by J. N. Le Conte, Theodore S. Solomons, and Howard Longley. Mr. Solomons and Mr. Le Conte each, during last summer alone, enriched the collection with about 150 large views. Prints from the finest negatives of both gentlemen are to be had of Mr. Vickery.

The peculiar attention which has been attracted by Mr. Solomons's High Sierra articles in the *OVERLAND* has probably been due not alone to the novelty of the subject but also, in great measure, to the interesting and original views by which the series has been illustrated. Many of them may now be found at Vickery's.

IT SHOULD have been noted at the end of Doctor Stallard's article on Municipal Reform, that it is still to be continued. The views advocated in the first article roused so much discussion and the trend of current event makes it so timely, that it has been deemed best to give space to a somewhat full exposition of Doctor Stallard's ideas of civic government. On p. 136, 1st col., line 23, for "legislation," read "legislature," and on p. 138, 2d col., line 16, the salary paid Doctor Hill, Health Officer of Birmingham, is five thousand *dollars*, and not five thousand *pounds*.

THE SUNSET SEED AND PLANT COMPANY, of San Francisco, recognized as the leading authority in California on garden flowers, has published a pretty little booklet of thirty-two pages, *Sweet Pea Review*. It contains a complete classification in color-groups, according to type, with recommendations for the expulsion of the least desirable sorts. This is compiled from critical notes made during sweet pea growing season of 1895-96. Price, 25 cents.

NOTICE.

THE Educational Department of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* will pay twenty-five cents apiece for September numbers, 1896, containing *Educational Department*. Write to Editor Educational Department.

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DECATUR, ILL.



Mossbrae Falls.



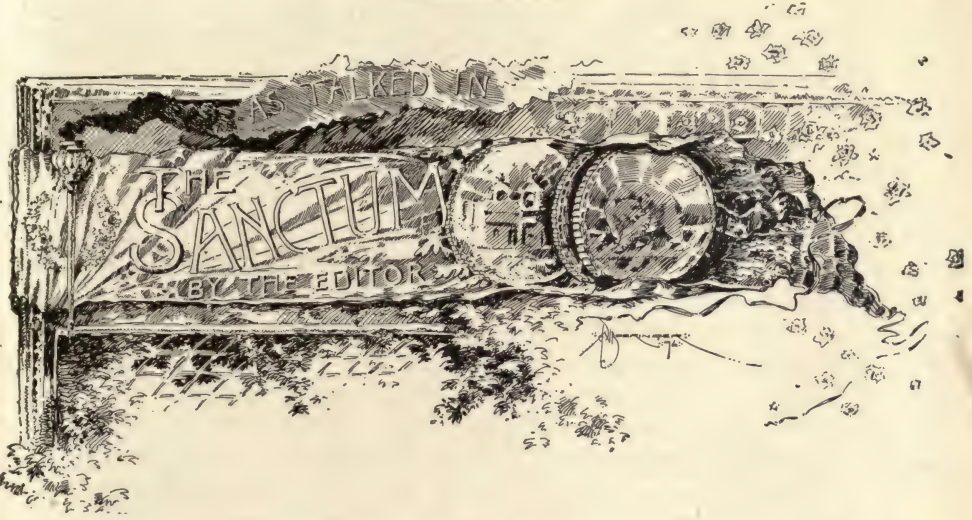
From "Under the Healin' of Thruth."

"There 's a bare."

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Overland Monthly

VOL. XXIX. (Second Series.)—March, 1897.—No. 171.



THE Parson promised his vestrymen that the Sanctum should furnish an original farce for the yearly entertainment in behalf of the "Amalgamated Orphan Society." It was first decided to give an act from the Merchant of Venice, but on mature consideration it was thought that Shakspeare had become a little shopworn, and that there was no reason why this Coast should not produce its own Shakspeare. There were also members of the vestry who objected to the Merchant of Venice because of a large and growing doubt as to its real authorship. It is hardly fair, they argued, to honor Shakspeare if Bacon really wrote the play. It is a sign of the liberality of the times that any play should be sanctioned in a church parlor, but inasmuch as every member of the congregation from the Parson to the sexton attends from time to time the plays that visit the city, no reason could be brought forward for the suppression of so innocent an amusement, — although the Reader remarked that it might be the means of sending one or more of the young members of the flock stageward. Whereupon arose a discussion, which was as heated as it was trite, on the devil that lies in waiting behind the drop curtain, — and some one produced a farce for the Parson's consideration. As no one has as yet claimed its authorship, envious criticism was disarmed and the silence with which its reading was received passed for commendation.

A SANCTUM TRAGEDY.

Time, 11:30 p. m. *Scene*, studio in the Artist's flat. A great litter of sketches and back numbers of the OVERLAND. *Dramatis Personae*, the Artist, Mrs. Artist, and Marie, the maid. *Casus Belli*, an absorption of the Artist in the Sanctum to a certain forgetfulness of his duties as a married man. *Plan of Battle*, — to follow.

ENTER Mrs. Artist, throwing her opera cloak wearily on the divan.

Mrs. Artist. "There, it's over,—I'm glad of it! I don't believe Jack will care a little bit. If he were half a man he'd act like a dear brute and—swear. Swearing is wicked, I suppose,—but some way it does clear the atmosphere. How cozy the room looks. Marie must have put on coal before she went to bed. I shall speak to her in the morning about leaving the gas going full blaze. But there, I told Jack not three hours ago that I would never again take a scrap of interest in anything about *his* house. He can be so sweet when he wants to,—I hate him when he gets into one of those cold, sarcastic moods,—and always with me. I hope the baby will be more like his mother. That nasty old fat Army woman leaned clear across the aisle to whisper, 'Where's that charming husband?' I should think Jack could see that her hair is dyed and that she has false teeth. I suppose I do sometimes say *things*, but then he is a man. The play was abominable,—'t was n't Salvini's fault—'t was Jack's, and I've been looking forward to Salvini all winter and Jack knows it." (Searches ineffectually for something in her opera cloak while a tear gathers in each eye.) "I get tired of ding-donging and playing Darby and Joan over a lot of horrid sketches for that horrid magazine. Of course he would have taken me if I had asked, but I made up my mind that I'd show him for once that I was n't so old—for all we've been married three years—that I could n't have attention if I wished it. I half suspect young Hackett-Brown thinks I'm crazy. Of course he could n't refuse when I asked him point blank to take me to the Baldwin and furnished the tickets. And Jack laughed! If he'd only looked hurt, or stormed, and—and locked me up! I don't see how women are any more inconsistent than men!"

(Enter maid.)

"Is that you, Marie? Has Mr. Denton returned yet? Never mind about my cloak. O, Marie, Mr. Hackett-Brown did n't come in, but you need n't put away the chafing-dish." (Exit Marie.)

"Now why did I do that. Jack says I am always too tired to play the piano. He never asks me but once, and then as I am getting ready by telling him how hard I work he goes off up to his den and thinks I am disagreeable. Men are so stupid. Well, I am not tired now, that's certain, I wonder if I have lost my touch. Jack used to say—O there I go again; it's Jack, Jack, until it's no wonder he says I have lost my wits."

(Goes to the piano and plays softly.)

"Hackett-Brown is as stupid as an owl for all the girls rave about him. I thought there was more to him. I felt like scolding him half a dozen times just as I do Jack when he bores me. For a minute I forgot he was n't Jack and came within an ace of slipping my hand into his when Salvini did that great act. Heavens, what an escape! I intended to ask him in, but he wearied me so I could n't. I must be growing old. There, Jack's in the hall,—now for a scene."

(Enter the Artist.)

Jack. "Hello, Margy! Back already? Where's Brown?"

Mrs. A. (With dignity.) "Home, or at the Club, I suppose. Do you wish to see him?"

Jack. "Phew! You sent him away early. I just stopped in at the Club on my way up from the Sanctum,—met the Contributor,—he said he saw you and Brown at the Baldwin,—said you never looked better in your life."

Mrs. A. (Coldly, with rising inflection.) "Yes!"

Jack. "I wish you would stop playing and tell me all about it. Was Salvini good?"

"Mrs. A. "I thought you enjoyed my playing."

Jack. "Of course I do, but I don't enjoy your back. I hope you were more gracious to Brown."

Mrs. A. (Turning square about.) "O, you do!"

Jack. "Certainly. He is a good-natured beggar."

Mrs. A. He is not conceited and he does not *pretend* to be blasé."

Jack. "You surprise me!"

Mrs. A. "I hope you enjoyed yourself after refusing to take me to the theater."

Jack. "Come now. I did n't refuse."

Mrs. A. (Turning to the piano, and running her fingers over the keys.) "You treat me as though I were fifty."

Jack. "Did Brown?"

Mrs. A. "Don't try to be smart. You are jealous."

Jack. "O, Margy!"

Mrs. A. (Feeling for her handkerchief.) "You need n't 'O, Margy' me. I am tired of your indifference. I am never going to ask you to take me anywhere again, — never! It's too bad you have got a wife to abuse. All you think of is that old magazine and those silly old talkers. You seem to think it's enough for me to stand about and admire all they say and never have any ideas of my own! I have firmly made up my mind —" (She finds her handkerchief.)

Jack. "Are n't you a bit jealous?"

Mrs. A. (With a warning quaver in her voice.) "I'm not, don't flatter yourself."

(A five minutes silence during which the Artist winds his watch.)

Jack. (Sotto voce.) "It's nearly 12 o'clock."

(No answer.)

Jack. "You'll wake up the baby with your playing."

Mrs. A. "How thoughtful! You care as much about the baby as you do about me!"

Jack. "Now you are getting reasonable. I'm going to bed."

Mrs. A. "Do!"

Jack. (Tentatively.) "Good night."

Mrs. A. (Holding back a sob.) "Good night."

(A one minute silence.)

Mrs. A. "There you need n't kiss me."

Jack. "Poor little girl. I did n't mean to be disagreeable. Shall I turn out the gas? — Very well, — good night?"

(An expectant silence of one minute.)

Mrs. A. (With her face still to the piano.) "Jack."

Jack. "Yes, Margy?"

Mrs. A. "Nothing."

(A half minute silence.)

Mrs. A. "Jack!"

Jack. "Yes, dear?"

Mrs. A. (Turning sharply from the piano with her handkerchief to her eyes.) "There's some beer and salad in the dining room."

Jack. (Laughing.) "What! poor Brown's supper? O, you dear little fraud."

Mrs. A. (Relenting.) "Say you are ashamed of yourself and that you will never treat me this way again."

Jack. (With gusto.) "I am, — Never!"

Mrs. A. "Promise me."

Jack. "Honest Injun!"

Mrs. A. "Well then, I suppose we might as well eat some of those good things as to leave them all for Ah Fong."

Jack. (Irrelevantly.) "You have n't kissed me once since I came home."

(Tableau. The Angels smile.)

THE Parson. "A clergyman is called upon to exercise all the functions of a small government. His advice, his judgment, his executive ability, must be of a high order, or the dictates of his heart and his head will clash to the prejudice of himself and his congregation. He may be too liberal and he is apt to become too narrow. I trust I may be considered liberal in my views on all subjects and yet the greatest trial of my life is to know exactly where to draw the line. If I firmly believed that I should never be held accountable for any possible bad consequences in the future, I should say: "Make the church parlors as attractive as the world. Act plays by the best writers, dance, play cards, have a billiard table, and bright books. Make the church a club through the week and a place of worship on the sabbath? They are all innocent amusements, and yet the dream is charged with all kinds of disastrous possibilities."

The Reader. "Not the worst of which is the rendering of the Poet's 'Sanctum Tragedy.'"

The Parson. "Such a possibility, — harrowing as it appears on first view, does not make me hesitate. I am inclined to think that it might prove a blessing in disguise by making the stage unpopular."

The Bookkeeper. "There is a six-footer in the office who says he sent you a piece on 'How to invent an Airship,' with two two-cent stamps enclosed. It was refused and only one stamp put on the envelope. He has called for the other."

The Sanctum. "Tell him the Manager is out."

The Office Boy. "Proof."





PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF BORNEO AT BRUNEI.

THE WHITE RAJAH OF BORNEO.

THE FOUNDING OF SARAWAK.



IN THE East Indian seas, by Europeans and natives alike, two names are revered with a singleness and devotion that place them side by side with the national heroes of all countries.

The men that bear the names are Englishmen, yet the countless islands of the vast Malayan archipelago are populated by a hundred European, African, and Asiatic races.

Sir Stamford Raffles founded the great city of Singapore, and Sir James Brooke,

the "White Rajah," carved out of a tropical wilderness just across the Equator, in Borneo, the kingdom of Sarawak.

There is no one man in all history with whom you may compare Rajah Brooke. His career was the score of a hero of the footlights or of the dime novel rather than the life of an actual history-maker in this prosaic nineteenth century. What is true of him is also true in a less degree of his famous nephew and successor, Sir Charles Brooke, G. C. M. G., the present Rajah.

I was reading in the daily *Straits Times* one morning in Singapore, as I sipped my tea and broke open one cool, delicious mangosteen after another, an account of an out-



DYAKS, BORNEO.

break and descent of a band of head-hunting Dyaks from the jungles of the Rejang river in Borneo on an isolated fishing campong or village,— of how they killed men, women, and children, and carried their heads back to their strongholds in triumph, and of how, in the midst of their feasting and ceremonies, Rajah Brooke, with a little company of fierce native soldiery, had surprised and exterminated them to the last man,— when the sound of heavy cannonading in the harbor below caused me to drop my paper.

In a moment the great guns from Fort Canning answered. I counted — seventeen — and turned inquiringly to the naked punkah-wallah, who stood just outside in the shade of the wide veranda, listlessly pulling the rattan rope that moved the stiff fan above me.

His brown open palm went respectfully to his forehead.

“His Highness, the Rajah of Sarawak,” he answered proudly in Malay. “He come in gun-boat Raneé to the Gymkahna races,—bring gold cup for prizes and fast runners. Come every year, tuan.”

I had forgotten that it was the first day of the long looked-for, and my maiden, Gymkahna. A few hours later I met this remarkable man, whose thrilling exploits had commanded my earliest boyish admiration.

The kindly old Sultan of Johore, the old rebel Sultan of Pahang, the Sultan of Lingae, in all the finery of their native silks and jewels, the nobles of their courts, and a dozen other dignitaries, were on the grandstand and in the paddock as we entered, yet no one but a



THE WHITE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

modest, gray-haired little man by the side of the English governor had any place in my thoughts. We knew his history. It was as romantic as the wild careers of Pizarro and Cortez; as charming as those of Robinson Crusoe and the dear old Swiss Family Robinson; as tragic as Captain Kidd's or Morgan's; and withal, it was modeled after our own Washington. In him I saw the full real-

ization of every boy's wildest dreams, a king of a tropical island.

The bell above the judges' pavilion sounded, and a little whirlwind of running "griffins" dashed by amid the yells of a thousand natives in a dozen different tongues. The Rajah leaned out over the gayly decorated railing with the eagerness of a boy, as he watched his own colors in the thick of the race.

The surging mass of nakedness below caught sight of him and another yell rent the air, quite distinct from the first, for Malayan and Kling, Tamil and Siamese, Dyak and Javanese, Hindoo, Bugis, Burmese, and Lascar, recognized the famous White Rajah of Borneo, the man who, all unaided, had broken the power of the savage head-hunting Dyaks, and driven from the seas the fierce Malayan pirates. The yell was not a cheer. It was a tribute that a tiger might make to his tamer.

The Rajah understood. He was used to such sinister outbursts of admiration, for he never took his eyes from the course. He was secure on his throne now, but I could not but wonder if that yell, which sent a strange thrill through me, did not bring up recollections of one of the hundred sanguinary scenes through which he and the great elder Rajah

Brooke had gone when fighting for their lives and kingdom.

The Sultan of Johore's griffin won, and the Rajah stepped back to congratulate him. I, too, passed over to where he stood, and the kindly old Sultan took me by the hand.

"I have a very tender spot in my heart for all Americans," the Rajah replied to His Highness's introduction. "It was your great republic that first recognized the independence of Sarawak."

As we chatted over the triumph of Gladstone, the silver bill, the tariff, and a dozen topics of the day, I was thinking of the head-hunters of whom I had read in the morning paper, and too, of how this man's uncle had, years before, with a boat's crew of English boys carved a principality larger than the State of New York out of an unknown island, reduced its savage population to orderly tax-pay-



A DYAK HOME AND FAMILY, BORNEO.



DYAK PIRATE GIRL, TEN YEARS OLD.

ing citizens, cleared the Borneo and Java seas of their thousands of pirate praus, and in their place built up a merchant fleet and a commerce of nearly five millions of dollars a year. He, too, had done his share in the making of the state. In his light tweed suit and black English derby, he did not look the strange, impossible hero of romance I had painted him; but there was something in his quiet, clear, well-bred English accent, and the strong, deep lines about his eyes and mouth, that impressed one with a consciousness of tremendous reserve force. He spoke always slowly, as though wearied by early years of fighting and exposure in the searching heat of the Bornean sun.

We became better acquainted later at balls and dinners, and he was never tired of thanking me for my country's kindness.

IN 1819, when the English took Ma-

lacca and the Malay peninsula from the Dutch, they agreed to surrender all claims to the islands south of the pirate-infested Straits of Malacca.

The Dutch, contented with the fabulously rich island of Java and its twenty-six millions of mild-mannered natives, left the great islands of Sumatra, Borneo, and Papua, to the savage rulers and savage nations that held them.

The son of an English clergyman, on a little schooner, with a friend or two and a dozen sailors, sailed into these little known and dangerous waters one day nineteen years later. His mind was filled with dreams of an East-Indian empire; he was burning to emulate Cortez and Pizarro, without practising their abuses. He had entered the English army and had been so dangerously wounded while leading a charge in India after his superiors had fallen that he had been retired on a pension before his twenty-first year. While regaining his health, he had traveled through India, Malaya, and China, and a written journal of his wanderings. During this period his ambitions were crowding him on to an enterprise that was as foolhardy as the first voyage of Columbus.

He had spied those great tropical islands that touched the Equator, and he coveted them.

After his father's death he invested his little fortune in a schooner, and in spite of all the protests and prayers of his family and friends, he sailed for Singapore, and thence across to the northwest coast of Borneo, landing at Kuching, on the Sarawak river in 1838.

He had no clearly outlined plan of operations,—he was simply waiting his chance. The province of Sarawak, a dependency of the Sultan of Brunei, was governed by an old native rajah, whose authority was menaced by the fierce, head-hunting Dyaks of the interior.

Brooke's chance had come. He boldly offered to put down the rebellion if the rajah would make him his general and second to the throne. The rajah cunningly accepted the offer, eager to let the hair-brained young infidel annoy his foes, but with no intention of keeping his promise.

After days of marching with his little crew and a small army of natives, through the almost impenetrable rubber jungles, and a dozen hard fought battles and deeds of personal heroism, any one of which would make a story, the head-hunters were crushed and some kind of order restored. He refused to allow the rajah to torture the prisoners,—thereby winning their gratitude,—and he refused to be dismissed from his office. He had won his rank, and he appealed to the Sultan. The wily Sultan recognized that in this stranger he had found a man who would be able to collect his revenue, and much to Brooke's surprise, a courier entered Kuching, the capital, one day and summarily dismissed the native rajah and proclaimed him Rajah of Sarawak.

Brooke was a king at last. His empire was before him, but he was only king because the reigning Sultan relinquished a part of his dominions that he was unable to control. The tasks to be accomplished before he could make his word law were ones that England, Holland, and the navies of Europe, shirked. His so-called subjects were the most notorious and daring pirates in the history of the world, they were head-hunters, they practised slavery, and they were cruel and blood-thirsty on land and sea. Out of such elements this boy king built his kingdom. How he did it would furnish tales that would outdo Verne, Kingston, and Stevenson.

He abolished military marauding and every form of slavery, established courts,

missions, and school-houses, and waged war, single-handed, against head-hunting and piracy.

Head-hunting is to Dyaks what amok is to the Malays or scalping to the Indians. It is even more. No Dyak woman would marry a man who could not decorate their home with at least one human head. Often bands of Dyaks, numbering from five to seven thousand, would sally forth from their fortifications and cruise along the coast four or five hundred miles, to surprise a village and carry the inhabitants' heads back in triumph.

Today head-hunting is practically stamped out, as is running amok among the Malays, although cases of each occur from time to time.

As his subjects in the jungles were head-hunters, so those of the coast were pirates. Every harbor was a pirate haven. They lived in big towns, possessed forts and cannon, and acknowledged neither the suzerainty of the Sultan or the domination of the Dutch. They were stronger than the native rulers, and no European nation would go to the great expense of life and treasure to break their power. Brooke knew that his title would be but a mockery as long as they commanded the mouths of all his rivers.

With his little schooner, armed with three small guns and manned by a crew of white companions and Dyak sailors, he gave battle first to the weakest strongholds, gradually attaching to his standard the defeated. He found himself at the end of nine years their master and a king in something more than name. Combined with the qualities of a fearless fighter, he had the faculty of winning the good will and admiration of his foes.

The fierce Suloos and Illanums became his fast friends. He left their chiefs in power, but punished every outbreak with a merciless hand.



KUCHING, CAPITAL OF SARAWAK, BORNEO.

One of the many incidents of his checkered career shows that his spirit was all powerful among them. He had invited the Chinese from Amoy to take up their residence at his capital, Kuching. They were traders and merchants, and soon built up a commerce. They became so numerous in time that they believed they could sieze the government. The plot was successful, and during a night attack they overcame the Rajah's small guard, and he escaped to the river in his pajamas without a single follower.

Sir Charles told me one day as we conversed on the broad veranda of the consulate that that night was the darkest in all his great uncle's stormy life. The hopes and work of years were shattered at a single blow, and he was an outcast with a price on his head.

The homeless king knelt in the bottom of the prau and prayed for strength, and then took up the oars and pulled silently toward the ocean. Near morning he was abreast of one of the largest Suloo forts — the home of his bitterest and bravest foes.

He turned the head of his boat to the shore and landed unarmed and undressed among the pirates. He surrendered his life, his throne, and his honor, into their keeping.

They listened silently, and then their scarred old chief stepped forward and placed a naked kris in the white man's hand and kissed his feet.

Before the sun went down that day the White Rajah was on his throne again, and ten thousand grim, fierce Sulooes were hunting the Chinese like a pack of blood-hounds.

In 1848 Rajah Brooke decided to visit his old home in England, and ask his countrymen for teachers and missions. His fame had preceded him. All England was alive to his great deeds. There were greetings by enthusiastic crowds wherever he appeared, banquets by boards of trade, and gifts of freedom of cities. He was lodged in Balmoral castle, knighted by the Queen, made Consul-General of Borneo, Governor of Labuan, Doctor of Laws by Oxford, and was the lion of the hour.



DYAK WOMEN, BORNEO.

He returned to Sarawak, accompanied by European officers and friends, to carry on his great work of civilization, and to make of his little tropical kingdom a recognized power.

He died in 1868, and was carried back to England for burial, and I predict that at no distant day a grateful people will rise up and ask of England his body, that it may be laid to rest in the yellow sands under the graceful palms of the unknown nation of which he was the Washington.

His nephew, Sir Charles Brooke, who had also been his faithful companion for many years, succeeded him.

Sarawak has today a coast line of over four hundred miles, with an area of fifty

thousand square miles, and a population of three hundred thousand souls. The country produces gold, silver, diamonds, antimony, quicksilver, coal, gutta-percha, rubber, canes, rattan, camphor, beeswax, edible birds' nests, sago, tapioca, pepper, and tobacco, all of which find their way to Singapore, and thence to Europe and America.

The Rajah is absolute head of the State, but he is advised by a legislative council composed of two Europeans and five native chiefs. He has a navy of a number of small but effective gunboats, and a well-trained and officered army of several hundred men, who look after the wild tribes of the interior of Borneo and

guard the great coast line from piratical excursions; otherwise they would be useless, as his rule is almost fatherly, and he is dearly beloved by his people.

It is impossible in one short article to relate a tenth of the daring deeds and startling adventures of these two white rajahs. Their lives have been written in two bulky volumes, and the American boy who loves stories that rival his favorite authors of adventure will find them by going to the library and asking for the "Life of the Rajah of Sarawak."

There is much in this "Life" that might be read by our statesmen and philanthropists with profit, for the building of a kingdom in a jungle of savage men and savage beasts places their names among the names of the world's great men, as it does among those of the heroes of adventure.

One evening we were pacing back and forth on the deck of his magnificent gunboat, the *Ranéé*. A soft tropical breeze was blowing off shore. Thousands of lights from running rickshas and bullock carts were dancing along the wide esplanade that separates the city of Singapore from the sea. The strange old world cries from the natives came out to us in a babel of sound.

Chinese in sampans and Malays in praus were gliding about our bows and back and forth between the great foreign men-of-war that overshadowed us. The Orient was on every hand, and I looked wonderingly at the slightly-built, gray-haired man at my side, with a feeling

that 'he had stepped from out some wild South Sea tale.

"Your Highness," I said, as we chatted, "tell me how you made subjects out of pirates and head-hunters, when our great nation, with all its power and gold, has only been able after one hundred years to make paupers out of our Indians."

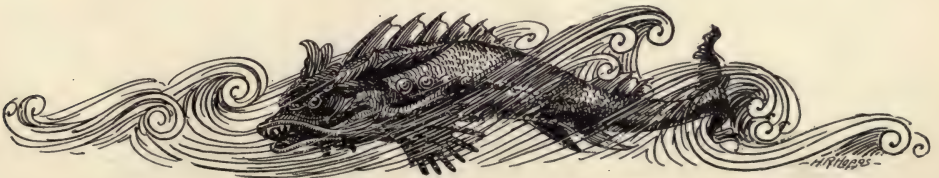
"Do you see that man?" he replied, pointing to a stalwart, brown-faced Dyak, who in the blue and gold uniform of Sarawak was leaning idly against the bulwarks. "That is the Datu (Lord) Imaum, Judge of the Supreme Court of Sarawak. He was one of the most redoubtable of the Suloo pirates. My uncle fought him for eight years. In all that time he never broke his word in battle or in truce. When Sir James was driven from his throne by the Chinese, the Datu Imaum fought to reinstate him as his master.

"Civilization is only skin deep, and so is barbarism. Had your country never broken its word and been as just as it is powerful, your red men would have been today where our brown men are—our equals."

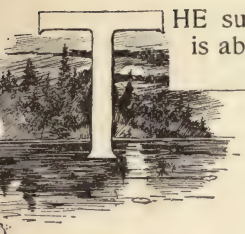
An hour later I stepped into my launch, which was lying alongside. The American flag at the peak came down, and the guns of the *Ranéé* belched forth the consular salute.

I instinctively raised my hat as we glided over the phosphorescent waters of the harbor, for in my thoughts I was still in the presence of one of the great ones of the earth.

Rounsevelle Wildman.



THE DISTRICT IRRIGATION MOVEMENT IN CALIFORNIA.



THE surface area of California is about 100,000,000 acres, of which about 47,000,000 are arid. Of the total expanse about one per cent, or 1,000,000 acres, are cultivated under irrigation by about 14,000 irrigators.

Considering the extent that is broken by mountains, California may be said to be an arid State. In the winter season the great cyclonic belt which enters this coast upon the breast of the Pacific current pushes down from its northern residence and visits the upper portions of the State with some twenty-six inches of rainfall, then withdraws and leaves brown levels under blue skies for eight months. All that area east of the forty-first meridian of longitude and south of the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude, excepting the rim of coast, is desert,—about one third of the entire State. It is a region of baked plains and blasted mountains, of strange flora and infernal fauna, and of furnace heats in the summer season which dance upon the arid air above vast unbroken stretches which in the winter time are cold and drear.

In this desert district the annual rainfall is about three inches. On the coast line of its degrees of latitude it is thirteen inches, and as you bow northward with the contour of the State you progress in the ascending scale of precipitation.

But bordering on all those plains, up and down through the northern and central portions and across the southern breadth of the State, there are great mountain ranges. Their peaks receive the winter rains in the form of snows which lie banked upon them through the periods when the valleys have the greatest moisture, and when summer has parched the broad levels and sent their heat up the slopes the stored snows are released and gradually move down upon the areas to which it appears it was the scheme of Providence that they should be administered in the season of need.

Such are the natural conditions of land and water in the State of California. It may be said in a rough way that there is enough water at all times within the State to saturate for the purposes of agriculture all its arable land. But when the mountain reservoirs yield their accumulated deposits, they do not distribute them over the thirsty areas, but pour them forth through channels traversing the famished plains, leaving to man the application of the waters to the arid soil.

Irrigation, therefore, is a question which inheres to the very character of California. Unless this defect of nature, if such it is, is supplied by human effort, California must remain practically in the condition of her world-birth. Through irrigation principally, can its surface be subdued to the uses of man. It has therefore been the policy of the law to promote irrigation. But in the blindness of legislatures as to individual rights the laws have so mal-adjusted the accessibility to these natural bounties that instead of favoring widespread irrigation they have checked it. The first phase of the law affecting this question was to permit on part of individuals the appropriation of water. The water, instead of remaining appurtenant to the land, becomes alien to it; it is a thing apart which one can own, though he does not possess the soil,—though without it the soil is useless. Under this arrangement, therefore, it became possible for speculators by simply posting a notice of appropriation to grab whole rivers, and by relocating from time to time in a ball toss between themselves and friends as the notices expired they could maintain their hold until the natural element thus sequestered grew through demand into a property.

The speculator in California, therefore, has not, as in most Western States, grabbed the land, he has gobbled the water. Unless he is a railroad or has become successor to the title of some old Mexican grant, the government of the United States has never allowed him to appropriate over one square mile of the

land; but with his "cinch" buckled about a stream of water he has that without which a whole valley may be useless for cultivation and which will bring to him for purposes of treaty those among whom the lands of the valley are parceled. The monopolist of California is, therefore, the water company, an organization which appropriates and dams the stream and sells the water like so much merchandise.

Notwithstanding that in many instances great fortunes have been made through excessive charges to farmers in sales of water, yet unquestionably the benefits to entire communities and the State through the medium of water companies have been very great. In any commercial scheme, indeed, even those in which there is a monopoly at one end and a tenant at the other, it is necessary that benefit shall be the basis of the agreement, though the proportions may stand exorbitantly on one side. The water companies have rendered possible the cultivation of large areas which otherwise would have remained untilled, and the incident production of wealth has profited everyone whom it has touched.

The reprehensible phase of the water company's methods, however, is that it fastens upon the State a system of tenantry from which there is no escape and which will likely harden with time into a more obdurate and oppressive institution. The only pay to which such a concern is entitled is reimbursement for working expenses, repairs to the plant, and ordinary interest upon the capital invested. Their true aspect is that of distributors of water rendering a service, not owners of water selling a commodity; for the water they should not be permitted to own, since that is a natural element and belongs to all men alike.

But the experience of a few years with the problem of irrigation seeking solution through the medium of water companies convinced the citizens of California that it was not to be satisfactorily solved in such way. There was a strong feeling everywhere that the water was appurtenant to the land and that the owners of the land should be the owners of the water. As from the character of the stream distribution it was impossible for every farmer to own his separate system of irrigation works, so the general sense

was that streams should be made to supply the areas to which they were contiguous and that these operations should be by and on behalf of the owners of the lands such streams were capable of watering.

There were several methods through which such end might be effected. One was by simple agreement, uniting co-operative effort among the owners of the lands; another was by a State system of ownership and operation, in which the landowners should have no property, and the third was by the landowners constructing the plant,—but under a body of law which would secure uniformity in the machinery of bringing the plants into existence, would render it possible for all owners of the area to be brought under the plant to be embraced in the movement, would furnish them water at cost, and would hedge the securities through which the money necessary for the construction must be raised with a guarantee based on all the resulting value, and which would, therefore, enable them to borrow money at the very lowest interest.

It was to this latter method that the dwellers of arid California turned their eyes when in 1887 the legislature converted into law a bill introduced by C. C. Wright, which was destined to become famous as the Wright Irrigation Law. This law was an elaborate revise and improvement upon the irrigation and drainage act of 1872. It comprised forty-six sections and embodied a scheme through which there might be attained the construction and ultimate ownership by the landowners of systems of irrigation works wherever in the State the natural conditions of land and water, as an engineering matter, allowed.

The act has been amended in particulars of procedure by successive legislatures since 1887, but in general outline it is about as follows:—

Whenever fifty or a majority of the holders of title, or the evidence of title, to lands susceptible of one mode of irrigation from a common source and by the same system of works, desire to provide for the irrigation of the same, they may propose the organization of a district under the provisions of the act, and when so organized such district shall have the powers conferred, or that may be thereafter conferred, by law upon such irrigation districts.

A petition shall first be presented to the board of supervisors of the county in which the greater portion of the lands are situated, signed by the required number of holders of evidence of title of lands of such proposed district, which petition shall particularly describe the proposed boundaries of the district, and shall pray that the same be organized under the provisions of the act. The petitioners must accompany the petition with a sufficient bond, to be approved by the board of supervisors, in double the amount of the probable cost of organizing such district, conditioned that the bondsmen will pay all the said costs in case said organization shall not be effected. Such petition shall be presented at a regular meeting of the board and shall be published two weeks before the time at which the same is to be presented, in some newspaper in the county, the notice stating the time of the meeting at which the petition will be presented. When such petition is presented, the supervisors shall hear the same; and on final hearing may make such changes in the proposed boundaries as they may find to be proper, and shall establish and define such boundaries; provided the said board shall not modify said boundaries so as to except from the operation of the act any territory within the boundaries of the district proposed by said petitioners which is susceptible of irrigation by the same system of works applicable to the other lands in such proposed district; nor shall any lands which will not, in the judgment of the said board, be benefited by irrigation by said system be included within such district; provided, that any person whose lands are susceptible of irrigation from the same source may, in the discretion of the board, upon application of the owner to said board, have such lands included in such district. Such board will also make an order dividing said district into five divisions, as nearly equal in size as may be practicable, which shall be numbered first, second, third, fourth, and fifth, and one director, who shall be a freeholder in the division and an elector and resident of the district, shall be elected by each division; provided, that if a majority of the holders of title or evidence of title petition for the formation of a district, the board of supervisors may, if so requested in the petition, order that there may be either three or five directors, as said board may order, for such district, and that they may be elected by the district at large.

The supervisors shall then give notice of an election to be held in such proposed district for the purpose of determining whether or not the same shall be organized under the provisions of the act. Such notice shall describe the boundaries so established, and shall designate a name for such proposed district, and said notice shall be published for at least three weeks prior to said election in a newspaper published in the county. Such notice shall require the electors to cast ballots which shall contain the words: "Irrigation District—Yes," or "Irrigation District—No," and also the names of the persons to be voted for to fill the various elective offices prescribed by the act. The voters at this election must have the qualifications prescribed to regular electors of the State.

If upon a canvass of the votes so cast it appears that at least two thirds of the votes are

cast for "Irrigation District—Yes," the board of supervisors shall enter an order declaring such territory duly organized as an irrigation district under the name and style theretofore designated, and shall declare the persons receiving respectively the highest number of votes elected to the several offices. The district thereupon becomes organized. No action shall be brought to test the validity of the proceedings of organization except the same be brought within two years from the date of the said organization. The officers of the district are an assessor, a collector, a treasurer, and a board of directors. Each of the directors and the assessor give bonds of \$5,000; the collector for \$20,000; and the treasurer for \$50,000.

The directors have full charge of the laying off of the district for irrigation purposes and the building of the plant; they can condemn lands and waters for the purposes of the district, and such condemnations, when made, are declared by the act to be for a public use. The legal title to all property acquired shall vest in the district. For the purposes of constructing the necessary irrigating canals and reservoirs and for acquiring the property thereto, and otherwise carrying out the provisions of the act, the directors are authorized to estimate the amount of money necessary for the purpose and to call a special election, at which shall be submitted to the electors the question as to whether or not the bonds of the district shall issue for the raising of the sum so estimated. If it shall be determined that a majority of votes have been cast in favor of the issuance of the said bonds, then such bonds, payable in gold, shall forthwith issue; they are to be in ten series, payable in gold coin of the United States. They are to be payable as follows: at the expiration of eleven years, 5 per cent of the whole number of said bonds; at the expiration of twelve years, 6 per cent; at the expiration of thirteen years, 7 per cent; at the expiration of fourteen years, 8 per cent; at the expiration of fifteen years, 9 per cent; at the expiration of sixteen years, 10 per cent; at the expiration of seventeen years, 11 per cent; at the expiration of eighteen years, 13 per cent; at the expiration of nineteen years, 15 per cent; at the expiration of twenty years, 16 per cent. All of the bonds are to bear six per cent interest, and no bonds are to be sold for less than ninety per cent of their face value. The bonds are to be sold on bids. The directors may issue these bonds on special elections held from time to time, whenever it is deemed that the interests of the district require improvement or repairs to any part of the plant.

The bonds and interest thereon are to be paid by an assessment upon the real property of the district, and such property is to remain liable to such assessment. All property of every kind in the district is pledged for the payment of the bonds. Once a year an assessment is made on the lands by the assessor, after which the directors sit as a board of equalization; when the value of all of the lands of the district have been determined in this manner, the directors declare what sum of money must be raised to meet the obligations of the district, and this sum must be paid by the owners of the lands according to their holdings. In case the directors refuse to make this assessment, and if the collector of the district refuses to collect the taxes so declared, then

the supervisors of the county shall take the assessment roll of the county and make an assessment from that on the lands of the district, and the Tax Collector shall do the collecting. The amount so assessed becomes a lien upon the property, and if it is not paid the land is sold to pay the assessment; and if the property is not redeemed within a year from the date of the sale, a deed is made to the same, and this deed conveys full title and is conclusive evidence as to the regularity of all proceedings.

It can scarcely be imagined that a law fairer in its provisions could be devised. Throughout its whole aim is to make it possible for communities living on arid lands to irrigate their lands, and to make their mortgages given for that purpose so secure that they might be salable at the lowest rates of interest. Few attempts, however, were made at organization under the law before it was discovered that parcels of the areas to be shaped into districts were related to certain diverse elements who would fight the law to a final knockout.

These were the existing water companies and the land speculator. It is natural to suppose that water companies would antagonize such a scheme, which might bring about competitors who would do the irrigating at cost. In those cases, therefore, where the companies could find no probability of the district absorbing their plant and paying to them a much puffed price, they were opposed to the improvement if the situation presented dangers of a district system ever being constructed which would in any way interfere with theirs.

But the more aggressive, because the more diffused, element of disturbance was the land speculator. If the persons owning lands within the boundaries of districts had all been resident farmers, mechanics, merchants, or other industrials, there would perhaps never have been a lawsuit contesting the act; but if those producers and disseminators of wealth within the districts did not realize it prior to the passage of the act, they have reason to do so now that a landowner *as* landowner, is a singular anomaly. While the value of his land increases only through contiguous improvement, he is an enemy to all improvement for which he is to be taxed a share of the improvement's cost. His attitude is not that of a user of land and a producer of

wealth, but he is a consumer and absorber of the benefit of others' industry. He does not hold land to make it pleasurable and profitable to communities, to allow its inherent bounties to be converted by labor into benefits, but he holds it in order that the desirability of its accessibility and its incident value may be increased by the industry, thrift, and morality, of dwellers in contiguous parcels.

It is the gloomy misfortune of California also, that by far the greater part of her land area is owned by persons who for the most part, do not even reside within the State, and except where they live in her metropolis, and the lands are in San Francisco county, few indeed of them abide in the counties where the lands are located. It was expected by the framer of the act that this class would make trouble. Of no fact was he more certain than that of all men, they were entitled to the very slightest consideration. Since they generally owned vast areas, sometimes reaching into entire valleys and the half of whole counties, if the act should provide that the vote to determine whether or not a district to be formed should be an acreage vote, like a share vote in a stock company, there would likely never have been a single irrigation district formed in the State, for one vacant landowner possessing more land than all the farmers, shopkeepers, and others, in the whole proposed district together, would vote his acreage against the proposition, and that would end it.

Nor was it deemed wise to limit the franchise to freeholders; since in a district where the majority of freeholds were let to tenants, (and there are doubtless such in California,) it would rest with the landlords to say whether the lands should be irrigated or not, and as the only interest they have in the farms is to get the most rent out of them possible with the minimum of investment, they would not be likely to approve of investing a large sum of money in irrigation. To give the ballot to tenants by specification as well as to landlords, would be simply giving it to every legal voter, for every man within a district would, of course, be either an owner or a renter, and whether there was danger of "colonization" or not to push through an election, it was deemed that the general election laws

could take care of such. Besides, the aim of the legislature was to get California irrigated, and it was not disposed to quibble in its law in behalf of obstructionists.

It was therefore provided in the act that the voting should be by the regular electors, resident of the districts. Since the act related to the industrial opportunities and conditions of those living within the district, it was deemed that in a matter of such aspect there were others besides landowners who were possessed of rights.

It was not long, however, after districts began to come into existence, before the act went broadly into the courts for interpretation. The first of these cases was the *Turlock Irrigation District vs. Williams* (76 Cal., 366).

In this case all the conceivable constitutional grounds which might be brought to destroy the act were urged against it; the most important of these were as follows: That the statute authorizes the taking of private property for private use and without reference to actual benefits; the apportionment is unequal and unjust, consequently the statute is unconstitutional. It is void because it authorizes the taking of private property without due process of law. It authorizes private property to be assessed and sold to pay for a future uncertain and contingent improvement. The assessment is not limited to benefits conferred. The statute allows the board of directors and voters of the district to raise the assessment as high as they please, even though the cost of improvement should exceed the benefits; it authorizes the formation of a district of assessment without giving all the landholders a hearing. The act is a usurpation of judicial powers by legislatures and a delegation of judicial powers to a board of supervisors. The act is in contravention of the Constitution in that it delegates to the board of directors of the district and to the electors legislative powers and grants to a special commission and private individuals power to levy taxes. It grants special privileges to a certain class of citizens and discriminates in favor of a particular industry. The district formed under the act for the purpose of irrigating private lands and thus increasing their productiveness and value,

is in every respect a private corporation. The act is special legislation; it relates to particular localities — districts susceptible of irrigation from a common source; such legislation is prohibited by the Constitution of California.

The Supreme Court, however, had little of consolation for the elements who were fighting the most life-giving piece of legislation which the California legislature ever afforded to industry. Throughout its decision it shows a plain disposition to allow the utmost of liberality in construction of the statute and to trample down with a weighty foot mere obstructionists haggling on points of its procedure.

In the case cited, it held that districts, when organized, have all the elements of corporations formed to accomplish a public use. The results of a drainage law and one which has for its purpose the irrigating of immense bodies of arid land must necessarily be the same as respects the public good; the one is intended to bring into cultivation and make productive a large area of land which would otherwise remain uncultivated and unproductive of any advantage to the State, being useless and incapable of yielding any revenue of importance toward the general purposes of the State government by reason of too much water flowing over or standing upon it or percolating through it. The other has for its main object the utilizing and improving of vast tracts of arid and unfruitful soil, desert-like in character, much of it, which if water in sufficient quantity can be conducted upon and applied to it may be made to produce the same results as flow from the drainage of large bodies of swamp and overflow lands. Such a general scheme by which irrigation may be stimulated, the taxable property of the State increased, the relative burdens of taxation upon the whole people decreased, and the comfort and advantage of many thriving communities subserved, would seem to redound to the advantage of all the people of the State to a greater or less extent. It is true that incidentally private persons and private property may be benefited, but the main plan of the legislature, viz., the general welfare of the whole people inseparably bound up with the interests of those living in sections which are dry and unproductive without irrigation, is plain to be seen pervading the whole act in question. This is not a law passed to accomplish exclusive and selfish private gain; it is an extensive and far-reaching plan by which the general public may be vastly benefited; and the legislature acted in good judgment in enacting it.

The Supreme Court then quoting from a decision in 18 Cal. rep. 252 (*Gilmer vs. Lime Point*) says:—

If the use for which property is taken be to satisfy a great public want or public exigency, it is a *public use* within the meaning of the Constitution; and the State is not limited to any given

mode of applying that property to satisfy the want or meet the exigency.

Continuing the Court says:—

A law which is for a public purpose and which mainly concerns the public welfare, which lays an assessment upon property according to approximate equality of benefits, is not unconstitutional because of that feature.

And in the five or more cases which follow this one the Supreme Court has held uniformly with the law; as says Judge James A. Waymire, who figured potentially in sustaining the law in the Supreme Court of the United States as counsel for appellants in the case of *Bradley vs. the Fallbrook Irrigation district*, "Nineteen judges of the Supreme Court, including commissioners, have, during a period of six years, passed upon this subject, and not one has dissented."

Could the law of California, as driven by its legislature and clinched by its Supreme Court, have exerted entire control over an industrial movement most perfectly a matter of the State's industrial regulation, there is small doubt but that the two and thirty irrigation districts formed under the statute would now be fair and fortunate municipalities peopled with prosperous and happy populations, regions of green meadows and russet grain, of orchards and vineyards, ruled with the straight lines of the watering ditches, dotted with the white cottages of industrious husbandmen, and sustaining numerous and thrifty towns as their distributing centers.

But unfortunately it did not abide in California institutions to settle the law. Under the dual citizenship and governments with which the Constitution of this nation invests us, the law could not become a fixity until it had run the gamut of Federal as well as State courts. Again, if all owners of district lands had resided upon their lands the Federal court could never have acquired jurisdiction over any question affecting the law; but the lamentable fact was, and is, as I have remarked, that the greater number of holders of vacant lands now bounded by district lines are absentee owners. They do not reside upon the land and never intend to do so; they acquired the titles for no other purpose than to continue them vacant until the pressure of population about their holdings enables them to

exact from labor wishing to employ itself upon them a sum sufficiently in advance of the prices they paid to please their fancy or to appease their rapacity. Under the aspect of things as they stood there might be one law for the residents of the district and another for the alien owners, one being provided by the State Legislature, the other by the Federal court.

Accordingly, in 1894 a non-resident landowner, one Maria King Bradley, brought suit against the Fallbrook Irrigation district in the United States Circuit Court for the lower circuit of California before the Honorable Erskine M. Ross. The case involved the constitutionality of the law in the organization of a district, and the points raised were precisely those which previously for several years had been settled in the State by the judges of the Supreme Court.

In many features the law of the Federal courts follows that of the States in which those courts are located. It would seem that where the law under consideration by such court was one local to such State, which had been many times passed upon and confirmed by its highest tribunal, which had reached into the lives and industries of thousands of its population and upon the faith of which millions of dollars and millions of days of labor had been invested, the disposition of a Federal court in passing upon such law would be to follow the precedent of the State tribunal and give its sanction to the settled status existing under the statute of the State; and this, it appears, was the strongest influence actually moving the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States in their decision of the cases they have just disposed of.

Nor would it seem that a non-resident holder of title to vacant land within a State should of right be entitled to consideration different from that of the residents of the State in like situations. It would seem that when one buys lands within a State he should do so upon the faith and strength of the laws of that State, and the fact that he withholds his person from the State's population and his wealth from its property while he absorbs the increment of its growth and progress should not entitle him to treatment better or other than that allowed to the State's citizens.

These considerations, however, did not weigh with Judge Ross. As results proved, he wedged his single opinion between those of the Supreme Court of the State of California and the Supreme Court of the United States; and while the Supreme Courts are now on record one way, Judge Ross, unsustained, abides in a counter direction.

It does not change the situation to say for the purposes of the pleadings that the land of Maria King Bradley was watered from a natural or other source, and that, therefore, this particular land had no use for an irrigation system. The opinion of Judge Ross does not concern particularly and peculiarly a special piece of land or land having singular and extraordinary qualities; but it relates to any and all lands; in short, the opinion does not take account of specified things, but it regards principles. Nor can it be doubted that if the Bradley land had been subjected to physical examination it would have shown that Judge Ross was wise in paying slight attention to the suggestion of its carrying its own water and needing no assistance from an irrigation district.

The salient contention of this landowner position has been that the assessments levied on their district lands were not for public uses. We have seen that the State Supreme Court declared they were. Early in the decision of Judge Ross he traverses this very point of public use. He maintains that the—

legislative declaration found in the act here in question that the use in relation to which the authorized power is to be exercised as a public use does not necessarily make it so. If it did, the constitutional provision that private property may be taken for a public use, and the converse of this, which is everywhere maintained by all courts, and which nobody doubts, that private property cannot be taken for a private use, might just as well not exist. It is the purpose and use of a work which determines its character. Streets and highways are in their nature public, for the very purpose of their construction is the accommodation of the public, to the use of which every person is entitled upon the same terms and conditions as every other person. Water appropriated or designed for the use of cities and towns becomes charged with a public use, for the very purpose of such appropriation is the supplying of the public with that necessary element, and every person within such cities and towns is entitled to it upon precisely the same terms and conditions. But can this properly be said of a district however extensive its boundaries, where only certain persons are entitled to enjoy its use? That is to say, where only the landowners in the district are

entitled to the use. . . . No man's property can be constitutionally taken from him without his consent and transferred to certain other men for their use, however numerous they may be. And that is just what the legislation in question authorizes to be done. Private property is thereby authorized to be assessed and sold to provide water to supply the landowners in a certain district more or less limited in extent, for irrigation purposes. Every person within such district is not entitled to the use of the water so provided upon the same terms and conditions as every other person, but only those persons who happen to own land in the district.

Is not this attitude and reasoning of the learned Judge peculiar when it is viewed with regard to the plaintiff at bar? He tells us that in order for property to be lawfully taken from individuals against their consent the use to which it is to be devoted must be a public use; one to which "every person is entitled to upon the same terms and conditions as every other person"; and yet so far as this plaintiff was concerned, surely she could have no complaint upon that score, for she was one of those "certain persons who were entitled to enjoy its use." She was a landowner; it did not, therefore, lie in her mouth to say that the law was unjust when by that very law, according to the Judge's language, she was given advantages by that alleged taking of private property which others in the district did not possess. Her own statement of the case, in the light of the Judge's ruling, should have turned her out of court.

If Maria King Bradley had been a merchant in the district, fighting to resist an assessment upon the stock in her store made for the purpose of building the plant, Judge Ross's reasoning might have been applicable, because then, perhaps, the taking of private property might not have been for a purpose to which "every person would have been entitled to upon the same terms and conditions as every other person"; for Mrs. King as storekeeper could not become an irrigator. But Mrs. King was not a storekeeper; nor was she other than one of that very class for whose benefit the Judge says private property was taken for a public use, who was benefited and who profited by that taking, who was not a person injured by that taking and who had no standing in court; for under all law from the birth of Littleton down to the present day, in order for a plaintiff to have standing in

court he must be an aggrieved, an injured party. Besides, if those persons of the district whose private property was (according to Judge Ross's view) really taken for a public use (because they could not enjoy the use of the improvement upon the same terms and conditions as every other person), if they were satisfied to let things stand the way they were, it was a queer procedure on part of Judge Ross to deny them this privilege at the instance of one who was benefited by their loss. Thus it is, as a first step, upon demurrer or a plea in abatement, Maria King Bradley should have been turned out of court.

And so, without pushing it further, I see nothing in this opinion worthy of further analysis. The point the Judge makes of private property and public use, is reiterated in a variety of forms, and in reality thus comprises nearly the whole opinion of many hundreds of words. To discuss the attitude of the storekeeper would be to conjure up an individual who did not appear in court, and who, probably, has never felt he has cause for complaint. But even supposing, for the sake of argument, that this taking of Maria Bradley's property was not for a public use, if Judge Ross had reflected upon the quality of ownership of land, he would have had no difficulty in following in the track of the Supreme Justices. What the irrigation district really took from the landowner in the way of assessment was not in reality any of *her* property, but it resumed a part of the value it had placed upon the land.

And it could not be deemed an unjust construction of law, even though there be no precedent for it, (as is the case with much legislation these days,) to allow an owner to take from the possession of another what was his own even though the subject of that taking be land value and the owner be an irrigation district. If the roof should slide off my house and fall on A's lot adjacent, and when I sought to remove it A should claim it, Judge Ross would have no hesitancy in awarding me judgment for its recovery. But where an irrigation district had by its act deposited much greater value than a roof on Maria King's land, and sought only to withdraw a portion of it, Judge Ross says that the irrigation district is taking from Maria "private property," and it must be re-

strained. It might be taking "private property," true enough, but to "a man up a tree" it would seem that the "private property" belonged to the irrigation district and not to Maria King Bradley.

The presence of an irrigation plant ordinarily increases the value of arid land from five to eight times. In Southern California it has raised its value from \$1.25 per acre to \$500 per acre for the bare land. It is estimated that the average value of irrigated lands in the State is \$150 per acre.¹ The average value of unirrigated arid lands is certainly not above from \$15 to \$30 per acre. With irrigation also, the productive power of the land increases from 400 to 1,000 per cent. It is then the farmer can realize how vastly superior are such lands to the rain-watered farms of the East. Then he can enjoy the advantages of a rich, deep soil, freedom from destructive winds or the impediments of bad weather, and above all absolute immunity from drought; in short, climatic conditions which permit him to grow crops throughout the year. If Judge Ross, therefore, had contemplated this new plant-made value upon land, he could have seen that the irrigation district assessed no property of the landowners, but, as I have said, only claimed a share of the value it had given, and this share never in excess of the value deposited, even where, as it is claimed, it exists in the Perris district at \$30 per acre. It is generally very much less, as in the Modesto district, where it is \$8 per acre. Judge Waymire states that, "The average irrigation tax is only about \$1 per acre when all the bonds are out and the works finished."

This opinion by a Judge of less reputation than Judge Ross might have affected movements in the irrigation districts but slightly, for the views of one judicial mind against those of nineteen might be expected to be overruled when it should reach the scrutiny of another group of minds; but the record of Judge Ross for soundness of judgment, the number of great cases he had passed upon, in no important instance having been reversed, gave him prestige with the district communities which led them to feel that he was right and the California jurists were wrong.

Had the opinion of Judge Ross been

¹Ontario Observer, January 5, 1895.

sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, the irrigation district enterprises would have been things of the past. As it was, they never from their inception possessed the life they would have enjoyed under settled law. At all times the ominous cloud of Federal interference hung over them. To this condition of doubt was due nearly all of the abuses of which the opponents of the system now complain in their appeals to have the law amended to emasculation or repealed. There were instances of where officers, feeling the uncertainties of the existence of the district and their own consequent tenures, fell to feathering their nests in anticipation of barrenness ahead; cases of where water companies seeking to sell a plant caused the organization of a district to unload their property, in collusion with dishonest directors, at exorbitant figures. There were districts the inhabitants of which, finding the doubt concerning the law had destroyed the market for the bonds, were forced to exchange their bonds to contractors undertaking to build the plant, and who received these securities at about half the value they could have been paid in cash. In short, all the scramble, dishonesty, and ill blood, which can be engendered over property, through the insecurity of law affecting its possession, was rampant in these districts during a period of six years. There were those who had faith in the law and the districts; some had only hopes of both, but when the decision of Judge Ross was announced the heart of everyone failed; confidence was lost; the bonds were valueless upon the market; all activities upon the water systems were shut down; several districts were disorganized; there was heard wailing over lost property on one side and about incomplete work on the other; it was as though some giant hand had come from out of the mist and closed upon them, and thousands were squeezed in the vise.

At this juncture the irrigation districts organized within the State were thirty-two, as follows:

San Diego county:—Escondido district, amount of bonds issued, \$450,000; Fallbrook, \$400,000; Linda Vista, \$1,000,000; Perris, \$442,000; Jamacha, \$700,000; San Jacinto and Pleas-

ant Valley, \$350,000. Total number of districts, 6. Total amount of bonds issued, \$3,322,000.

San Bernardino county:—Alessandro, \$765,000; Citrus Belt, \$800,000; East Riverside, \$250,000; Grapeland, \$200,000; Rialto, \$500,000. Total number of districts in San Bernardino county, 4. Total value of bonds issued, \$1,750,000.

Los Angeles county:—Big Rock Creek, \$400,000; Glendora, \$170,000; Pomona Orange Belt, \$200,000. Vineland, \$62,000. Number of districts, 4. Total value of bonds, \$832,000.

Tulare county:—Tulare, \$500,000; Tule River, \$90,000; Tipton, \$50,000. Total amount of bonds, \$640,000.

Colusa county:—Central, \$750,000; Colusa, \$600,000; Kraft, \$80,000. Total amount of bonds, \$1,430,000.

Stanislaus county:—Modesto, \$800,000; Turlock, \$1,200,000. Total, \$2,000,000.

Fresno and Tulare counties:—(districts extending into both counties) Alta, \$675,000; Sunset, \$2,000,000. Total, \$2,675,000.

Fresno county:—Madera, \$850,000.

Kern and Tulare counties:—Kern and Tulare, \$700,000.

Kern county:—Poso, \$500,000.

Orange county:—Anaheim, \$600,000.

Glenn county:—Orland Southside, \$100,000.

Yuba county:—Brown's Valley, \$140,000.

Total of all bonds issued by all districts:—\$15,519,000.

About fifty per cent of the bonds were sold.

The opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States is recent and is still in the public mind. It was in the case of *Bradley vs. the Fallbrook district*, and upon this opinion was also dismissed the appeal of the *Modesto Irrigation district vs. Tregoe*. The last case went up directly from the Supreme Court of California; the former reversed Judge Ross. That opinion emphasizes to us that land is not property like other property and that owners cannot "do as they please with their land"; they cannot hold it idle when the productive efforts of whole communities must be held in check thereby; they must either move with the throng or they must sell out and let someone else put their lands to use.

Such being the case, it would seem that there should be an end to contention. The temper of the people of the State is certainly that it is much to be regretted that the principle of the Wright law does not obtain in more of our laws. If it did, we should have less people swarming in sloth and poverty in the cities and less areas of brown bare lands in the country; the active agency of human labor and the passive element of

production would be brought together and the result would be a bounteous production of wealth which would redound to the benefit of everyone within the State. If there was ever a law worthy of defense it is surely this one, for it deals with the very vitality of the State.

But the land speculators die hard. Failing to secure the demolition of the law, they have now, from all districts, combined into an organization to use their united influence to secure the law's repeal, or to have it so changed that they will not have to pay any share of the costs of the plants built above their lands while they at the same time pocket the values deposited upon their lands by the plant's presence. Another object of this organization is to continue to deluge with mud the irrigation bonds, whereby they shall impair their sale, and thus force the dissolution of many districts and prevent the organization of new ones. To this end they have started the publication of a monthly paper in San Francisco whose business it is to work up a sentiment against the bonds and carry it into the financial offices of the East, to the end that bond buyers may eschew these securities.

Meanwhile it is well to understand that these paper representations are mostly unfounded. It may be imagined, however, that there are now genuine land-owning farmers resident in some of the districts who would be glad to have the entire act and all the matters and things connected with it wiped out of existence and to be restored to their former positions in order that they might have a clean ground to start over again; they feel that the work that has been done on their plants has been at too great a cost, incident, as I have said, to the uncertainty of the law prevalent at the time of the undertaking. Then there are those, also, more dishonest than the rest, who realize that if the bonds were to be viti-

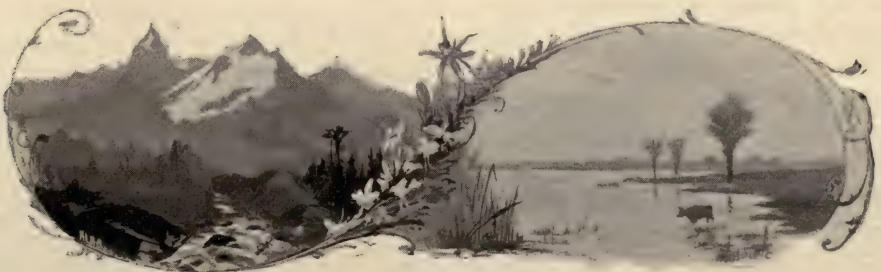
ated the ditches would remain dug and the masonry of the dams would continue standing and that the area of the districts would profit by the bondholders' loss. But most of the districts, the Posos, East Riverside, and many others, are now at peace. The great body of the farmers are satisfied with the districts, willing to maintain the bonds, want the law sustained¹, and wish to irrigate their lands.² They, too, understand the motives which move the recusant landowners to oppose the law and the districts, and they very properly blame them for all the trouble.

Most of the irrigation bonds issued are secure beyond question; for the reason that actions upon their validity have become barred by limitation. With such bonds the proposed purchaser has only to examine the districts to ascertain if the property in them shows a safe margin of value above the face of the bonds. It is unlikely he will find any district where such is not the case. What these districts now need is rest from litigation, changes of law, and printed abuse. With a little respite from these kind of activities they will show themselves to be what they really should be, great municipalities with acreage running into hundreds of thousands, abounding in natural resources, which will be converted into wealth if the people within them are but permitted to employ their labors in peace; and they will be the garden spots of the United States, a delight to the State of California, and peopled by the happiest and most prosperous communities on earth.

John E. Bennett.

¹ As at a meeting held in San Diego on December 1st, 1896, at which 150 irrigators discussed the Wright law. They voted to sustain the law, and refused to instruct their legislative delegation to operate to change it.

² The landowners in the East Riverside and Pleasant Valley districts in this county, the Escondido district in San Diego county, and several others, are well satisfied with the decision. They have received dollar for dollar in water rights and improvements for their bonds and are enjoying the advantages of an irrigation system controlled by the people at a reasonable cost per acre. They feel that this decision means not only security in their rights, but an era of prosperity.—*Riverside Press and Horticulturist.*





WHEN HE CAME AGAIN . . . THE SHERIFF WAS WITH HIM.

THE WOOING OF THE SEÑORITA.

MILLARD TRAVIS was a man of ideas; he was also very young. This was not so bad as it might have been, for his ideas were of the toy pistol sort,—a nuisance to everybody, but only occasionally hurtful to the holder. The idea which made Travis particularly odious to his fellow men was less original than unexpected. He merely held that all this peep-show performance of modern affairs was a progression towards emptiness, that there was nothing sound or wholesome, but naked, unblushing savagery, and his *vade mecum* was “our progenitor, Adam.”

As he was born in Boston of a long line of Doctor-of-Divinity and Professor-of-Moral-Science ancestry, it may be inferred that his opportunities for observa-

tion were limited. As may be also imagined his peculiar views had not endeared him to his friends. Miss Vandeventer went so far as to say she thought Adam must have been a stupid fellow, he had so few experiences. But then Miss Vandeventer lived in New York, where the tinsel glitter manifestations of this decried civilization are particularly seductive.

Travis's conceit, however, was polemical rather than personal, and he continued to conduct himself faultlessly by the canons of cultivated society, and fed his theories until they waxed big and obnoxious. Then lest he should grow inflated past all usefulness, fate pricked the bubble of his queer conceit, and the manner of his downfall is worth relating.

He had been holding forth at the club,

where his ideas were neither popular nor well received, and had been told incessantly to shut up. It is not gratifying to talk to a man who thinks you would appear to better advantage in red paint and a breech-cloth. There was a visiting stranger at the club, a ruminative little man from the West, who might be conceived as forgiving himself the too evident rotundity of his vest because of its increased facilities for the display of gold link chain and jeweled fob. The Western man wanted to know if Travis had ever seen a Digger Indian, or a Comanche, or a Piute? Travis had not. He had a complacent acquaintance with the most notable institutions of this evanescent fabric of human affairs, but he had never seen raw humanity at home. He had never seen a Digger, nor a Piute.

"Wait until you do," said the man from the West.

This suggestion, tipped with an air of superior knowledge, had the immediate effect of closing the discussion, the club rejoicing greatly thereat.

When the other man has seen what you have only thought about, there is really nothing more to be said. Conning over this rebuff, Travis conceived the idea of putting his theories to the test of personal observation. A month later saw Travis on his way to California to engage in the study of raw humanity. He was bound for Los Vinos, a cattle ranch in the San Joaquin valley. He had met the owner of Los Vinos on an Atlantic steamship the summer before, the Californian being on his way to secure the co-operation of English financiers in his pet irrigation scheme.

Travis had procured him some fortunate introductions and the rancher had extended an invitation with all the effusion of Western landed interests toward Eastern capital. The Californian had told him that the work on his ranch was done

by Indians. Travis was humble, and recognized his limitations. He would begin with the Indians at Los Vinos, who might be supposed to have suffered a diminution of their naturalness, and work himself into a state of sympathy with raw humanity.

He found Los Vinos with very little trouble, a cattle range skilfully gerrymandered over the best grazing land in three counties. On the way there he saw Diggers and Piutes, he also smelt them and realized that a course of esoteric culture is not the best preparation for the study of aboriginal humanity. At Los Vinos he found Piutes and Greasers and degenerate half-breeds,—not exactly what he came to see, but sufficiently raw for his purpose. It was snowing when the train pulled out of Boston, but at Los Vinos woolly clouds rolled up the cañons from blossomy acres of white, mellowed and bordered with gold, and all intoxicating delights exhaled in the sensuous atmosphere. He declined the hospitality of the superintendent at the ranch house and sought bed and board with Juan Romero, head vaquero. Romero's house was an old stage station, a long low adobe structure set on the slope where the valley rises to meet the hills, some miles below the ranch headquarters and close to the stream that leaped whitening from the cañon as far as it could or dared, to the plain below.

A row of poplars ran as far up the slope to the mountain as the stream ran down to the valley. Behind the house the water foamed and curdled under a twilightthicket of grape-vines, whose twisted stems, riding the ridge of the roof like some green old man of the sea, dropped pendulous fingers to the eaves of the low veranda that looked full on the glare of the leopard-colored plain.

The chief of the vaqueros welcomed Travis to this ancient hostelry with the

air of an hidalgo, and the Señora Romero was very good to him. The proprietor of Los Vinos was still abroad and the superintendent was a man of many cares. Travis purchased a saddle and a sombrero and resigned himself to the impulse of the hour.

He spent the first two weeks hunting fleas and learning to like villainous messes of *chile con carne*. At the end of that time he had become accustomed to both, and all but forgotten previous states of existence. He rode with the vaqueros after he had learned to manage their vicious little broncos, and had borne with becoming humility the amusement his fashionable-riding-school ignorance of the art provoked. He liked the wild rush through the chaparral and the hazardous scurrying down steep hillsides, and exulted in the bellowing mêlée of the rodeo. Much more he delighted to sleep unhoused between the earth and sky. A new sense stirred within him in the wakeful pauses of the night, a sense of gladsome multitudinous existences peopling the sentient earth. The domestic life he found less interesting, it was so undeniably dirty; but there were phases of it that filled him with unmixed delight.

The women, for instance, were charming. That the most charming were found sooner or later to be of doubtful origin was to be regretted, but the most aboriginal, if she were anything less than middle-aged, seldom failed of the picturesque. He was never weary of watching the Señora Romero and the felicity of her compromises between the indolent instincts of race and what she felt to be due to her position as wife of the man who could rope and tie more cattle in a day than any man in Los Vinos.

In the fourth week of his enchantment, when the grape vines were misty with

bloom, came to Los Vinos the Señorita De Silvierra. She said she was Spanish. She was the daughter of a tamale man in San José, and bore some unexplained relation to Juan's wife, to whom she had come on a visit. The Señora Romero, it may be remarked in passing, belonged to that race who had not found it incompatible with a state of undiluted human nature to draw rations from the government. But that could hardly account for the general irresistibility which Travis acknowledged in her young relative. Brown, passive, and inscrutable, she held him with a charm that escaped definition, just as the soft illusions of her speech eluded his tongue trained to the prim syllabification of Bostonese. After the Señorita came he rode less often with the vaqueros and cared less interestedly for the indolent simplicity of life in the wickiups. After the Señorita came he neglected his correspondence and began to learn the vernacular.

The great valley smiled for a brief season and lay still, fainting under the stress of summer suns. All day the light beat down the hollow of the valley, and pulsed back to the translucent dome, but Travis no longer noted the recurrent phases of the day. Long afternoons the Señorita sat on the veranda with her interminable drawn-work, while Travis smoked cigarettes, which the Señorita rolled for him, and found his appreciation of the curves of her lithe young body in no wise diminished by the cut of her greasy frock, with half the buttons off. When the light failed the Señorita tinkled the strings of her guitar, while the wind shook small mysterious patterings and more mysterious silences out of the poplar trees, and the warm earth turned duskily to the yellow California moon, which is not projected on a glassy sky,



THE BOSTONIAN WALKED OUT OF THE DILEMMA AS INSTANTLY AS HE WALKED IN.

but hangs full orb'd upon the verge of space.

About this time Travis began to take his Sunday dinner with the superintendent at the ranch house. On Sundays there came to Romero's, in the unmitigated ugliness of cheap calicoes and "store clothes," the youth of Los Vinos, and the Señorita was very glad to see them. She laced her soft young curves into her only pair of stays under a pink and purple frock, and became at once ordinary and unlovely. There came also from Tuniwai, beyond Salt Creek, one Hawker, a villainous half-white, gross and indolent, but not without good points, or what passed for such at Los Vinos; an audacious air, a skin less swart than might have been expected, and a talent for existing without labor.

Now mark the inconsistencies of human nature. Los Vinos admired Hawker in proportion as the white strain was uppermost, and in like degree Travis found him odious, especially as the half-breed began to discover an attitude of mind that, considering the errand on which he had come, the Bostonian had no manner of right to resent. It is one thing to entertain the belief that society is used up and another to find yourself regarded as the product of its effeteness. Travis acknowledged a diminished personality in the presence of the Señorita, but he did not want Hawker to tell her so.

Sitting on the veranda with the company adjusting its behavior to the half-breed's opinion of his deserts, he experienced the disgust of a masquerading monarch who finds his incognito more of a

disguise than he intended. It was then that he remembered his proxy host, whom up to this time he had somewhat neglected. The superintendent had been nine years at Los Vinos and had but one opinion of the inhabitants, he said. When Travis thought of Hawker he was inclined to agree with him, but he remembered the Señorita and withheld judgment.

Events of late had not softened the asperity of the superintendent's temper. From time to time marked discrepancies in the count of the Los Vinos herds were found to correspond with the appearance in the market of hides and cattle bearing a mutilated brand. And the nuisance did not abate, notwithstanding the whole population of Los Vinos bent itself with alacrity to hunting down the culprit.

When Travis had been two months at Los Vinos, Romero took another boarder, a shy, silent man who had received permission to prospect the Los Vinos grant for minerals. Travis was at first drawn towards the stranger, but the event proved him a man of no discrimination, for before a week was out he fellowshipped with Hawker like a brother. Travis returned to the veranda, his cigarette, and his Señorita.

One of those unnumbered languorous days the stranger disappeared in the vaporous distance down the valley toward Summerfield. When he came again he wore the badge of a sheriff's deputy, and the sheriff was with him. They dropped wearily from their saddles in the white, palpitant glare of afternoon, before the dismantled bar room at Romero's, where Travis and the superintendent had worn out the morning with crib and cigars.

Travis surveyed their grim and warlike aspect with humorous appreciation not unmixed with personal satisfaction, for the much sought-for cattle thief whom

they had come to arrest was none other than the half-breed, Hawker. Half an hour later, leaving them to their plans, Travis, passing out of the low dim room, came suddenly on Hawker and the Señorita crouched listening under the window. A dismayed sense of the situation translated itself from eye to eye with the swiftness of thought.

The sheriff's strident voice reached them through the open window, and the water gurgled continuously among the rocks. How the recollection of those long afternoons of inconsequent dalliance smote him in the vulgar complacency of the girl's confidence in her power over him.

She was not looking at him, but at her lover in triumphant assurance. The half-breed, calculating the chances between jealousy and fear, watched him with his hand thrust backward in a menace the Bostonian did not understand. Ten steps away his host plotted with the officers of the law to rid himself of a nuisance, and Travis was a party to his intention. In common courtesy he could do no less than raise his voice in alarm. He saw himself withheld from this by the Señorita's interpretation of his attitude toward her, doubly withheld by the half-breed's mocking distrust of his intention.

The Bostonian walked out of the dilemma as instantly as he had walked in, suddenly aware, as he went, of the rank smell of rawhide crisping in the sun, and Romero's flea-bitten dogs sprawling on the kitchen floor. Hawker let down his bridle rein from a broken trellis among the vines, and stepped cautiously down the deep wash of the stream that furrowed the plain far below the summer limit of its waters.

If the sheriff and his party had looked back as they climbed the long slope of the hill to Tuniwai, they might have seen

the diminished figure of a horseman spurring rapidly across the vari-colored plain. Travis did not meet them, two days later, when they rode back bootless, weary, and profane. Important business, so Romero said, had called him home.

Travis's friends all declared him much improved by his brief sojourn in the West.

He never mentioned this episode to any one, not even to Miss Vandeventer, whom he married the following winter; perhaps because he cannot for the life of him tell what he has done. He is troubled at times over his breach of good faith to his host, but he does not know how he could have consoled the Señorita, having robbed her of her lover. If she has mar-

ried him since, no doubt he has made her suffer for having permitted a rival's devotion to reach the point of making her husband his debtor for life.

At all times he sees himself compounding a felony; but he need not trouble himself about his breach of good faith with the superintendent. If he had raised the alarm the half-breed would probably have shot one or both of them, a contingency that has not occurred to him.

Shortly after his return Travis wrote some clever sketches of California life which were much admired, but from beginning to end there was not one word in them of the dirty but adorable Señorita de Silvierra.

M. Austin.

A LOST SONG.



WONDERFUL song the old year sang,
 Though I passed by hill or plain,
 Its rhythm and thrill as the bright hours sped
 Ran through them all like a golden thread,—
 Ah happy me!
 Its words were in the sunbeams, fall,
 In the drip of the summer rain;
 New year, dear year, blooming and fair,
 Sing me that song again.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
 And it sets in the summer sea;
 Starry lips tremble along the grass,
 The boughs bend low when the warm winds pass,
 But I hear it not,—
 I listen and wait, but I hear it not;
 For he sings to another than me,—
 The year is singing his song of songs,
 But he sings to another than me.

Maude Sutton.





IN EXILE.

SOMEWHERE in California, now, I know
That Spring is triumphing; her warm green fields
Riot with yellow poppies, all aglow,—
The gladdest flower that ever lifted up
Its saucy stem from vale or breezy hill
To rock the living sunshine in its cup!
And somewhere, too, the lupines blossom out
In brave long clusters, blue as break of day,
And just as wet and perfumed. Ah, no doubt
The buckeye trees are white with perfume too!
Oh, to be there, in California, now!

For but a day,—an hour,—to get away
From these stern landscapes, barren and unknown,
From this dull sky of cold, eternal gray,
This land where stubborn Winter holds the throne
Of timid Spring, and blights each budding spray.
Why, there, in California, now, I know
Must bloom deep drifts of scented, pink-white clover,
Where drone the drowsy, clumsy, tumbling bees,
And idle butterflies go shimmering over.
Oh, would I were in some green cañon, there,—
Where hairy, nodding, little “cream-cups” bend
Above the solemn violets; I’d tell
Them—Midas-like—a secret, to the end
That they in turn should tell it to the world;
'Tis this:—though far (ah, far!) compelled to roam,
The heart of California’s child, for aye
Will call that land of flowers and sunshine,—home.

Marion Hill.





TLUPANA ARM NEAR THE MOUTH OF LAING RIVER.

EXPLORING IN NORTHERN JUNGLES.¹

II. THE CENTRAL CRAGS OF VANCOUVER.

 MAP hanging in the Lands and Works Department at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, gives the central mountains of Vancouver as rising to 8,000 feet and more, which leaves those peaks that have long been named, such as Victoria peak and Crown mountain considerably in the lurch.

This is not far wrong as we found out during the past summer, when we made our way through the district, and standing on the summit of the hills that seem to bunch up there in specially formidable manner, named them "Central Craggs."

These mountains are a part of the Vancouver range, the most westerly of the four great systems in British Columbia,—the Rocky mountains, the Gold range,

the Coast range, and the Vancouver range. They all run nearly parallel from the northwest to the southeast. The latter range is the northwest boundary of the continent of North America, as there is only a narrow sub-marine plateau extending beyond it, then a quick descent into the azure depths of the Pacific ocean. The island itself is 270 miles long; its breadth, from over seventy miles down to not more than ten miles. It seems naturally to divide itself into three sections, the first from Victoria at the south to Alberni, one hundred miles away; from Alberni and its lakes to Woss Lake and the Tahsis canal, another one hundred miles; and finally from the latter to capes Commerell and Scott at the extreme north. There is a marked difference between these sections,—rain in the north, snow in the middle, and genial

¹ Continued from December, 1896, number.



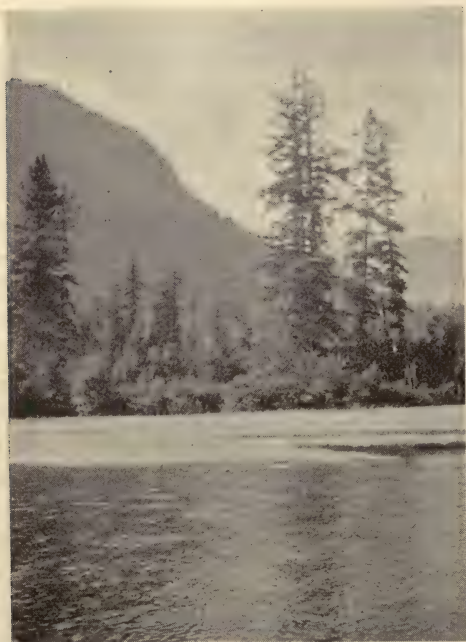
FRIENDLY COVE, NOOTKA

weather to a remarkable degree in the south. There are small timber, swamp lands, and good fishing, in the north; nothing but mountains, streams, and lakes, with perpetual snow, in the center; and large timber, excellent land, and good society, in the south. From the sea, the

central portion looks anything but inviting,—mountains piled on mountains, peaks vying with each other which shall be the tallest and most pointed, huge banks of snow seemingly everywhere.

It was from Friendly cove, the Indian rancherie on Nootka island that we made the start. This is a far-famed spot, the headquarters for centuries of a tribe of Indians who waged relentless war upon their neighbors and all whites. Here Jewett, an English sailor, was held in captivity for over two years, whose book concerning his experience was the delight of the boys of a past generation. But now all is peace, and a store of supplies kept by a white trader makes it a convenient place for a start.

Nootka sound soon after passing the cove splits up into three arms: Tahsis, Tlupana, and Muchalat. It was from the head of the latter that our start inland had to be made. We reached there by canoe and found a broad stream flowing into the arm, coming from the east. There were three in the party, all white men, the Indian whose canoe we hired was to pole the packs containing our blankets, food, and cooking utensils, as far up as the riffles would allow and then



TLUPANA ARM.



NOOTKA INDIANS

return. We knew from the general appearance of the country that neither horse nor mule could act as beast of burden for us; there was nothing for it but to turn ourselves into carriers, and we had provided ourselves with straps which long experience has brought almost to perfection for ease and strength.

Our general course, as we planned, was as follows: to work our way, with supplies for eight days, across the island through a tract of country never before trod, some thirty miles to a large lake named Buttles, where we had arranged for men to meet us with fresh supplies. They were to come in from the east coast, following the Campbell river up to where the lake found its outlet to the sea. Then from the head of Buttles lake we planned to strike into the mountains once again, going straight, if possible; and passing over the very center of the island, come out at Great Central lake, from which place an easy journey would take us into Alberni. In order that we should have light packs we were to be met with further

fresh supplies at the last named lake, and a canoe, in order to avoid the tediousness of rafting over a sheet of water thirty miles in length.

On Wednesday afternoon, July 22d, we made camp a little distance up the East river, finding a most convenient spot, save for the mosquitoes, and the devil's club, which here attains to twice a man's height with thorns that have to be reckoned with. The following day the real start was made, and in order to lighten the canoe two of us took to the bush, while the third assisted the Indian in poling.

No very serious rapids were met until four miles had been covered, then an extra heavy and dangerous one seemed too much for the Indian; and although the three of us offered every assistance, we could get him no farther, so dumped the packs on a shingly shore line and watched him as the little craft danced down stream and out of sight. We, along the bank, had had a stiff fight with the underbrush all the morning, but this was slight compared to what we now encountered. We



SCENE ON GREAT CENTRAL LAKE.

made only two miles in a four hours' struggle. Axes were constantly brought into use, clothes were torn, and the river waded wherever its depth would allow. We were hemmed in by mountains on either side, with snow-capped peaks looking down upon us. Slowly we conquered, and were glad enough to throw off our packs and camp where the stream forks, coming from the south as well as east.

In the morning the first thing to be done was to cross the south fork, and as fording was out of the question, owing to the rapidity and depth of the river, we felled a couple of trees, which dropped most conveniently and made an easy bridge. Then we entered a cañon which taxed our ingenuity to get through. It is one thing to clamber among and over rocks with free hands, but quite another to have a gun or an ax in one hand and a pack of many pounds upon the back. We lunched

and camped in that cañon and all the next day we were in it, finally having but inches to stand on as we crawled round the face of the rocky walls which ran sheer up a thousand feet and more.

After the constant roar of the waters the quiet of the spot above the cañon was most welcome, and we rested in the timber close to the edge of the river, which flowed swiftly but noiselessly by. Another day's climbing awaited us before we could reach the divide and change from climbing up to climbing down. We had not traveled above a mile when we came to a small lake hemmed in by mountains, a most picturesque little sheet of water, at the head of which we touched the snow line. Our river poured into the head of this lake, so we ascended its course through much easier ground and within half a mile came to another lake, larger than the first, with a most remark-

able natural dam of rock at its foot. This rock is some thirty yards across and runs back so gently that we could not tell where it began in the lake itself. The water tumbles over in a beautiful waterfall which continues more or less to the lake below. It is a fact worth noting that the island's streams almost invariably have two lakes in their course.

We could see ahead of us our final climb to the top of the ridge, but it was by no means inviting. At the head of the lake, the land, thickly wooded, with a surface covered by snow, ran sheer up a good thousand feet and then seemed to become level for a space, beyond which a two-peaked mountain rose up into the sky. But ahead we went, working our way around the lake and then hauling ourselves and our packs hand over hand up

the incline. It was slow work and very tiring, but once on the first ridge we were well rewarded for the effort.

Here before us was a very pit of snow; a vast amphitheater ran around it and in the center was a lake all frozen save that we could see a stream running out to the north which found a way to the lake below by a straight drop. Tired though we were, we hastened over to that side and looked down one of the finest, if indeed it is not the greatest, waterfalls of the island. Snow everywhere, though a lovely sky overhead, the pit was not an inviting place for a camp, but still we made it,—going without a tent, for poles were not to be found and wood for a fire was at a premium. A finer sight than the last rays of the sun striking that amphitheater can not well be imagined; and though the



ENTRANCE TO TLUPANA ARM.



THROUGH A GRANITE CAÑON.

night wind was cold and biting, we managed to keep warm by making a common bed and sleeping with our hats on.

We were early astir and glad to push on up the farther side of the great pit, warily treading, for the snow was very hard and in places dangerously slippery. Then, as explorers ever are finding to their chagrin, we saw a great chasm between us and the Twin peaks and in it lay a large lake shaped like a balloon, with ice floating on the surface. We took counsel here as to the best way. We only knew the general direction in which Buttes lake lay, and could see nothing in front but range on range of snow mountains. We could travel to our right, and so keep the height we were on, but we fancied that this would bring us to the head of the lake, (which it would have,) whilst we had to meet our party at its foot. The way to the left was certainly wrong, so we determined to keep straight ahead although it meant going down into a deep valley. But in this

valley, with its source in the lake below where we stood, we noted a river running, which naturally made us draw the deduction that it ran into some lake, for the sea was too far off to permit its reaching such as its outlet, and by the size of the stream we calculated that it must feed a large lake, which meant Buttes lake or some other that man had as yet never seen.

So down we went, and at times faster than we cared to, clinging to the short brush as best we could, and making use of snow slides when we had the chance. Sure enough, we soon came to another lake, but to reach its banks had to make a desperate jump. Disaster more or less attended this attempt at long jumping, but men get used to a little water being added daily to their burden, and we clambered round the edge to the foot of the lake, to find no seeming outlet for the stream. This puzzled us a good deal, and after a diligent search to make sure of so curious a condition of

affairs we climbed over the great rocks which were piled up at the spot and let ourselves down the ravine ahead. Not until we had gone down a full half mile did we see the water, which then oozed out at a score of different places from amid the rocks and soil, to go tumbling down until they came together in full form and the stream was once more itself. As we followed its course we came upon a good deal of marble along the banks and in its bed; we had also seen this day, higher up in the snow, small flocks of a tiny golden-colored bird.

We had nothing to do but keep in this valley till we found where the river ended, but we had not miscalculated, for after two days more of working our way through the mass of underbrush, and ever and anon climbing the mountain side to escape a cañon or a waterfall too sheer for man's descent unless as a corpse, we came to where the river broadened and began to lose its rapidity and then poured itself out into the lake where we would be.

But those two days were days to be remembered. Old hands as all of us were at bearing the tortures of mosquitoes in many lands, we can say with truth that this valley bears the unenviable palm for those enemies of mankind. They seemed to take a special delight in attacking us. Perhaps they were wrought up over man's daring to enter the unknown land. They took us cruelly at disadvantage. What chance has a man with the little fiends when he is climbing up a wall, using both hands to hang by, and a gun or an ax in one hand to boot? We named, and we think well named, that valley and that river, Mosquito; and let him who disputes the right test it in comparison with any other part of the island, for himself.

Several times, to get better walking, we had to cross the stream by means of felling trees and for the best part of the

day left the river altogether, making a short cut over a mountain. From the summit of this we had a splendid view of the mountain ranges hereabouts. They are not of a kind to excite any keen desire to tackle them. The landscape appeared but one mass of peaks, not a round top in sight, and as to any level land, not the most active imagination could conceive such to exist. But what gave us fresh heart was a tiny glimpse of our lake. We never had any doubt that it was other than Buttles. So down we went towards it, but not without one slide more than we wanted, which broke our rifle short off at the stock and nearly collapsed one of the party. Sometimes to get down a sudden drop we would lower the packs one by one and then follow as best we could; but what helped us most were the deer trails, which so far as they went we held to tenaciously. By Buttles lake we stood and a noble sheet of water it is, twenty-five miles in length, surrounded by scenery of a very high order.



TYEE OF MUCHALAT ARM, NOOTKA SOUND.

Then we began seriously to consider how far we might be from the foot of the lake and whether our party were likely to be there to meet us. With our elongated pistol we fired a salute, but no reply came, so we decided to build a raft and make our way down the lake as best we could. We had neither rope nor nails, but the axmen within twelve hours had a craft ready, five logs held together by two cross pieces dovetailed in. On it we put our belongings and then swished our way along the edge, poling where the depth would permit with young trees for poles.

We found that we were about three miles from the foot, and to get there had to round a sharp promontory, which causes the outlet of the lake to look almost like a funnel. At first the water was very calm, but just as we reached the point a strong wind (common to these mountain lakes) sprang up, which soon threatened every moment to break up

our craft. But we conquered, and reached calmer waters, soon reaching the foot where Campbell river commences its headlong rush to the sea; and jumping ashore, found no sign of our men, or the now much needed provisions.

We saw at once the gravity of our situation. There was no food behind us, our rifle was broken so there was no chance of food around us, and there was a clear four days' tramp at the very least to the east coast where we might find a settlement. We had supplies, by living very frugally, for two days, so there was no time to lose, and the decision was at once reached, to leave the lake and push on down the river bank till we either met our party or starving should reach the coast.

Hunger ahead made our steps the faster and had we not met with an opponent in the river we should have made a record in that day's tramp. Within a couple of miles we came to where we either had to cross the river or be blocked for good. We had no knowledge of the river's depth but we could tell it was very swift. We straightway assayed to ford it, the greatest danger of the trip. With packs high up and a long pole each, we walked in, clothes and all, and got a third of the way across, when we saw that the depth ahead would be over our heads, and swimming was out of the question. Now began a fierce struggle to keep out feet. The strain of the stream against our legs was tremendous as the order was given to return. Easier said than done. To turn was the risk, and only by inches we managed to face the other way. A sorry crowd we looked as we came up out of the river, sadder but wiser men.

We camped on the spot and dried out as best we could, eating there our last piece of bacon; then turned to making a



INDIAN SHACK AND TOTEM, NOOTKA, WEST COAST.

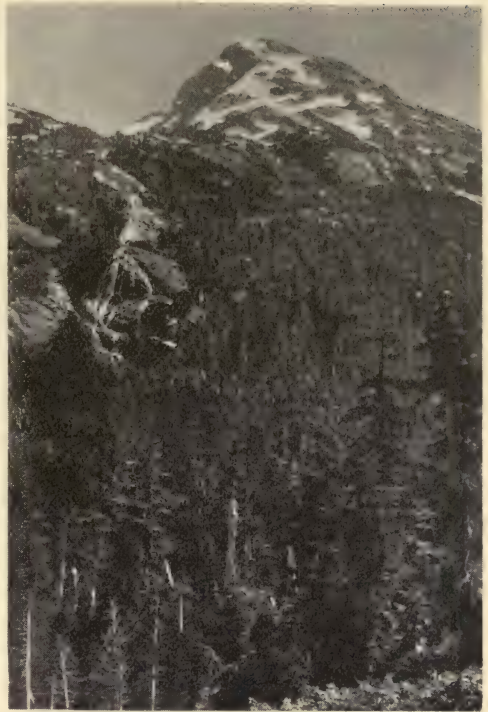
second raft. This was six slim poles tied together with bark, for time was short, and the next morning we committed ourselves to this wondrous craft and turned out into the torrent.

The few minutes that followed were very lively and it was a question whether we should land where we wanted to on the other side, or be carried down to a rapid below to be broken up by the rocks. But we won against all the effort of the river; and then hurried on, only to find ourselves again baulked by the land two miles below, and the stream again to be crossed. This time we found an old cedar log lying handy, and cutting it in two, dovetailed two cross pieces and within an hour were ready for a second attempt. This was of a truth a most rickety concern and only hungry men would have launched forth upon it. It requires an adept to ride one log, and certainly it takes skill for three men to ride on two.

We reached the other side in safety, and took to the woods again, pushing our way through a very bad country of underbrush and swamp, till tired out, we halted with a heavy rain pouring down upon us, close to the head of what is known as the Upper Campbell lake. Here we cooked our last meal, reserving just enough to give us a bite in the morning.

With determination in every step we set out early to make our way down the side of the lake as far as we might before building a fourth craft and had not gone much over a mile before the usual baulk came. Here we thought it just worth while firing a signal, solo loaded the elongated pistol once more and let it go, when much to our delight we heard an answer come bounding across the water and knew that our men were awaiting us.

They had been camped for a week past; and had not reached the foot of the lake for the simple reason that they



CONNUMA PEAK, CENTRAL CRAGS. ALTITUDE, 5,600 FEET.

could not find the way. They attempted to ascend the river in a canoe they had brought with them, but this quickly ended in disaster, they tried the mountains to the south, but these threw them too much off the course. They finally decided to wait where they were, surmising that we would do just what we did and so fall in with them.

After a rest and refitting, both parties returned to Buttles lake, passing through a splendid elk and bear country, where beaver live in plenty. We found our two-log raft gone, so hewed out a three-log one and had a spirited time making a double crossing. Then we reached the six-pole craft, which had been staked more securely. Here the cook of the first party came to grief, for in endeavoring to hold a branch that hung over the stream and might help to bring us more quickly to and, 'e



DEVIL'S CLUB PLANTATION.

man, his pole, and the branch, got hopelessly mixed together, and all three took a thorough bath. A big fire soon made things right for the man and a couple of miles tramp brought us all to the foot of the lake.

Here we found what we had not had time to notice or think of before, a small canoe with one paddle. This was most fortunate; for it would just hold three men and would obviate the tedious work of poling a raft for over twenty miles. The dug-out had been left by a party of surveyors who had touched here some years before in staking a line for a railway grant.

We found the lake full of trout, but had no time to wait to make a record catch. The next morning early we saw the men who had come from the east coast off down to their old camp, and so home, then took our places in the canoe and started once again by ourselves,—this time to reach and cross the very center of the island. We had cut two paddles out of a handy log, so none were idle.

The lake runs generally due north and south, though it winds considerably; and about four miles from the head takes a decided turn to the southwest. It is the peer of all the island's lakes in its scenic

beauty. Backed on both sides by high mountains, snow-capped and rugged, it has a lower range still closer to it, covered in most parts with fir to the water's edge. Scores of waterfalls pour down on either side, and the streams which feed it are almost numberless. There are no islands in it save three small rocks, the largest of which is hardly fifty yards long.

As we paddled on we could see a mass of peaks and vast banks of snow, looming directly in our course. These are the Central Craggs of the island and it was well that we had our larder full as we faced the real object of the trip. Beyond those, and exactly where we knew not, there lay Great Central lake, where our second party was to meet us, and might be even now.

White men and Indians in plenty have been on Central lake, and some of each on Buttles, but between the two lay those Craggs, which had been left most wisely alone but which we had now to tackle.

We rested at the head of the lake for the night; then caching the canoe, threw on our packs and faced the mountains once again. A river ran down towards us, heading from the way we planned to go, and at once we had to decide whether we would follow up the valley or climb up to the top of the ridge, thence going parallel with the stream till some other guide turned up. We chose the latter, and it was well that we did, for another day's work brought us to where the river started and had we followed in the valley there would have been a veritable trap for us, since a gleaming glacier blocked the way ahead while precipices hemmed in the water on either side. So up we went, finding very fair traveling. The timber was open and the moss held us well, but the ascent was steady the whole live long day with never a dozen yards of level. Our lunch was taken in

a spot where it required the greatest care to prevent ourselves and food slipping down hill. Then we came to a dry water-course, which we stuck to for a full thousand feet climb and noticed all the way an abundance once more of marble but no game.

Just before sunset we gained the top and now had little difficulty in seeing how to reach the Central Crags. There was nothing but snow everywhere save stunted trees in little groves here and there. We were on a great backbone which ran straight up into the Crags. These latter form a most perfect crescent, like a quarter moon, and to reach the center one, which rose like a pyramid into the sky, we should have to keep on our ridge and spend a couple of days in a truly Arctic scene. We had no means of telling the depth of the snow beneath our feet, but that it ever allows the earth to see the sun is a thing impossible. Whichever way we looked we saw streams tearing off to disappear round some lower range, and glaciers were on every side.

Looking about for a night's shelter, we espied a balsam tree, and cutting off its lower boughs, crept under its remaining limbs, each lying in his own blanket with toes to the trunk and head resting on some portion of the larder.

The cold drove us out early, and we were soon on our way along the backbone, with a tremendous drop steadily increasing as we mounted higher and higher. The usual quota of lakes were to be seen feeding the streams, and now we commenced to see very clearly the immense fissures in the banks of snow that fill up every crevice in these crags. We hoped sincerely that none such would lie across our path. At noon tide we took observations and calculated that we stood at the time in the exact center of the island. To signalize the event we took out two flags and determined to leave them there float-



MUCHALAT ARM INDIAN WOMAN AND BABY, NOOTKA.

ing before every breeze. To do this we found a small clump of balsam trees very handy, and swarming up the tallest, squared off the trunk near the top, lopping off the branches, and then using some extra bootnails we carried, nailed the flags to our improvised mast,—one for loyalty, the Union Jack, the other to show from whence the three had come, the Stars and Stripes. There we left them and unless some untoward collapse come to the little clump of stunted trees, there they may hang for many a day.

Then we pushed on to yet higher ground, and when we halted for lunch we were fairly amidst the Crags, and right below the central peak. But now two visitors appeared, one most unwelcome, the other most effective. The latter was a band of goodly deer, which came tripping across the snow from round a neighboring ridge as soon as our camp fire was lit. Their curiosity could not seemingly be satisfied, for they came within fifty



WHERE FLOATS THE UNION JACK ON GREAT CENTRAL LAKE.

yards and stared hard and long. We had left our stockless rifle behind, so could only enjoy staring back, which there certainly was ground for, since it is a rare sight to have seven bucks, all sleek and antlered, pay a camp a visit in the day time. The unwelcome visitor was fog, which came rolling up behind us, and in an hour just shut us in as completely as if we were within prison walls. We could not see a dozen yards ahead, and to attempt advance under such conditions in a new country with dangers on every side would have been madness. So we made the best we could of our very limited quarters, and hoped that the morrow would release us. But no such fortune, for all the next day we were enveloped in the fog, and had to while away the time as best we could. Every little while, day and night, we could hear avalanches of snow breaking away and thundering down the ravines. The roar of artillery

is nothing to it, and we were thankful that from the configuration of the crag there was little chance of the like happening to our position. We had another visitor during the day in the shape of a ptarmigan with its brood of young ones, otherwise we were made to feel that we were prisoners and might be for days longer unless a north wind sprang up, — which happily it did late in the afternoon, and the following morning the sky was clear and beautiful.

Then we sallied forth and began a stiff and difficult climb. We might have slipped in between two of the great peaks had we wished, and so proceeded without further delay ; but we were anxious to stand upon the summit of the center crag and see what might be seen.

And we were well rewarded when we got there. Once up, there was a bird's eye view of the whole country side. But what pleased us most was the fact, hitherto unthought of, that both the great lakes could be seen at one and the same time by human eye, otherwise than in a balloon. Sure enough, there was Buttle lake winding its way through the mountains, and its foot especially clear ; while Great Central lake lay in the distance, running east and west, with just a portion of the head waters discernible. It looked not more than ten miles off, but with a hard country between. We had started out with the belief that the lakes were a long distance apart, so we were agreeably surprised to see our goal so near. Below us some three thousand feet we could see a lake of ice, and below that another smaller sheet of open water. At our left was a ravine fast jammed with snow up to where we stood, which forms the river that feeds the lakes lying to the north of Great Central. In the far distance was the range with Mount Arrow-smith as lord and king, whilst to the south there rose the range growing every year

more famous for its gold, and guarding to the ocean the lovely Alberni canal. It was a sight worth all the way we had come, and we lingered long before bracing ourselves to the effort of passing over the crest of the crescent and leaving Central Crags behind us.

Down we went on the run, not a straight one, often exceedingly tortuous. Hour after hour slipped by and yet we had not reached the ice lake. At last we were balked every way by rock, save one means of egress, a snow slide over half a mile in length. The chances taken were great, for a slip meant a general smash up at the bottom among the rocks which surround the lake; but necessity has no choice, so we took the chances and went straight down without mishap to the broad sheet of solid ice. This crossed we saw a pass, still of solid snow, between two mountains which seemed in our line of march, and followed it till we

came to a deep ravine that cut clean across our path. There was nothing for it but to go down and clamber up the other side, and we should be fortunate if this was the only one that lay across the way. The entire lack of symmetry or decent length of range in the middle portion of the island is the cause of valleys running in the most unexpected fashion. A lovely glen we found when we reached bottom, positively clear of undergrowth, broad and well grassed. Here we camped, leaving the ascent to the morrow, which we thought might possibly see the meeting of the two parties if all went well.

The first thing to do was to attain the grade we had left the previous afternoon, and after an hour's stiff climbing, using the snow whenever we could, we were in the line of our pass again, and could see the lake clearly. The rest of the hours were spent in going down hill. Greater care is required on the whole in



BUTTLES LAKE.

going down than in climbing up a mountain side. Many a long detour has to be made to reach a lower level of only a few hundred feet. One more snow slide helped us greatly and then we bade farewell to the snow for good. Then we took to a waterfall and let ourselves down hand over hand amid its waters and bowlders till a sheer drop stopped the way. But here we reached open timber and made our way along a rushing stream heading in our direction. Once we were forced to fell a tree and cross the water, and again and again fought a stern battle with the rank underbrush, but at last, on August 10th, we came to the flat lands of the lake's head, and

breaking through the bush and devil's club, came out directly upon the snug and well supplied of our expected party as its fishermen were leisurely adding to their catch of trout for the day, giving us a couple more days before putting in an appearance.

That appearance would not do for the streets of a city,—clothes had suffered more hardships by far than the men in our eighteen days tramp and climb,—but what cared we for looks, seeing that we had accomplished the purpose for which we set out, and had stood on the summit of the Central crags, laying bare to future generations the unknown midst of Vancouver island.

W. W. Bolton and J. W. Laing.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.¹

BY J. H. STALLARD, M. B., LONDON, FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD, LONDON, ENGLAND, ONE OF THE SANITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE LONDON "LANCET," AND NOW FOR SOME YEARS A CITIZEN OF CALIFORNIA.

III.

INDIVIDUAL responsibility as opposed to corporate is relied upon as the fundamental principle of American municipal administration. Within its proper sphere of action the value of individual responsibility cannot be exaggerated. It is simple, direct, and easily enforced.

There is no escape from it. It is an indispensable feature of all good administration. It is employed and trusted by the

directors of all business corporations in departmental work. But in using it there is no evasion of the corporate responsibility confided to them by the

stockholders, and which it is their duty to maintain intact. For their own protection and justification they take every precaution possible to preserve complete power and control over every officer employed. They carefully examine and determine the qualifications of the candidates and they allot to the appointee only such reasonable work as he may be expected to perform efficiently. They give him full and definite instructions for the regulation of his official conduct, and they expect him to obey them. They require of him periodical reports of all transactions, and they revise all operations as they think fit. They either personally supervise his work from time to time, or they employ an independent inspector to do it for them. It is thus recognized that individual responsibility is necessarily limited by individual capacity and experience, and that it is most



¹Continued from January number.

useful and effective when employed as an intelligent machine. In fact, corporate responsibility begins where individual responsibility is no longer possible or trustworthy, because in a multitude of councilors there is more wisdom and capacity than in a single man.

Moreover, it is clearly recognized that the delegation of discretionary power opens the door to every kind of abuse, that it weakens and destroys responsibility and therefore is only used in emergencies, for temporary purposes, and within very narrow limits. Not that directors are unwilling to listen to the advice, or refuse to adopt the suggestions, of their subordinates. On the contrary they rely largely upon the ability, energy, and faithfulness, of their employees, and are compelled to secure their good will by liberal and appropriate rewards.

It is thus evident that the sphere of individual is entirely distinct from that of corporate responsibility, that whilst no transactions are too small for the one, none are too great or too complicated for the other. They cannot replace each other nor can they overlap without confusion, weakness, and loss of responsibility.

To impose a duty upon four men which could be better done by one is simple folly. No one thinks of employing four drivers for a four-horse coach, one for each horse or two for each pair of reins. The coach would surely be upset, and if the coachmen were experts, and not sailors, the responsibility could not be fixed, because each one could put the blame upon his fellow drivers. This example fairly illustrates the argument of American municipal reformers who favor the election of one good coachman as the mayor.

But on the other hand it is equally absurd to impose duties upon any one who is incompetent to perform them, or indeed in any case when the duties are beyond the capacity of any single man. As when for example the President of the United States is given the appointment of one hundred thousand officials, or when the affairs of a nation are mismanaged by a king or emperor. It is acknowledged that no vast and complicated government, no great railroad or

business corporation, can wisely be entrusted to the control of one man. The government of cities and the management of the complicated activities now demanded by the citizens belongs to this category, and must like the others be entrusted in the first instance to representative corporate control.

It is the province of this authority to retain discretionary power, to define the duties of the executive officers, and to determine the limitations of individual responsibility. With these the body of the citizens cannot directly deal with profit, and yet are not deprived of their influence at the annual elections.

There are therefore four great and insuperable objections to the extension of the principle of individual responsibility in municipal administration: first, the great difficulty of fitting the qualifications of the individual to the responsibilities imposed upon him; second, the difficulty, which becomes an impossibility, when the responsibilities are beyond the capacity of any single officer; third, the impossibility of excluding discretionary power in the majority of cases; and lastly, the fact that individual responsibility can neither be trusted with initiative action nor with the power of the purse, which is the only sound foundation of all good administration.

Commission government is an attempt to reconcile these difficulties by imposing discretionary powers on boards or individuals, not entirely supported or controlled by the taxing power. It is the outcome of distrusted corporate authority. But in the first place there is no sufficient guarantee that the commissioners will be fitted for the duties imposed upon them. People would laugh were it proposed to sail a ship under the command of a coachman or a cook, but no one protests against entrusting the port and commerce of San Francisco to the care of a newspaper editor, a retired furniture dealer, and the wealthy proprietor of a country roadside inn and sawmill, none of whom have had any connection with commercial interests or know one end of a ship from the other. Indeed it is well known that all such appointments are considered "spoils" to be given as rewards for political and party fealty.

At this moment there is a prospective vacancy, and the governor is nearly killed by the importunities of four hundred applicants. The swarm is headed by a general of militia, after him is a distinguished amateur musician, with insurance agents, lawyers, and political bummers,—in fact every citizen who thinks he has a “pull” upon his party. There is an unhappy ship’s doctor who would like the “job,” but modestly refuses to apply, because he feels assured that he knows too much of ships and shipping and too little of political methods of administration.

Let us take this singular example of democratic government as a lesson. Does it not prove beyond a doubt that all important appointments must be subject to corporate deliberation, and that they cannot be entrusted to any single individual?—that the governor of the State, who is elected as its foremost citizen and in whose honor, integrity, and public spirit, the citizens have implicit confidence, is nevertheless unable to overcome the baleful influence of political and personal affiliations? And we shall see presently that these affiliations also destroy the power to control and that in spite of the governor, these commissioners conduct their business exactly as they please. All individual authority needs therefore the backing of a council appointed by the citizens to protect their interests, and we be to that council which should elect a milkman to be superintendent of the streets.

In the next place, the difficulty of reducing public functions to the level of individual capacity is the origin of the infinite number of commissions and the consequent dispersion of discretionary power, from which spring the wastes, extravagance, and corruption, of all American city governments. The principle has been denounced as a failure by nearly all municipal reformers, but it is curious that none of them recognizes that the autocratic mayor they advocate, is only a sole commission with another name.

Commissioners do not derive their character from their method of appointment, but from the nature of the duties imposed upon them. They act as individuals with large discretionary powers

and consequently with little or no responsibility. They are not subject to councilor government control nor even to the courts. They are never punished for malfeasance, and they squander public money in spite of governors and legislatures. Good, faithful administration is so rare that not a single example can be found in San Francisco, and it is doubtful if there is more than one in California.

It makes but little difference whether they are appointed by the governor of the State, by the mayor, by an appointing committee of the citizens, or by election of the people. There may be one or more, and the more there are the less is the responsibility. Each one is entrusted with some important function, each is independent of the rest, and the result is failure.

In San Francisco we are practically misgoverned by commissions. There is the harbor commission, the pilot commission, the police commission, the fire commission, the park commission, the school commission, the health commission, the City Hall commission, the street superintendent commission, the assessment commission, the tax collector commission, the treasury commission, the audit commission, which is also a comptrolling commission, the surveying commission, the license commission, the registration and election commission, the sheriff’s commission, the county clerk’s commission, the coroner’s commission, the lunacy commission, and last not least, the mayor’s commission, supposed to be a little better than the rest.

All these commissions are given more or less independent discretionary power and endowed essentially with individual responsibility. The mayor, for example, has duties imposed upon him which no single commissioner can properly undertake and cannot faithfully fulfill. Under the recently defeated charter he was expected to appoint, supervise, and control, the conduct and operations of from forty to fifty officials, chiefly heads of departments, each one having independent individual responsibility for the appointment and conduct of his subordinates. All this is exclusive of those important officials who will be required to manage the utilities, which will certainly be imposed on the city government in the near

future. The mayor was also called upon to appoint commissioners over whom he has practically no control, such as those of the health and police departments. It is not proposed that his supervision shall be perfunctory. He must therefore have such knowledge and judgment as will make him master of them all; for, if not their superior in knowledge, he must become their slave. The result must be a weak and chaotic government. There are too many cooks and the broth is spoiled. There is infinite division and no fixed and adequate responsibility. There is a large infusion of ignorance and incompetence, plenty of bribery, corruption, and jobbery, and the whole mass is poisoned by the stench of politics until every taste of honest salt put in by an honest mayor is overpowered and lost.

Picture a railroad managed on the same chaotic plan, with officials appointed in the same way and having similar discretionary powers, the heads of division appointed by the president, the surveyor, treasurer, traffic manager, superintendent of roads, and other officers, appointed by the stockholders, a board of directors, potent for evil but impotent for good, without appointing or removing power, to whom no one is responsible but their own recording clerk. Under such a management every division officer would soon become his own "boss." The chief clerk would have no more difficulty in creating a political machine, than the county clerk of San Francisco. The road superintendent would have full fling to make his contracts venal. There would be no system, no co-ordination, no definite responsibility anywhere, and the affairs of the railroad stockholders would inevitably be ruined. In this case what is lacking? Surely the central co-ordinating corporate authority of a strong directorate. This is the hub of the wheel of good government and the spokes of departmental energies are firmly mortised into it. The mayor is not fixed like a brake upon the outer tire, but is hidden as the axle. He has no power of resistance, but is smooth and well greased so as not to impede the revolution of the spokes, or the progress of the vehicle.

Under the conditions of individual or commission government all American cities without exception are given over

to the tyranny of irresponsibility, and the more concentrated the individual power the worse will matters be. For the mayor will be, like the President of the United States, responsible to no one, and in turn no one will be responsible to him. The city of San Francisco will be governed on the genuine American as contrasted with the democratic plan,—viz. "by irresponsible officials with power to check and hinder one another, a limit to whose irresponsibility is set simply by the duration of their respective appointments."¹

In the last place, suppose we elect a public works commission and give them the initiative and the power of purse. For the privilege of this distinguished service the citizens will have to pay, especially if it is composed exclusively of engineers of eminence. Over such commissioners no single individual is able to exercise control,—and yet such men are not infallible. They have spent millions on the sewerage of Boston, and yet there is still as much typhoid fever in that favored city as there is in San Francisco, where the sewerage arrangements are as bad as may be. Even now in San Francisco plans are in active preparation for the construction of intercepting and outfall sewers through which a carriage may be driven. These sewers will cost millions and will be empty for nine months in the year, when they will become disease producing farms, and withal the valuable sewage of the city will be dumped into the bay.²

Let the citizens be warned in time. They have had enough of individual authority and individual responsibility,—enough of spending commissioners not appointed by themselves. Let them assume the protection of their own interests; let them manage their own affairs in their own way. Without a well constructed corporate authority it would be height of folly to attempt the management of any utilities; for under any other system there must be corruption, jobbery, politics, and waste.

The principles of commission and corporate government now being clear, it remains to examine both in operation and result.

¹ Professor J. E. James, Chicago.

² Vide "The Problem of the Sewerage of San Francisco," a Polyclinic lecture by Dr. J. H. Stallard.

The harbor commission is one of the most important. It is entrusted with the management and development of the water front. It is authorized to build a sea-wall, a railroad, piers, wharves, passenger and freight depots, with offices, machinery, and all conveniences required by the growing commerce of the largest maritime city on the Pacific Coast. The commission is authorized to tax the shipping for these and kindred purposes. The Chamber of Commerce observes with truth that, "The matter of handling and shipping the importations and products of the State in an intelligent and economic manner is of more importance than almost any other question. It means the saving of millions of dollars annually as a contribution to the prosperity of the people and the steady development of commercial relations with the outside world."

The harbor commissioners are three in number and are appointed by the governor of the State. The president is a newspaper editor; the second, a wealthy furniture dealer; the third, the retired proprietor of a country roadside inn and saw mill,—all of them honorable gentlemen, but none in any way identified with commercial interests. Never in the history of San Francisco have the harbor commissioners been merchants, nor have they ever asked the merchants for advice,—indeed when tendered it has rarely been adopted. The commissioners retire in rotation after three years service and a new man is appointed who is totally unacquainted with the duties of the trust. The only source of information is official life, and the best that can be said is, that the commissioners readily become the tools of their own officers, who are often as inexperienced as their so-called masters.

Not long ago a committee of the Chamber of Commerce reported that,—

The harbor commission has long been regarded as spoils for the party in power, and in the administration of the water front the doctrine of "to the victor belongs the spoils" has been carried out to the fullest possible extent. Not only have all official positions, from that of harbor commissioner down to the wharf sweepers, been given out as a reward for party fealty, but supplies have been purchased and minor contracts have been awarded, not upon a business basis, but because the seller or contractor belonged to the proper political party and had influence in party councils.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that there should be waste, extravagance, and inefficiency, from top to bottom. Thirty-five per cent of the total income is disbursed in salaries,—whereas, the Chamber of Commerce is of opinion that ten per cent ought to be sufficient for all salaries and for office expenses of every kind. When first established the salaries were fixed at \$22,000. Last year they amounted to \$220,000. The governor himself reports that the number of employees is much too great, and he suggests that the commissioners should submit their expenditures to another State authority, proof positive that the commissioners are incompetent and the governor himself helpless. Even the president of the commission has been forced to acknowledge that the commissioners have lost all control of the finances of their trust, and he begs that civil service rules may be made compulsory in order to prevent more men being put upon the pay rolls than the needs of the service require, and that the political boss may no longer regard the institution as one of flexible capacity for the maintenance of his henchmen at the public cost.

But the merchants reply with truth that civil service reform cannot correct these evils,—that it will neither reduce the number of useless men employed, nor secure the honest performance of their duties. They say that the commissioners are not true to their trust, that they are well paid to look after the interests of the State and they have no right to shield their own incompetency by such a subterfuge. The merchants further state that it is the duty of the commissioners to complete the sea wall and to construct a belt railway on the water front. They also report that,—

San Francisco lost her wheat and flour trade many years ago for want of proper facilities, notwithstanding she is more favored by nature than her competitors. She is rim-bound, cramped, and dwarfed, on her water front in trying to do her heavy business on trucks and drays and cobble stone streets, and in hauling miles in place of rods. It costs her hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in the unnecessary wear of streets and horseflesh, and millions of dollars in unnecessary long hauls that elsewhere are done on smooth rails at low cost and with little noise or danger.

From every point of view the commission is a public scandal. The commissioners have no personal knowledge of

the requirements of the port. They are irresponsible. They waste the public money as they please. They have failed to provide the facilities required by shipping interests. They have done absolutely nothing towards promoting the development of shipbuilding and ship repairing. They have made no attempt to appropriate the ferries for public use and profit. And yet they have the assurance to demand the control of another million dollars which they propose to spend on erections, protested by the merchants as by no means the most urgently required.

It is refreshing to turn from such a miserable example of republican (?) administration, from such a disgraceful record of corruption, jobbery, and waste, to the administration of similar duties by popularly elected corporate authorities as they prevail in every English port. In 1891, the outstanding loans of English and Welsh local authorities for harbor and dock improvements amounted to nearly \$160,000,000, and even this vast sum falls short of the total outlay of the past thirty years.

British trade and commerce thrive by reason of these great collective undertakings that are characteristic of modern municipal policy and government.¹

There is not a single maritime city from Bristol to Belfast and Glasgow which has not been improved, and the scandals of a harbor commission are unknown. The commercial interests of the English maritime cities have never been confided to commissioners or national authorities, because the central government is satisfied that their administrations are safest in the hands of the citizens, who are the parties most deeply interested. On the contrary, every facility has been given to the local municipal authorities to develop the commercial prosperity of their respective cities in the direction most suited to the local conditions.

It is impossible to believe that the commercial supremacy of Liverpool could have been developed or maintained by an authority constituted like that of San Francisco, for it must be apparent that such vast expenditures could not have been entrusted to them. In Liverpool the vast system of docks is considered one of the marvels of our generation. There are more than thirty of these huge artifi-

cial basins with a quay frontage of twenty miles, and in consequence Liverpool has doubled its population every sixteen years during the present century.

Glasgow [says Mr. Albert Shaw] owes its pre-eminence to the energy of its city government. But for this it would have remained a small inland town,—whereas, it has grown to be the second city of Great Britain. Millions have been spent in deepening the Clyde, which sixty years ago was little better than an open stinking sewer. The finest shipyards in the world have been constructed under municipal direction.

Every possible facility for carrying on and for extending the commerce of the port has been provided on the lowest terms. The ferries are managed by the city government, and the citizens have the best service at the least cost. Fifteen millions of passengers are transported annually and the profits are turned into the public treasury. In San Francisco the water front is rotten, stinking, and dangerous. The commerce is throttled by excessive charges, and the ferry passengers are left in the relentless grasp of a huge monopoly into whose treasury the profits are being poured by millions. Every citizen of San Francisco is interested in giving our shippers and merchants the best facilities and the lowest charges, in order to foster our foreign commerce, and it only needs that these great and important interests shall be managed by an honest city council to ensure almost unlimited development.

The Police Force. One of the most obvious and necessary functions of a city government is the maintenance of public order and the punishment of those who disobey its ordinances. For this purpose a police and magistracy are necessary. Yet with neither have the representatives of the people of San Francisco anything to do except to pay. The police commissioners are appointed by the governor on purely political grounds. Whether bankers or tobacco merchants, office is their only source of wisdom. No one, however, doubts their integrity, ability, or zeal, and it is difficult to see how better men could be appointed by the mayor. Change of individuals would surely make matters worse, for the longer honest commissioners remain in power, the better are their duties done. It is the principle which is fundamentally unsound. The

¹W. A. Shaw.

delegation of such important powers to irresponsible commissioners or to a single chief is a relic of central and tyrannical government, and a standing reflection on the ability and honesty of the citizens to manage their own affairs. The plan is neither republican nor democratic. It cannot even boast of reasonable success, and it satisfies no one but the commissioners themselves.

No department of the public service has been more severely and justly criticised by the press. The complaints of the public are endless. The suspicions of harshness, injustice, oppression, bribery, and favoritism, are for the most part credited as facts. Men are appointed on the force to please friends, to reward political services, and in response to "pulls" of every kind. Such influences follow the appointments. Favorites have their breaches of discipline condoned, whilst others perhaps less guilty are severely punished. Favoritism takes the place of merit for promotion. Chiefs of police have also their special weaknesses. Unwonted energy is not always acceptable, and men who are too active in their duties or too inquisitive are called officious and are quietly driven from the force.

From the hour of his appointment the policeman of San Francisco is exposed to the temptation of bribery, which he very soon learns to accept without much danger of exposure. With an adequate inducement he becomes officially blind to the most glaring evils. He never sees a white man gambling in a saloon with open doors, whilst bars of steel fail to keep him out if the Chinamen refuse to pay handsomely for their favorite amusement. Candidates enter the force in poverty, and after a few years retire with a competence. Less than ten years ago an officer employed on the police boasted that he put by \$3,000 a year on a salary of \$150 a month. From these facts it is evident that the police department requires for its successful management not only a competent and experienced chief, but a committee of educated citizens as supervising agents of the people.

In England the police is organized and controlled by the city council, which has no need to ask Parliament to fix the salaries of any of its officers, and Parliament has no power to dictate; neither has the

mayor. From sixteen to twenty members form the watch committee, which elects its own chairman. When a chief of police is wanted, the want is advertised. Applications are received from any part of the United Kingdom. The committee examines the testimonials and qualifications, and interviews the candidates. The choice of the committee is then presented to the full council for action. The chief of police is usually a man accustomed to the control of men — a naval or military officer or the second in command to the retiring officer. The chief is held responsible for the discipline and good conduct of his men. He is consulted on all important matters, and his suggestions for promotion and for improvement of the service are rarely overruled. He possesses a limited power to punish for minor breaches of discipline and the absolute power of suspending any of his subordinates. Such cases are then heard by the committee, which has full power to remove the offender or restore him to the ranks. A really good chief prefers this position to that of complete independence, as it saves him from much obloquy. When vacancies arise or when the force is increased by order of the council, notice is posted in the central station. The chief interviews the applicants, makes the necessary inquiries into character, takes charge of the testimonials, and lays the whole before the committee at its next meeting, and in this he is generally assisted by the chairman. The selected candidates are then examined by the surgeon, who is *not* a policeman elected by his stepfather, but a permanent officer who honorably receives a salary for his professional services. All elections are confirmed by the council as a whole, and as the councilors come from every part of the city the appointment of an idle bummer becomes impossible.

The English policeman rarely if ever retires upon the fruits of office, but on a pension when his term of service has expired. The watch committee makes a monthly report to the council of every transaction, and by it the strength of the force is adapted to the growing wants of the city. The council also provides for the good treatment of the men, erects barracks for the single, hospitals for the

sick or wounded, reading rooms and gymnasiums for those off duty. The men are drilled and taught to distinguish apoplexy from drunkenness and injury, and first aid in all emergencies. They assist at fires and help the sanitary inspectors.

The knowledge presented monthly to the council enables it to make suitable appropriations. Without such knowledge the council has only the unenviable privilege of acting as catpaw to rake out the chestnuts for the commissioners or chief. Mr. Shaw observes that, "A particularly valuable test of the fairness and purity of any municipal administration is the estimation in which the police department is held by good citizens. The complaints and suspicions so commonly directed against the police authorities of America are unknown in England," and from personal knowledge I can state that this is true.

It would be a serious reflection on the citizens of San Francisco to suppose that sixteen or twenty citizens could not be found to supervise such a system of police, or that a council of eighty or one hundred could not be trusted to elect an efficient chief.

The two systems are entirely different. It is for the citizens to determine which they will adopt. Compromise is practically impossible.

A real home rule government ought certainly to be entrusted with the appointment of police judges to enforce its ordinances. The scandals of the present method of election are notorious. Politics should have no influence on such appointments, and the elimination of the judges' names from the voting papers would be no inconsiderable gain. The municipal governments of large English cities employ stipendiary magistrates permanently appointed, who do their work with general satisfaction. It is true economy to employ the services of capable and honest men, which is not always accomplished on the present American plan.

The Health Department. But as an experienced physician, who was for some years one of the sanitary commissioners of the London *Lancet* and was employed to make reports on the sanitary administration of several of the largest English cities, I feel compelled to expose the

evils of committing the administration of the health department to a commission outside the control of the people, and the immense superiority of popular management of the public health.

In San Francisco the board of health consists of the mayor (chairman) and four practising physicians appointed by the governor and serving without pay. The governor also appoints the medical officer of health, who is also permitted to engage in private practise, and if he have a practise worth attending to, there is an inevitable conflict between his public and his private duties. All these gentlemen are selected on account of their political affinities. They change with the changing politics and friendships of successive governors. Before election to office they have had little or no training in public hygiene and none whatever in its administration. Nevertheless they are often distinguished for their special attainments, as for the treatment of lunatics and the management of lunatic asylums, the treatment of female diseases or of local organs, and the successful performance of surgical operations. Some are simply appointed because they have nothing else to do but tout for politics and practise. Nor does there seem to be much hope in transferring these appointments to mayors who are as changeable in politics as governors. The best mayor could scarcely select more competent or more honorable members of the medical profession than those now in office, and he would have no more power to secure them permanency. To improve the service there must be a reform of principle.

At the first sight it may seem strange to ordinary people that the public health should be entrusted to the care of five professionals who live and thrive only on the prevalence of disease among the citizens; and the only explanation is to be found in the acknowledged unselfishness of the medical profession, in the activity they have everywhere displayed in combating disease. Assuredly the doctor is the only angelic member of the community, who volunteers his services in order to reduce his own income. At all events the struggle for these gratuitous appointments demonstrates the fact that respectable and accomplished gentlemen may be found to volunteer their services, when

the office is baited with a little brief authority, the quasi management of hospitals and almshouses, the appointment of a few superintendents, inspectors, nurses, clerks, and porters, and the expenditure of a small and totally insufficient appropriation in the public service. It is no justification of the false position in which these gentlemen are placed, or of the system they administer, to state that the duties have been performed to the best of the opportunities afforded, and that the results accomplished deserve our respect and thanks.

It should never be forgotten, however, that it is the citizens themselves who are most deeply interested in the prevention of disease amongst their families and that they will have to pay both for improvements and defects. The administration by professional commissioners, however superior for the moment it may seem to be, is in the long run destructive to the power of the people most interested. It stunts the growth of their intelligence and keeps them in administrative leading strings. A government by rogues is bad enough, but a government by experts is more intolerable, because it implies the tyranny of superior knowledge. Such governments know it all. They are medical oligarchies, and lay down inflexible laws for both plumbing and the prevention of disease. They have abused their little brief authority by adopting the worst methods of politicians, and have devoted themselves to the furtherance of every fad which appears on the horizon. They are trying to put the treatment of disease under State and municipal control, forgetting that boards of health were created to look after the sanitation of communities and for no other purpose. The diphtheritic must be dosed with antitoxin and the poor consumptive must not spit upon the pavement. As power grows, expenditures increase,—and so also will public discontent.

The recent condemnation and destruction of private property in Chinatown is a case in point. It is a power recently claimed by the board of health and only now exerted for the first time. The houses were pronounced unfit for human habitation and were forthwith torn down at the expense of the owner, who protested and offered to repair them, in

spite also of the protest of the mayor. The owner had no appeal and the board boasts that its power is established, and calls it the superior right and claim of life and health over "so-called property." They promise more and more condemnations in every portion of the city as rapidly as the officers of the board will permit. That such destruction is desirable or even necessary is no argument for the assumption of such enormous powers on the part of five young doctors utterly beyond the control of either courts or citizens.

A still more recent example of their arrogance is presented in their conflict with the school directors when the Mission schools were closed in the most arbitrary way without any notice to the school directors, and the closure was enforced in opposition to their rights and protest. This action on the part of the board of health was based more on opinion than on fact. The five doctors of the board of health declared that the schools were in an unsanitary state. The two medical school directors declared the contrary and that nothing was materially wrong. The board of health declared the existence of diphtheria, but altogether failed to prove it. On the contrary, they were obliged to admit that there was no epidemic in the neighborhood. No doubt a few sporadic cases are always present in a badly sewered city, but it is clear that the attempt to close the schools was an egregious mistake, particularly as the school directors would have been the first to close them had there been any real danger. In their attempt to make a record, the board of health not only exceeded its legal powers, but made itself ridiculous.

If there is anything which makes government contemptible it is the enactment of laws which no one believes can be enforced, or if enforced would lead to their immediate repeal. No law will compel a man to wear a special garment or to use a handkerchief, and no law will stop the practise of expectorating in the public streets. As people become refined and educated they will do it less and less. And yet such an ordinance has been passed by the supervisors at the instigation of the board of health. The proposal to provide spittoons was happily withdrawn,—probably on account of the ex-

pense,—but no thought was given to the nuisance they would certainly create. There is as yet no positive evidence that consumption spreads in this way and even if possible it bears no proportion to other means of propagation. The only purpose of the enactment was to create a mild sensation. From such a board of health we may soon expect an order to register patients with consumption, and as they cannot be quarantined indoors, they will be required to wear a badge warning every one to give them a wide berth. Knowledge, not law, is the only sound protection against disease, happily it is also more effective. In all such cases it is within the power of every one to protect himself.

But the principles of public sanitation are not the monopoly of doctors. They are not beyond the capacity of the humblest citizen. If office educates the man, it also educates the people, and for either progress or neglect the people have to pay. All sound sanitary progress rests fundamentally on the growth of personal and domestic cleanliness of the people, and this is a matter of education not of force. The sanitary authorities of Glasgow do not send inspectors to arrest the heads of families who keep their dwellings in a filthy state, but send female inspectors to teach them how to keep them clean. In Glasgow the unfortunate victim of small-pox is not forced into a rotten pest house, but is gently persuaded to enter a suburban hospital more like a palace than his home.

Public ignorance is the obstacle to sanitary progress. Without the intelligent approval of the citizens the wisest regulations become inoperative. The efforts of any government to force sanitary expenditures on an unwilling people have uniformly failed, and by the attempt in England sanitary progress was retarded twenty years. In 1840 the government appointed a commission of experts, who reported on the sanitary defects of large towns, buildings, cemeteries, sewerage, etc., and they attempted to remedy these evils by authority. But their recommendations were universally ignored—because the people failed to understand them—and they were only adopted when the people had been taught by the Ladies' Sanitary Association and other agencies to realize their value.

But allowing that five physicians should be able to carry on the duties of the board of health, they nevertheless present in San Francisco a spectacle of impotence entirely characteristic of divided government. The climax of maladministration is reached at the City and County Hospital, which is accurately described as a time-dishonored municipal monstrosity, and which in private hands would be open to criminal indictment. The board of health appoints the superintendent and some other officers, and is supposed to exercise some general supervision over them. But all the expenditures are granted by a committee of the board of supervisors. The board of health is continually asking for more appropriations, which the supervisors just as persistently refuse. There is perfect inefficiency. The hospital was constructed of perishable materials when the principles of sanitation were not recognized. It has been rotten and obsolete for many years. It is decayed from the foundation to the roof. Its walls and floors are sodden with the emanations of disease. The subsoil is saturated with sewage which has leaked out of broken and ill-constructed drains. The drainage from wards occupied by patients ill from typhoid fever and other dangerous diseases either sinks into the hospital grounds or passes off into an artificial open cesspool on the public thoroughfare and gives off its effluvia to the surrounding neighborhood. The patients share their rations and their bedrooms with the rats. Nor is the internal administration any better. For more than twenty years there have been continual complaints. For years the bedding has been foul and insufficient, and the nursing infamous. Many patients have left the hospital because they had not enough to eat. The flour has been musty and the oatmeal sour; the meat, tainted and uneatable. Beef and mutton have been charged for when poultry was supplied, which never reached the patients. Wines, whiskey, and even jewelry, have been delivered in the place of groceries, and the grand jury has just reported that common drugs have been charged five times their market value. Among the poor the hospital is regarded as a byword of misery and death. And the mortality is awful because the skill of the physicians and surgeons is paralyzed by such sur-

roundings. Thirty years ago the late Sir James Y. Simpson declared that he would rather be treated under the shelter of a tree than in any of the hospitals of Europe. Now those very hospitals are safer than private houses. But if the choice between the City Hospital of San Francisco and the street were necessary, I should infinitely prefer the street.

Now who is responsible for this lamentable condition of affairs? Not the board of health, for they are continually complaining; not the board of supervisors, who declare that they have no funds. Thousands of dollars, all that the city trusts them with, are thrown away in repairs which are absolutely useless, and the supervisors have never ceased to denounce the superintendents for extravagance and waste. Nor are the citizens at fault, for it would be a wicked libel on their character to suppose that they would object to the paltry taxation necessary to afford their poorer sick brethren proper treatment. It is again the system which is the cause of all the evil. The proper place for doctors in a hospital is the wards, and their proper duty is to attend the sick. They have no special capacity for management, and every large hospital in Europe is managed by a board of citizens, in many cases elected by the people. Nor would the election of a better mayor with larger powers remedy the evil, unless he was accorded imperial power. But submit the hospital to the control of an undivided city government and relieve them of the necessity of obtaining the consent of the State Legislature for any expenditure they may think necessary, and the citizens of San Francisco will have hospitals as good as those of Glasgow or any other city in the world.

In Italy the sanitary administration is controlled by the council of elected citizens, not experts, and although the hospitals are not yet reformed, great progress has been made and the mortality reduced. In England sanitation rests with the council, subject only to the friendly interference of the national sanitary board. It is an accident for a doctor to be a member of the health committee, and when he is so, he has no more authority than any other citizen. The medical officer of health is the teaching power, and while his instructions are received with deference, there is

in each committee a fund of common sense which effectually restrains unwise and improper action. The citizens are taught sanitation by their own representatives, and nowhere has better work been done. Typhoid fever has disappeared, consumption has lost more than half its terrors, infant mortality has enormously decreased, and the average duration of human life has been extended four years within the space of one generation.

The details in Glasgow are thus described by Mr. Albert Shaw:—

Considerations of public health have been predominant for a quarter of a century. Their center rests in the bureau of the medical officer of health, who furnishes the vital statistics, and the deductions from those statistics, which incite and direct municipal activity, and who gives constant advice as to general methods and particular cases. A council committee of eighteen supervises the entire sanitary administration of the city, with subcommittees on hospitals and street cleaning. The sanitary department is a model of good work and thorough organization. Its ultimate authority is the medical officer of health (an expert who has devoted his life to public sanitation, whose appointment is permanent, and who makes a full report to the committee and through them to the city council every two weeks). Its executive head is the chief sanitary inspector. This arrangement works admirably in practise. There is no conflict of authority. The medical officer is relieved from the details of administrative work. His office joins that of the inspector and the two officials are in constant communication. The entire force of inspectors is at the service of the medical officer, and yet he has no responsibility for their routine work. The inspector commands the services of one hundred and fifty competent people, who are selected by the committee with the advice of the chiefs, and they are elected by the council. There is a foreman inspector for each of nine districts. The nuisance inspectors number more than twenty. Half as many are constantly employed to detect sewer defects. Twelve more attend to the existence of infectious diseases, and following in their wake is a staff of whitewashers and disinfecting officers. There are three meat inspectors, seven milk and dairy inspectors, four inspectors of other food supplies, besides a staff of analysts in the public laboratory. Formerly six inspectors of lodging houses were necessary, now there are only two. There are six night inspectors and six women inspectors, who make visits in the interest of domestic cleanliness. There is an inspector of factories and workshops and a peripatetic vaccinator. There is also a skilled indoor force of clerks and assistants. The chiefs hold a conference every morning and thus the sanitary organization is kept at the height of efficiency.

It thus seems clearly demonstrated that a board of fleeting physicians, without practical experience, with limited discre-

tionary power, and no direct responsibility to the citizens or the taxing power, is neither wise nor necessary, that the citizens are perfectly able to manage their own affairs in matters of health as in all other things, that they can command the very best expert professional advice, that they can enact the soundest by-laws without the help of doctors, and regulate the laws of plumbing with a little common sense, that they can erect and administer hospitals if the law permits, leaving to the surgeons and physicians their proper duty of caring for the sick.

In conclusion, it is desirable to quote from a leading daily journal of the Pacific Coast:—

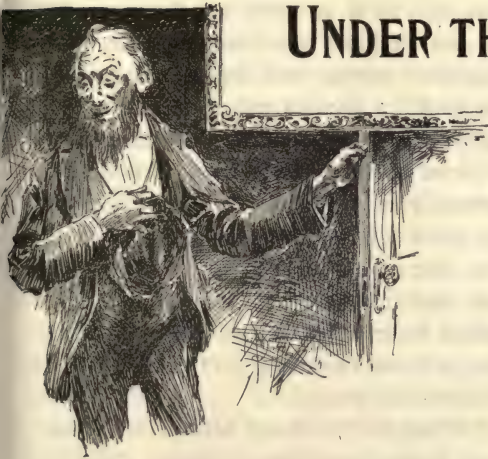
The system of irresponsible boards appointed by the governor to manage municipal affairs has worked badly whenever it has been tried. The

park commission has hitherto been supposed to have been practically free from the scandals that have impaired the usefulness of the police commission, the harbor commission, and the board of health, but that illusion is in a fair way to be dispelled.

But we fail to see how the system will be improved by giving such appointments to the mayor. No greater power could be given to him than is now given to the first citizen of the State. No better or more honorable men could be selected than the present park commissioners, and yet the governor is obliged to acknowledge his impotence to control their official conduct. The boards of commissioners will have just as much discretionary power and be just as irresponsible as they are today, and the only proper remedy is to consolidate the taxing and appointing power in a well constructed council elected by and for the people.

J. H. Stallard.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER].



UNDER THE HEADIN' OF THRUTH.

VII. MR. CUSACK TELLS BEAR STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY.

I wud rather it wud be some other man than me that 'had the navigatin' av her. To think av that bye havin' a toy like that! An' I knew his father whin—well, well, 't is wondherful how things happen in this world! I suppose whin the torpedo boats do be launched, the shores will not be big enough to hold the crowds."

"We'll all be there, Cornaylius," said the Colonel, "with a brass band."

"Yis, yis," returned Mr. Cusack, somewhat absently. "Well, it will give employment to a good many min. 'T is naded, but Uncle Sam do be dhreadful slow pay. 'T is hard lines for a man to wurruk in thim shops from sivin to six, day in an' day out, an' thin not have a

"GOOD avenin', Colonel," said Mr. Cusack, as he let himself down easy into his chair, by the aid of his stick. "Good avenin', Misther Crandall. The Judge is gone off to Snohomish, I hear. Wor you down to see Misther Charles Fair's new yacht launched? She tuk to the wather like a duck, an' a purty little thing she is; but she looks to me to be a frail craft to be tacklin' the big ocean wid;

penny to mate his rint wid at the ind av the month, bekase the government don't pay the contractors: an' that 's the way it is. So as to make a good showin' in the Trisury, an' the fall elections comin' on.

"They found a man dead in a lodgin' house down in Whitechapel this mornin', an' the coroner he said he died from 'lack av nutrition.' That is more ilegant than to say 'stharved to death,' but sich was the fact. A dacent lookin' chap too. I niver thot to see thim days come in this counthry. Colonel, do you mind how we used to pick up the gold nuggets around Weaverville? Where has it all gone, I wondher? that you should be delvin' in an office, an' ould age crapin' on, an' me wid' nothin' to show for it but a bit av real estate here an' yon, an' ould age not crapin' on, but sthridin' wid sivin-lague boots.

"Me an' a man named Kelley, that played the fiddle, had a claim in the mountains back av Weaverville wan time, that we took enough out av to make us as rich as ould Vandherbilt, if we had had the sinse to go down to the Bay wid it an' buy sand lots. If foresight wor as good as hindsight we'd all be great men, Colonel.

"There wor a funny thing happened wan day whilst we wor workin' that claim. Kelley had took his fiddle an' gone over to Junction City to play for a dance. Twenty-five dollars the night, he wud get. I had some business in Weaverville an' I wint down an' sthayed the night. We had just laid in our sthores for the winther, but we had no fear av anybody meddlin' wid thim. There wor no thieves in thim days, Colonel. Anny man wud rather earn than stale, in my opinion, if he has the chanst. So we niver fastened the dure when we wint away. If annybody came by they wor welcome to slape an' ate.

"Well, it wor afthernoon whin I sthar-

ted home. Our cabin was down in a little valley, where the natural wild meadow wor like a gintleman's lawn, an' whin I came to the top av the hill an' looked down on it, the sun was just afther settin', an' the air was full av a sort av yellow glimmering that is more confusin' to the eye than the rale twilight that comes aftherwards. Wan little strake av sunshine crept in through a cleft in the mountains an' sthruck full on the bank av red earth where we wor minin', and lit it up like a fire. Iverything else wor green or gray, an' I sat down and rested mesilf on a big bowldher for a minute an' thot it all looked like a picture yez will make to yoursilf in a dhrame, more than a rale scane made up av rocks an' grass an' trees.

"An' whilst I looked, a most asthounding thing happened. The big chimney av the cabin was on the ind furtherest away from me, so I cud only see the top av it, an' out av that top climbed a big white object an' comminced to disport itsilf on the roof. I rubbed me eyes an' looked again, thin I pinched mesilf an' comminced to count up how many dhrinks I had had before lavin' town, an' the more I looked the more I was confounded. The thing was shaped like a bear an' it acted like a bear; but no bear iver was as big as that looked to be, an' nayther I nor annybody else had iver heard av white bears in that part av the world.

"Prisintly the thing turned round an' wint back down the chimney, an' I sat there wid the cold chills runnin' down my spine, waitin' to see what wud happen next. I had my mind made up to leg it back to Weaverville as fast as I cud make thracks if the thing came out av that cabin. But it did not; by an' by, instead, it came out on the roof again an' comminced its antics; rolling over an' over, an' walkin' on its hind legs, an' scrapin' at itself wid its paws; whether for its own

amusement, or for some rason unbeknownst to me, I could n't say. At times I thot the baste was the ould boy himself, divartin' himself at my expinse.

"Well, two or three times the thing wint down an' came up again till it wor very nearly dark. What to do, I could not tell, but there was our cabin, wid all our winter sthores in, an' all our season's run av gold-dust an' nuggets in a lard can undher the stones av the hearth, an' I could not make up my mind to go off an' lave iverything to the tinder marcies av that thing—ghost, or bear, or divil, or what not. An' the more I studied it, the more I belaved it wor a bear. So finally I tuk me courage in both hands, as the Frinch say, an' I crept down widin' shootin' distance, an' I said a Hail Mary, an' at a propitious moment I tuk aim an' shut me eyes an' fired at the baste, that was so taken up wid its own affairs that it niver seemed to notice me at all.

"Well, I disabled it wid the first shot, an' I finished it off wid the second; an' thin I wint into the cabin, not widout fear an' trimblin',—for how did I know but there wor two av thim? But whin I wanst got inside the dure, iverything was explained, I cud not truthfully say, to my satisfaction ayther.

"It wor a bear shure enough, an' he had broke open iverything we had in the house, an' been feastin' himself to his heart's content. An' he had smeared himsilf wid molasses an' thin rolled in the flour, an' whin he found himself incommoded he wud go up on the roof an' lick his paws an' try to clane himself, an' I don't know but what he was climbin' up an' down the chimney wid the idea av scrapin' himself off.

"Well, he had left nothing for us except the can av gold-dust; he had not yet hoked that out, or I suppose he would have gilded himself wid it. Now, gentlemint, yez nade n't be laughin'; I assure yez

it wor no laughing matther to us; even the hide av the brute wor no compinsation, for it wor all matted up wid our good New Orleans molasses an' self-risin' flour.

"Well, Colonel, I know another bear story that *you* will appreciate; this wan is undher the headin' av thruth, sthricly. It happened whin I was in Idaho wid that same crowd av play actors I wor tellin' yez av. There wor only two or three frame houses in Bannock City thin, an' wan av thim was the theayter. Just a bare hall av rough boords, wid a stage at wan ind for the actors, an' a bar at the other for the spectators. Wid lumber at six bits the fut, yez may fancy they did not waste much space on the dressin' rooms. Across the back of the stage, a couple av feet from the wall wor a curtain of red calico, an' behind that the boys did their fixin'. Wid calico at fifty cents the yard, they did not waste much av that ayther, an' the audience on ayther side had a pretty good view of what was goin' on in the wings.

"Well, the byes had about played thimselves out at this time I am tellin' yez av, an' they wor at their wits' inds to think av something new; an' some jaynius among thim lit on the idea av a circus. Wan fellow drew an elephant on a piece av boord, an' thin cut out the drawin' an lift a hole; an' by that hole they painted in a black elephant on the posters, an' pasted the town wid 'em. Thin they wint to wurruk an' made up a lot av animals out av calico an' painted 'em up,—a donkey, an' a monkey, an' a tiger, an' the elephant,—yez have all seen 'em manny a time, wid wan fellow for the hind legs an' tail, an' another for the front legs an' thrunk; but in them days an' that place nobody had iver seen thim, an' it turned out a great success, an' whin the elephant lifted his tail an' waved it an' let it fall, an' thin lifted his thrunk an' waved it an'

let it fall, the byes howled thimselves hoarse.

"But that is not my sthory. The whole town wor wild to know what kind av a sell the variety throupe had got up for thim, an' the house was crowded to the dures; they could hardly keep sthills at all through the olio av the first part, they were so anxious for the 'thrained animals' to come on. Well, after the olio (as they called it), the throupe went behind the curtain to dhress thimselves. The stage maniger, a big fellow, be the name av Fraser, wid a skin as white as milk, was to play Van Amburg an' exhibit the animals; he was gettin' into his tights and keepin' an eye out directin' here and there in a stage whisper; an' little Moulton was out in front doin' some sort of nanky-panky business to fill in wid, that nobody wor payin' any attin-tion to, for they all knew it be heart, an' lots av the byes cud have done it better thimselves. An' Fraser behind the curtain at one ind kept pullin' away at his tights, bent over as he naturally would be, an' his head up watchin' ivery thing that was goin' on behind the scenes; an' pullin' and whisperin' directions, an' pul-

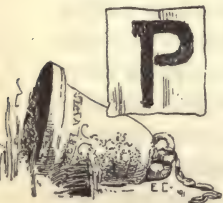
lin', an' prisently a fellow in the audience, a deputy sheriff he was (poor Jesse Williams that was aftherwards murdhered), caught sight av something stickin' out at one ind av the curtain, an' he let out a great big horse laugh, and sez he, loud enough to be heard at the other ind of the camp: 'There's a bare! there's a bare!'

"An' ivery body on that side av the house caught on in a minit, an' such a cyclone as there was! Poor Moulton had to sthop, all upset; an' Fraser, hearin' the tumult, an' thinkin' some av the 'animals' was goin' on the stage widout his lave, straightened himself up as mad as thunder, an' found himself regardin' the audience that had been regardin' him, or a part av him! Well! the thrained animals wor a success afther that inthroduction, you may be shure, an' the byes had a great run wid it; an' though the 'bare' did not appear at any av the other performances, he wor often called for, you may depind.

"I think I will be goin' now; this has been a long session. But me ould knee do get stiff sittin'! Good avenin', Colonel. The same to you, Mистер Crandall."

Batterman Lindsay.

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.—II.¹



PIONEERS of forty-nine and the early fifties, although they had been preceded by the class of earlier comers heretofore mentioned, were none the less pioneers of civilization and good government. They were the dominating factors in that work by reason of their vast numerical majority,

¹Continued from February number.

which necessarily, under our form of government, soon made them the controlling element in social organization and in the administration of civil affairs.

It is commonly admitted among '49ers themselves that they came mainly because of the prospect of gaining sudden wealth by digging gold, and that but few among them expected to remain and become citizens of the new State. As the motive was not an ignoble one, for in one

form or another it controls mankind the world over, it need not here be discussed in contrast with the motives of the earlier comers. To both is due the credit of laying the foundations of civil and religious liberty, and the establishment of American republican government on a broad and permanent basis.

The tide of migration westward from the older States, as indeed from all over the world, by reason of the discovery of gold in California, presents one of the most remarkable spectacles of its kind that history affords. By sea and land there came an endless army of brave, energetic, and adventurous young men, such as, taken as a whole, the world has never before seen gathered for like purpose within the whole range of historical record. The truth of this is evidenced by the fact that the very remoteness of California from the nearest verge of civilization, and the time, expense, hardships, and risks, involved in making the journey whatever the route chosen, demanded all the better qualities of mental and physical manhood.

Four routes were open to this extraordinary rush of immigration, all beset with dangers and hardships. The voyage via Cape Horn occupied from five to six months, and was prosecuted in every species of vessel of ancient or then modern build, in many instances in wretched old wornout craft that had long before been condemned. These were driven through storm and stress at enormous risk, involving life at sea through months and months of coarse sea fare and hardships. Yet it may be said of nearly every ship's company that came around Cape Horn, that they brought with them the habits and observances of the cultured shore life to which they had been accustomed. Most of the vessels were supplied with well selected libraries, and probably there was not one on which re-

ligious worship was not held in regular observance. Mention is made of this circumstance in correction of a somewhat popular, but false idea prevalent of late years, that the pioneers of that day "left their religion behind them,"—if not their morals.

A journey of like duration across the plains was a yet more serious undertaking, and many a life was sacrificed in attempting it.

Early in April, 1849, more than twenty thousand people, men, women, and children, had assembled at or near Saint Joseph and Independence on the Missouri river, with their outfit of wagons, cattle, horses, mules, camp equipage, and household goods, ready to take up the march as soon as the season was far enough advanced. During the first week in May the vanguard started, and for many weeks an innumerable caravan stretched out into the west from the banks of the Missouri far along into what is now the State of Utah.

"The rich meadows of the Nebraska or Platte," said Bayard Taylor, "were settled for the time, and a single traveler could have journeyed for one thousand miles, as certain of his lodging and regular meals as if he were riding through the old agricultural districts of the middle States."

But the journey thus auspiciously begun, and by the portion of the column which had made an early departure safely accomplished during the autumn, was, with the approach of winter, filled with horrors. The cholera, which during the summer and fall of 1849 had made landing from Europe upon the Atlantic seaboard, advanced steadily westward. Ere the migration toward California had ceased for the season, it overtook and began its ravages among it at St. Joseph and Independence.

For hundreds of miles along the route

it was soon doing its deadly work. More than five thousand men, women, and children, perished. Attended by this dread specter of death, the column moved steadily on, victim after victim dropping out of the ranks, finding hasty burial along the weary way. Many a shallow grave marked the emigrant trail overland, most frequently giving up its grewsome contents for that marauding jackal of the plains—the coyote—to feed upon, leaving only some scattered bones to bleach upon the plains, sad remnants of the fate that had befallen thousands.

As the journey neared its end it was not an uncommon sight to see the immigrant trains with cows yoked to the wagons, and the women, young and old, acting as drivers. The oxen had been long ago left dead by the wayside. The men, prostrated and exhausted, were brought in under the sheltering cover of these "prairie schooners." The cows and the women, saved in the earlier part of the journey, were now able to bring it to a successful end.

The journey via the isthmuses of Panama and Nicaragua, while less perilous and shorter in time, was none the less full of adventure. People were dumped by thousands among the malarious jungles of the isthmian transit. Conveyance by steam from the Pacific side was an utter impracticability for the most of them. Every old crazy tub of a vessel that could be laid hold of was pressed into service to load with passengers and creep slowly up the coast toward California, her human freight suffering untold horrors from thirst and hunger ere port was reached. Voyages thus unhappily undertaken consumed many months of drifting through the calms of the torrid seas and beating up the bleak California coast against the prevailing winds that sweep from the northwest through all the summer months.

The fourth route availed of by many, overland through Mexico, led through a country and among a population that had just been overrun and subdued in war with the United States. It necessarily involved the most serious risks and dangers at the hands of an embittered and hostile people. Yet it was in most instances safely traversed, but only by parties of resolute, adventurous, and brave young men.

Other sources from which the inflow of population was taking place remain to be mentioned. Westward immigration was met by a counter current flowing in from an opposite direction in great force of numbers. China, the island groups of Oceanica, Mexico, Central America, Peru, and Chile, were contributing shipload after shipload of people of every sort of morals and every shade of color. Add to all this mixture the European contingent which came in large force and varied nationality, and in the broadest sense of the expression it was indeed a cosmopolitan community.

Although "Botany Bay" had for some years before ceased to be a penal colony of Great Britain yet a large percentage of the Australian contribution was of the Botany Bay stamp. It played so conspicuous a part in events as to have given color, if not justification, to the supposition that soon prevailed in the world at large, that California was dominated by gamblers, thieves, and murderers. The Asiatic, South American, and Mexican elements were largely of similar stamp. They did more to degrade the name and fair fame of California and to blacken the reputation of the sturdy pioneer American and European element, than all other influences combined,—even to this day.

The roll of membership in the Society of California Pioneers, from the beginning up to the present day, shows none



DIVIDING THE PILE IN THE DAYS OF GOLD.

From an old print.

of these elements. True, the pioneers proper were not all saints. Yet the percentage of criminals with which the main body of them was leavened was so small as to have been conspicuous by its absence. The converse holds equally in regard to the Australian, Asiatic, South American, and Mexican immigration. These were not all sinners, far from it. Yet it may truly be said that the better element among them was conspicuous by its scarcity of numbers.

Among those who withstood the hardships and dangers of the journey to California and devoted their first efforts to gold digging, the life was found to be not all that their fancy had painted it. Hard labor, scant fare, severely coarse and limited in variety, the ground to sleep on, complete isolation from home and loved ones, letters coming only at long and uncertain intervals, frequent attacks of malarial or other illness, engendered perhaps more by exposure and want of nourishing food than by climatic causes, soon stripped the life of the gold

digger of all its romance. While millions were being dug from the rich placers of the foothills month by month, yet the finding was not shared by all alike. Thousands of young and restless spirits were soon convinced that there were other opportunities and other sources of wealth in the land than gold digging.

Plans for permanent residence and permanent occupation were soon formed. The incentive which had originally brought them hither, and which looked only to a temporary sojourn in the land, soon gave place to new plans, new hopes and aspirations. The task of "settling in the wilderness and founding a new State" was now the accepted condition of things among them. They set about it with all the ardor of young manhood.

A social condition then prevailed which the romantic writers of later years have grossly misrepresented. Pioneer life in these days has come to be the synonym of rampant and reckless criminality, rough and rude to the last degree. A more absurd and mistaken view could not be entertained, nor a more unjust reflection

upon the memories of the men who founded good government in California. So deeply has the libel been cultivated, however, through press and pulpit alike, that it will possibly always remain a hopeless task to set the current of public thought entirely right upon the subject. Yet the testimony of hundreds of reputable witnesses yet living, might well be cited to illustrate the fallacy and injustice of the cruel assertions.

Mark Twain says in "Roughing It":—

It was a driving, vigorous, restless population in those days. It was a *curious* population. It was the *only* population of the kind that the world has ever seen gathered together, and it is not likely that the world will ever see its like again. For, observe, it was an assemblage of two hundred thousand *young* men—not simpering, dainty, kid-gloved weaklings, but stalwart, muscular, dauntless young braves, brimful of push and energy, and royally endowed with every attribute that goes to make up a peerless and magnificent manhood—the very pick and choice of the world's glorious ones. No women, no children, no gray and stooping veterans, — none but erect, bright-eyed, quick-moving, strong-handed young giants, — the strangest population, the finest population, the most gallant host, that ever trooped down the startled solitudes of an unpeopled land.

Colonel Mason, in a communication addressed to the Adjutant General at Washington, after having paid a visit to the then newly opened mining region, said:—

I was surprised to learn that crime of any kind was very infrequent, and that no thefts or robberies had been committed in the gold district. All live in tents, in bush arbors, or in the open air; and men have frequently about their persons thousands of dollars worth of this gold, and it was to me a matter of surprise that so peaceful and quiet a state of things should continue to exist.

No participant in the events of this period can be found who will not bear similar testimony, even though such evidence may tend to shatter the fanciful creations of the romancist, and rob his absorbing tales of half their seductive influences.

For many months,—and indeed in very many instances for one or two years,—after this tide of gold seeking immigration began to flow into California, outside of San Francisco, Sacramento, and other centers of population, a bed to sleep in and a roof for a shelter were unknown luxuries. A pannikin of coffee and hard tack, supplemented at times by beans and "slap jacks," was the bill of fare for month after month. A tent was a luxury enjoyed by some; a log or brush hut, a palace for the royal revel of the few; while "the boundless canopy of heaven" and the ground wherever night overtook them, was the common place of repose for the many. Yet it may well be doubted if a healthier, jollier, happier lot of men ever lived in fellowship together.

Yet this condition, spiced as it was with frequent adventure, palled at last upon the multitude. They yearned for the humanizing influences of old association, and the flesh pots of civilization. Many abandoned the diggings, and sought in San Francisco and other towns new fields of endeavor, less alluring perhaps, but far more fertile in physical comforts and mental enjoyments than rude cabin or tent life in the red gulches of the Sierra foothills.

Many remained, however, to work out their financial salvation with pick and shovel. Many waited only to obtain gold enough to take them back to the old homes. Not a few found an early realization of their hopes, and departed with what was then in common parlance known as "their pile." But the pioneer proper, he who was to work out the social problem in California and lay the foundation for its future greatness, remained, and played his part in the exciting events which followed manfully and loyally.

Before the year 1849 had closed the population of California — and especially of San Francisco and the other important

towns—had been largely reinforced by the arrival of families of women and children. This not only added a new incentive to social organization, but made it the paramount necessity and duty of all who looked forward to permanent social prosperity to aid manfully in its establishment.

The work performed by the early pioneers of California—the men of forty-nine as well as the yet earlier comers—in this direction, has been summarized and publicly stated recently upon more than one occasion, and portions of it have been fully stated in the *OVERLAND*, but it will well bear repeating here. More especially since this record of the history of the Pioneers, intended to be permanent, would not be complete without it.

“The First Presbyterian church, with Reverend Albert Williams as pastor, was founded on the 20th of May, 1849. The church of the Holy Trinity, with Reverend Flavel Mines as rector, on the 22d of July, 1849. The First Baptist church with Reverend O. C. Wheeler as pastor, on the 24th of July, 1849. The Methodist Episcopal church, with Rev. W. Taylor as pastor on September 23d, 1849.”

That these church organizations were not inspired by a few devotees of the religious tenets which they represent, but were the legitimate outcome of the precepts in which the great mass of the pioneer had been reared, is evidenced by the following extract from the records of the “Church of the Holy Trinity,” of January, 1850.

Since the opening of the Church of the Holy Trinity every seat has been occupied each Sunday, and often many persons were turned away, not being able to obtain standing room. . . . Sunday afternoon religious services were held upon ships’ decks in the harbor for the benefit of the seamen of the port.

Educational institutions, public and private, were established, and were well



PETER DEAN, PRESIDENT 1877-78.

patronized. Home life and home associations soon attained commanding influence throughout the community. It may seem an ungracious task to institute a comparison between the “society” of that, and the present day. Possibly it may be regarded as absurd to attempt to show that as high a standard of culture and refinement then existed in the home circle in San Francisco,—for example,—as that which prevails today within the same compass. Nevertheless it is true, that among the leading families of San Francisco in the early fifties, there were those who had come from the most highly cultivated centers of the older States, bringing family names known and recognized as of national distinction—names which succeeding generations still honorably perpetuate in the community where they were born and reared.

Within these homes,—and they were by no means few in number,—prevailed



HENRY L. DODGE, PRESIDENT 1879-80.

the simple but elegant manners of old school good breeding, which loses none of its charm when contrasted with the modern system of social display. It is a common assumption, that, as the world progresses, society advances, especially in the estimation of those who ride on the topmost wave in the intoxicating swim of social pride and distinction. But it may well be questioned whether an advance distinctly based upon a gold standard, to the demonetization of good breeding, ancestry, and mental cultivation,—except as subsidiary requirements,—is such in the true sense of the word. Be this as it may, however, it can truly be said that in the very early fifties a state of domestic life prevailed in San Francisco, that no old timer looks back upon with any other feeling than gratification and pleasant recollection.

It would be idle,—nor is it desirable,—to deny that, while the social amenities of

life found thus early and congenial conditions, the hurly burly of "the street," outside of the recognized business quarters wore a far less satisfactory aspect. Looking back to the alluring temptations that surrounded the young men who made up the majority of the population,—most of whom had no share or lot in the domestic life of the period,—it remains to this day a wonder that so few went down to destruction, and that so many passed through the ordeal to success in life. To his satanic majesty may well be given the credit of having set before the young pioneer of that period the temptations that were intended to beckon him on to wreck and ruin. For they were truly satanic in the devilish ingenuity of their invention, and he was strong indeed who could resist.

It should be borne in mind that, while homes were being established and social order rapidly evolved, a large percentage, perhaps a majority, of the community was as yet without other place of nightly entertainment than the public gambling halls and like places of resort. The very monotony of the nightly clang and clamor of these places, when once the novelty had worn off, was perhaps the best and strongest defense against yielding to their pernicious influences. And while the monte, roulette, and *rouge et noir* tables never lacked the patronage of a crowd, yet it was none the less patent that that crowd was chiefly made up of the professional class,—that class which always gathers from mysterious sources toward any locality where the curse of the open gambling table is tolerated. Thousands of young men wandered aimlessly through the gambling dens and clustered in idle curiosity around the gaming tables, a comparatively small percentage of whom cared for gambling or yielded to its seductive influences. The everyday excitement of life, the ease and innumerable sources

from which money could be made without gambling, was in itself a protection against the demoralizing evil. The common opportunity that existed to indulge in it was perhaps yet another protective influence, since it removed indulgence in the practise from the list of "forbidden fruits."

Whether we philosophize after this manner and indulge in these or other like speculative reasons in seeking a cause for this singular comparative resistance against temptation from this and like other evils of that period, the fact still remains undisputed and indisputable, that few fell by the wayside and the many passed through the ordeal without the smell of fire upon their garments.

The organization known as the Society of California Pioneers during this period furnished a place of fraternal gathering and resort that provided for many an attractive substitute for home life, and to those who then belonged to it, it became an effective counter irritant to the demoralizing influences that thus environed them.

The disastrous fires, the "Gold Bluff excitement," the suppression of the criminal element, the Fraser River exodus, the financial disasters of 1855-56, the ceaseless changes that were taking place in the population, all tended for a time to retard the growth of the Society. Still it was far from being abandoned. Every year witnessed some accession, and was marked by generous festivities on each returning "Admission Day" celebration. These gatherings bound its members closer and closer in fraternal fellowship and aroused hopes of future permanency for the organization.

Apart from the Masonic and other like orders, the Society was for years the chief feature of club organization, and its rooms the most attractive place of resort in San Francisco.



NILES SEARLES, VICE-PRESIDENT 1882-83, 96-97.

For a short time after the admission of the forty-niners the earlier pioneers remained officially at the head of the organization. Brannan, as the second president, was succeeded by Jacob R. Snyder for the years 1854-55. The vice-presidents for the same term were also chosen from among the old timers, but the board of directors contained a majority of forty-niners, who at once obtained, and have ever since held, control of the organization.

The following year, 1855-56, Doctor Stephen R. Harris, a forty-niner, was elected president. Asa B. Perkins, another of the late-comers, was made secretary, while the board of directors contained but two "early residents." The next year the presidential honor was properly conferred upon one of the "old residents," who had played an important part in early California history and was more than deserving of the distinction. This was Thomas O. Larkin.



HENRY B. RUSS.

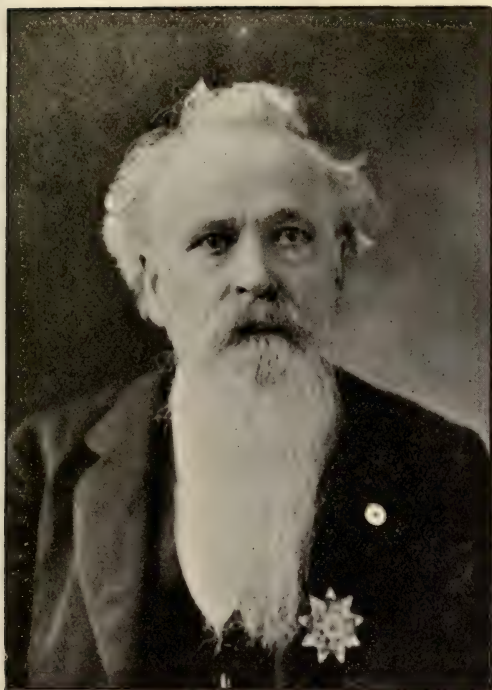
Pioneer history in California with the name of Larkin eliminated would be a grotesque mutilation of the record. For, from whatever standpoint it may be viewed, the part that Larkin played both before, and during, the days of the conquest, was most conspicuous, most honorable, and most influential in bringing about an early and successful termination to the contest.

Coming to California in 1832, Larkin settled in Monterey and began a successful business career. For some years prior to the conquest he was United States Consular Agent in official title, but United States confidential diplomatic agent in fact. His correspondence with the State department during the years of diplomatic controversy with Mexico which culminated in war forms one of the most interesting and important historical features of that period. It furnishes perhaps the fairest presentation of the true state of affairs

in California during that momentous epoch that can be found. Faithfully endeavoring to bring about the annexation of California by the United States through the acquiescence of the Californians themselves, Larkin did not hesitate when the controversy arose between General José Castro and Frémont, in the spring of 1846, to give to the American explorer his loyal support and aid. Fully endorsing all of Frémont's acts in defying the authority of Castro in his efforts to drive him and his party out of the country, he wrote to the State Department such words of praise of Frémont and made such a plain showing of the right of Frémont's side of the controversy as doubtless were of great weight in influencing the government to endorse all that Frémont had then done and all that he did thereafter as the chief factor in the prompt and early conquest of California and the subjugation and pacification of the native Californians. During all that trying period Larkin was a true, devoted, and loyal American, who served his country faithfully and well and earned better public recognition than his memory has ever received.

During Larkin's presidency of the Society the entire board of directors was made up of forty-niners,—the old guard had surrendered. If the "old residents" had been exclusive at first, the later comers were now—with perhaps small discretion—equally exclusive in their exercise of power.

The election for 1857-58 witnessed the beginning of the long reign of Alexander G. Abell. Mr. Abell had reached California in 1847, coming from Honolulu. A genial, persuasive, and able man, he exercised a commanding influence in the Society, and for three years he was elected and re-elected to the presidency. If genial companionship and good fellowship had been the only aim and object of the association, his official relation might have



THOMAS H. CASWELL.

continued indefinitely. As it became apparent that such was not the sole purpose of the Society's existence, even so well liked a man as Mr. Abell was defeated in the contest for the presidency of 1860-61. Philip A. Roach won the honor that year. No immediate change in the Society's progress took place, however. Matters were running on in the old groove, and continued to do so until the following year, when Doctor Henry M. Gray was called to the presidency for 1861-2. A courtly and polished gentleman, scholarly in his tastes, his time almost wholly absorbed in his professional practise, Doctor Gray could give no further time to the affairs of the Society than was necessary to preside at its meetings with dignity and ability. Fortunately his earnest sympathies were fully enlisted in the movement which was now gathering force for the promotion of the welfare of the Society, and in so far as it was possible for him

to do so, his coöperation was freely given to the members who were endeavoring to bring about a better condition of affairs.

While the Society had been so far recognized as the leading organization of California, and had been given the post of honor upon nearly all conspicuous occasions, while it was year after year meeting in pleasant fraternal re-union, yet its field of action seemed limited to these functions alone. The scope of its usefulness seemed to be reached. Its members generally were too much absorbed in private affairs to attempt to carry out the real purposes of its founders. Its rooms had been for some years established on the second floor of what was known as the "Bella Union Building," on Washington street, near Kearny. It had so far existed on the revenue derived alone from the dues of members. In 1860, however, Mr. Lick had made his first gift



JESSE D. CARR.

to the Society of the lot of land on north-east corner of Montgomery and Gold streets, conditioned upon the erection of a building thereon suitable for a permanent home for the organization. A few active members, alive to the importance of the gift, had soon thereafter set about raising a nucleus for a building fund, by

inducing members to take out life memberships, which, in the outcome of the effort resulted in a new birth and a new era of prosperity for the Society.¹

Willard B. Farwell.

¹Attention has been called to the fact that the ship mentioned on page 183 of the previous article as bringing in 1847 a portion of Stevenson's regiment was the Susan Drew and not the Susan G. Owens, — a later arrival.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE HALIOTIS SHELL.

A SHELL from the shining sands
 I picked where the breakers run,
 And clap their jeweled hands
 In the rays of the morning sun,—
 With their jeweled hands so fair,
 That have gathered the coral flowers,
 To weave in a mermaid's hair
 In her mystic ocean bowers.
 They tossed this pearl at my feet,
 More rare than the ear of a girl,
 Half hid in her tresses sweet
 And kissed by an elfin curl.
 The hue that its bosom shows
 Is the same that the sunbeams sing,
 Through dewdrops to the rose,
 In the morn of balmy spring.
 A child of the stormy deep,
 Thrown out on the shores of earth,
 It breathes as a wave asleep
 And tells of its ocean birth.

Warren Truitt.

DIED FOR DISCIPLINE.



NE evening in December, 1861, while the Twenty-fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry was encamped near Bardstown, Kentucky, a number of enlisted men succeeded in passing the sentinels just before the

countersign had been given. The men were armed and accoutered, and as discipline was not so exacting as it afterwards became, they were permitted to pass out of the lines, the little squad appearing to be on duty.

Such, however, was not the case, for instead of being on a detail, the boys were after a supply of that recklessly inspiring distillation of orchard fruit known as "apple-jack," which in its new condition is almost as hot to the throat as if one had swallowed a crematory, but mellowed by age, becomes an important ingredient of the seductive toddy, and is dignified by the name of "old apple-brandy."

After reaching Bardstown, the boys skirmished about the place, filling their canteens and themselves with the fiery fluid, and then returned to camp.

In the meanwhile their absence had become known and the sentinels were admonished to be on the alert. It was after taps when the befuddled soldiers approached the sentry line and were met with the peremptory challenge: "Halt! who goes there?"

To this they paid no attention, whereupon the sentinel fired a shot, more as a menace than anything else. A foolish fellow, drunker than his companions, answered with a discharge from his gun, and an alarm was sounded. The guard was turned out, the long roll sounded, and in

a few moments the entire regiment was in line on the parade ground, ready to meet an attack of the enemy.

An investigation immediately disclosed the real state of affairs. The culprit who returned the sentinel's shot was discovered in the person of a private named Burkhardt, who was summarily committed to the guard house, after which quiet was restored in camp.

Of course, such a flagrant violation of the articles of war was not to be permitted to pass unpunished. Charges and specifications were preferred against Burkhardt, and a court martial was soon after convened, of which Colonel Stanley Matthews, Fifty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, late Attorney General of the United States, and still later Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was president. Burkhardt was tried and the court was dissolved, but before the proceedings could be reviewed and the sentence approved and promulgated, the command to which Burkhardt belonged was marched to Louisville, and there embarked on river boats to proceed to the support of Grant, who was operating against Fort Donelson. Before the troops from Kentucky reached there, the rebel stronghold had surrendered, and they continued their way up the Cumberland river to Nashville, Tennessee, which naturally fell after Donelson.

During these movements Burkhardt was kept under guard. While the findings of the court were unknown to the rank and file, it was generally believed that the severest sentence would be inflicted, and that was death. There was nothing of an extenuating character in his case, and it was not likely, therefore, that his punishment would be in any degree mitigated. His only hope was in escape, and in this

his comrades offered their aid, but Burkhardt, believing that his punishment would not be so direful as that expected by his companions, refused all overtures, and in his blind belief cast aside this chance for life.

Several months had now passed since Burkhardt's offense, and it did seem as if the affair had died of inanition, but as the unexpected so often happens, one evening late in February, 1862, general court martial orders were read to the command while on dress parade near Nashville, and the sentence of death was pronounced on Burkhardt. The findings of the court had been approved by Major General Don Carlos Buell, then in command of the Army of the Ohio, and from his decision there had been no appeal.

Although there was no unusual haste manifested in such matters, still there was no unnecessary delay, and when the day of execution arrived the prisoner was ready. It was a bright, sunny afternoon in the early part of March. Nelson's division of three brigades, aggregating about twelve thousand effective troops, were ordered out to witness, for the first time in their lives, a military execution.

A place more peculiarly adapted for such an event could not have been formed by nature. On three sides of a slight depression of ground, there gently arose a small ridge, upon which the lines were formed, commanding an unobstructed view of the little hollow in which the doomed man was about to meet an ignoble death.

The troops took position with a silence that was unlike any other military movement. Every word of command was softly given, and there was an awful solemnity even in these early proceedings. The command was standing at a parade rest, while down in the hollow, exposed to the view of every one present, was a rude open coffin, which was soon to shelter the mortal remains of poor Burkhardt. The

object lesson was already beginning to be felt as the horrible reality of their comrade's coming fate became manifest.

Many of those soldiers abhorred the penalty of death in this form, and to such the solemnity of the scene was nothing less than a tyrannical tribute to military despotism. But to nearly all it was the only possibility by which the condemned could expiate his misdeed, and so he should perish that an example might be presented for the proper guidance of those whose duty it was to avoid perilous acts involving disaster to our country.

Soon were heard the doleful roll of muffled drums and the soft sounds of a solemn dirge played by an approaching military band of many instruments. A few moments after, the prisoner entered through the open end of the hollow square. The condemned man, placed between two chaplains, marched at the head of a firing party of ten, whose muskets, all but one, contained the usual cartridges of powder and bullet, the excepted gun having a blank cartridge, and as no one of the firing party knew who had possession of this weapon, it left room for a sickly sentiment in the minds of each that he might be the fortunate fellow, and thus every conscience among the detail was absolved from having contributed to the death of a comrade.

The firing party was in command of a young lieutenant, upon whose bright, manly face there was a determined look, somewhat softened by that lack of luster about the eyes, which always proclaim the pride of an officer when in the discharge of a natural military duty.

Burkhardt's face was ghastly, but he walked with a firm tread and the bearing of a soldier to the spot where his coffin lay. Here he was halted, with the chaplains, while the firing squad marched ten paces forward, and by a right about faced the unfortunate man. There the prisoner



R. E. J. J. J.

DIED FOR DISCIPLINE.

stood for the last time in the presence of his comrades — those comrades who were for the first time to witness one of the horrors of war, the severest punishment that could be meted out to a soldier guilty of one of the gravest of military crimes.

Major Hall, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio Infantry, read the general orders for Burkhardt's execution. He possessed a big, manly voice, and his enunciation reached the ear of every one in that vast assembly of twelve thousand silent, sorrowful soldiers. When he reached the final words of Burkhardt's doom, "*To be shot to death,*" there was in them such solemn import, that while every one knew the sentence, according to military law, to be just, there were but few whose deepest sympathy did not go out to the pale prisoner, who stood with folded arms, taking his last view of the beautiful world and the bright sun that was shining upon him.

As Major Hall finished reading the order for execution, the chaplains in turn addressed words of comfort and consolation to the condemned. He listened earnestly to their remarks, replying that the sentence was righteous and that he was prepared to meet his fate. A short but fervent prayer was then offered, in which the soul of the condemned was commended to the mercy of the Grand Commander above.

At a signal, a soldier advanced to bandage his eyes to shut out the sight of his executioners. At this moment Burkhardt's gaze swept calmly over the lines formed by his comrades, and at the firing

party, for which in another moment he was to be the target. And this youth, who entered the service of his country to face the balls and bullets of its enemies, was denied the right to look death in the face. For a single instant he glanced upward as if in mute appeal and then turned his eyes upon the firing party. There was no reproach in his look as he pointed significantly to his heart. The white bandage was gently bound about his eyes, thus shutting out the light of earth forever, and the foot of his coffin was placed immediately at his feet, appearing for the moment like a shadow of the mortal standing exactly before it.

Those who had been near him then withdrew, and at a subdued command the entire line changed from "parade rest" to "attention." The lieutenant in command of the firing party brought his detail to a shoulder.

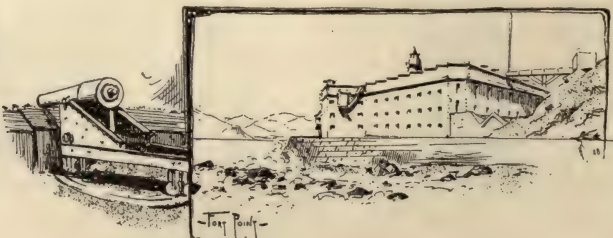
"Take aim," was the next command, and there was an instant of painful silence, during which thousands of hearts throbbed in sorrow.

"Fire!" came the order, and a discharge from ten muskets rang out upon the quiet air simultaneously.

Just as the last command was uttered the condemned raised his right hand and again pointed to his heart. He fell without a convulsion and without a sigh into the coffin, and in this manner poor Burkhardt forever passed the sentinel line of life.

While his fault was great, his blood poured out as a libation to discipline and as a warning to his comrades.

Frank Elliott Myers.



THE LIGHT THAT CAME TO GREGORIO.

A TALE OF THE MISSIONS.



UT of doors was the oppressive silent heat of a July afternoon. The sunlight, reflected from the white adobe walls and red-tiled roof of the mission, was dazzling, and the heat rose in palpitating waves. In the lifeless air, heavy with perfume of orange and lemon flowers, the feathery leaves of the pepper trees hung motionless. On the hills behind the mission dark firs and pines rose to the blue dome above them and in the distance, where the horizon blended gray blue sky with gray blue sea, the twin islands of Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz lay like exquisite sapphires in a silver zone. Over the red and yellow blossoms, brought to the mission garden from far-off Mexico, fluttered red and yellow butterflies, and in the scarlet cactus hung brilliant, iridescent humming birds. But they were the only living creatures to be seen. From the eaves over Father Gregorio's door could be heard the plaintive, monotonous voices of his doves. They had not received their customary breakfast of corn from his hands nor heard his voice. All day long his door had remained closed.

In Gregorio's room the air was cool. A single ray of light came through the deep-set window and fell on the earthen floor over which a carpet of rushes had been spread, but the heat had not penetrated the thick adobe walls. A yellow butterfly rested on the cool green leaves of musk growing in a box on the window ledge and a wasp buzzed noisily, striking the gray wall incessantly in his endeavor to find the way back to the outside world of sunlight.

Father Gregorio heard nothing, saw nothing, was oblivious to heat or cold.

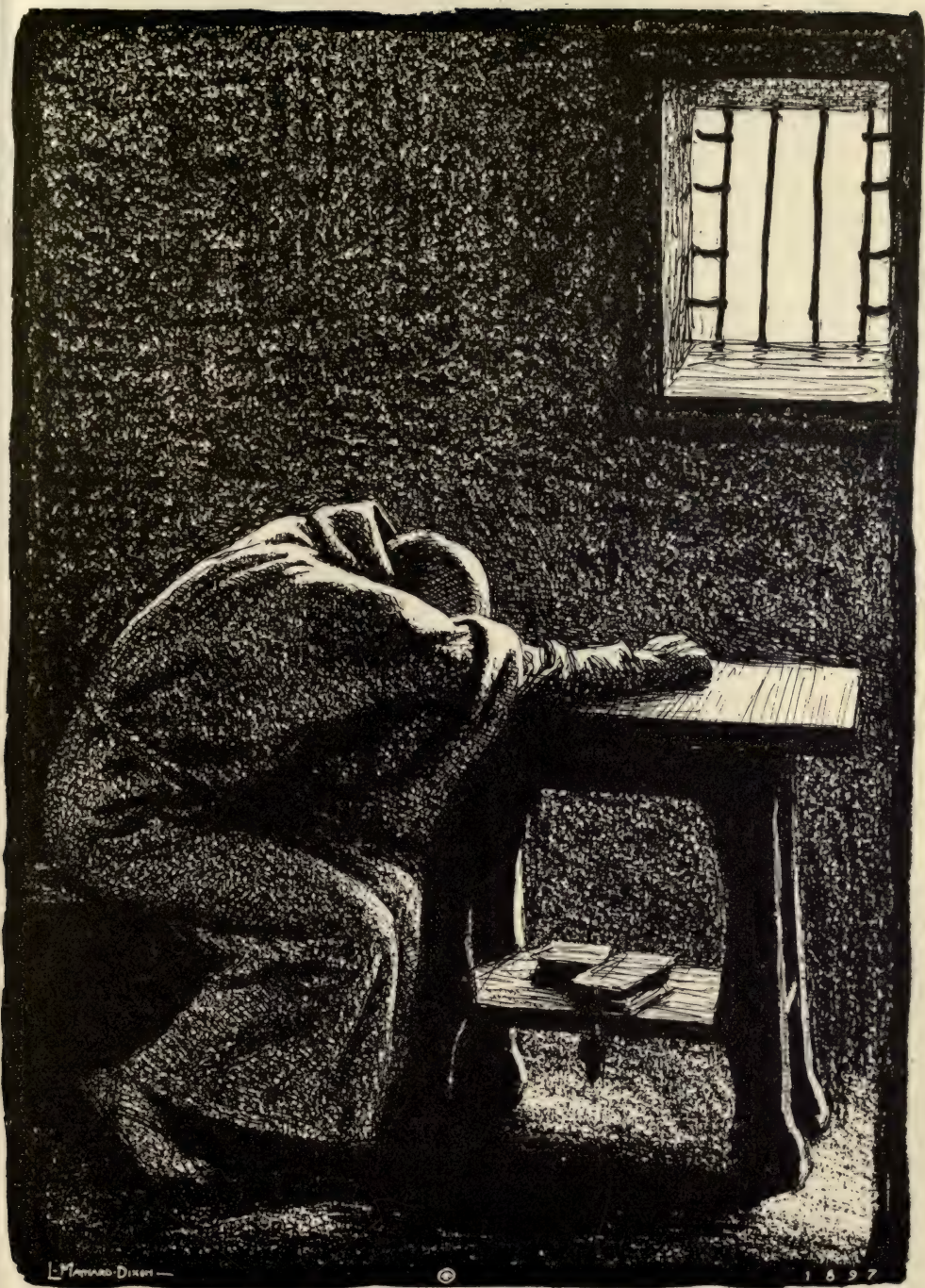
He sat by the table, his head resting on his outstretched arms, the dun-colored habit of his order falling closely around him. On the table lay an open letter which had been brought by a messenger the night before from the Mother Superior of the convent of Nuestra Maria del Corazon in Mexico. There were the customary words of greeting, a brief account of the condition of the convent, a siege of illness and other minor details. Then followed a short history of one of the nuns. It was simply told. Sister Agnuz had fled from the convent, leaving no trace. An effort had been made to find her, but she had planned her flight so well, had concealed her steps so successfully, that nothing had been discovered. But there was evidence that she had been in correspondence with some one on the outside, a man of course, who had aided in her escape. The Mother Superior added that she had feared this from the first, that she had known that to a girl whose education and life had been as worldly as that of Agnuz before she entered the sisterhood the walls of the convent could be nothing but a prison. Then was a faint suggestion of sympathy, only a suggestion though, and the letter ended. It had been many months on its journey and it was almost miraculous that it ever reached Father Gregorio.

When he had read the missive through, the world grew dark and he himself was startled by the sobs that shook his frame and burst from his breast. His head fell forward on the table and all night long, all day long, he lay there, wide awake and conscious of life and its agony. Now he was remembering another July afternoon three years before. He saw again

the courtyard of the Mexican palace, brilliant with blossoms, heard again the soft fall of the fountains and the tinkling of mandolin and guitar; he saw himself, Felipe de la Cuesta, and the dark-eyed, beautiful girl who held his hands against her breast, Agnuz, Agnuz de la Cuesta, his cousin and the woman he loved with his whole heart. He had told her of this love, told her in passionate words, and her eyes, raised to his, had given him her answer. She loved him, worshiped him, adored him, would give her life for him, but—the Church. The Church would not sanction their union. Then followed his passionate pleadings to which her heart answered “yes” while her lips said “no.” Then she had urged him to accept the only consolation which the Church could offer. They could give their lives to it, to the Church, and so belong forever to each other. She would go to the convent of Nuestra Maria, he could join the Franciscans. At first he had rebelled, yielding only when he saw that she was inexorable. And so they parted forever on that July afternoon which now filled Father Gregorio’s mind, obliterating all the present, the mission and its life, and all the intervening years, parted to consecrate their lives to each other by giving them to the Church. Again he heard her soft voice saying, “Adios, mio Felipe”; again he saw her eyes from which the tears fell fast and felt her lips on which he pressed hot, passionate kisses, rebelling even then against her decision. And she, Agnuz, had fled from her convent before two years had passed and he, Felipe de la Cuesta, Padre Gregorio Delgado, was bound forever to the Church. The Church! What was the Church to him? But he did not think of that. There was only one burning, flaming thought in his mind, Agnuz, who fled with another, a lover, one of the many rivals whom he had out-loved in old Mexico.

The sun went down into a sea of red and gold. The round moon came up over the pines behind the mission, the shadow of the cross on the tower creeping nearer and nearer to the adobe building. For a little time there were no shadows and then again it crept over the ground up into the forest-clad hills where all shadows make their homes. A low red light burned in the Padre’s room, the light which burned always in an old Venetian bowl before the Virgin’s shrine. Gregorio had brought many things from Mexico with him, things which seemed inappropriate in the dull adobe cell in which his life was spent. Books in old vellum, illuminated manuscripts, Venetian glasses, and one or two costly paintings, served to remind him of his former self, the Felipe de la Cuesta who was the most honored and courted of Mexico’s nobility. This old self was dead and the Padre Gregorio was known only to his brother priests and the Indians about the mission; but by all these he was well beloved. There was a gentle courtesy in his manner to every one which would have been lost in austerity if he had in reality given himself to the Church. But he had not given himself to the service of the Church but to her, to Agnuz. His gentleness to the Indian women was gentleness to her, his sympathy with the other priests was sympathy with her. Even in this far-off, new land, leading a life ostensibly holy and devoted to the interests of the Church, he was living solely for her, for his Agnuz.

After he had read the Mother Superior’s letter, the night passed, and the day, and yet another night. The gray light of the morning crept into his room before he raised his head. In his eyes burned a fierce light, but that was the only sign of life. His bronzed skin was ghastly pale, his mouth was drawn, and deep lines had furrowed themselves in his face. His hands were clinched. He



L. M. MANNING-DIXON —

©

1897

"THE GRAY LIGHT OF THE MORNING CREPT INTO HIS ROOM BEFORE HE RAISED HIS HEAD."

threw his head back with a scornful laugh as his eyes fell on the familiar objects in the low room. Then he sprang to his feet, flung open the door, and fled away from the mission,—Padre Gregorio no longer, but Felipe de la Cuesta, outraged, deserted, cast aside, and made a fool of. An intense longing for revenge filled his soul, but his mind was confused and his body consumed with a raging fever that rendered him incapable of directing his steps or controlling his actions.

He wandered for weeks through the hills and forests, up and down the beaches, sleeping by day or by night, whenever or wherever sleep overcame him, living on wild berries and nuts. Sometimes he was seen at a distance by one of the other priests or by a neophyte, but he fled from the sight of everyone. One morning he was found lying almost dead in the forest near the mission. He was taken to his room and tenderly nursed back to life, not to life but to existence.

When he had recovered sufficiently to stand alone he dragged himself to the altar steps and with bowed head gave himself again to the Church. There was no ceremony, no assemblage of priests to bless the vows, only one broken, worn-out human being lying prostrate at the altar, offering his life to the service of the Church; to its work, not to the Christ of whom it is a symbol. Humanity was dead in him. Indeed there seemed to be nothing alive but a burning, consuming hatred for one woman. Her name never crossed his lips even when he cursed her; he cursed woman and womanhood. He became known as the hardest worker at the mission, the most severe master, the most austere judge. Women and children shrank away from him, and the neophytes and Indians learned to hate him, but the priests still loved him, prayed

for him and with him, hoping that the madness which seemed to possess him would leave him. He absented himself from all the ceremonies of the Church. Communion was impossible for him, because he would not forgive the woman who had wronged him.

In the midst of one of the early storms of the winter a priest sought shelter at the mission. He was on his way to a northern mission and was the bearer of letters to Father Gregorio. He was received with the customary hospitality of the Franciscans, and after the evening service, was given a seat at the table in the refectory. When the full light fell on his face even the padres, accustomed as they were to sights of suffering and horror, shrank from him. He had, apparently, but recently recovered from the dread disease that sometimes swept over the country. His face was drawn and deeply marked and the eyebrows and lashes completely gone.

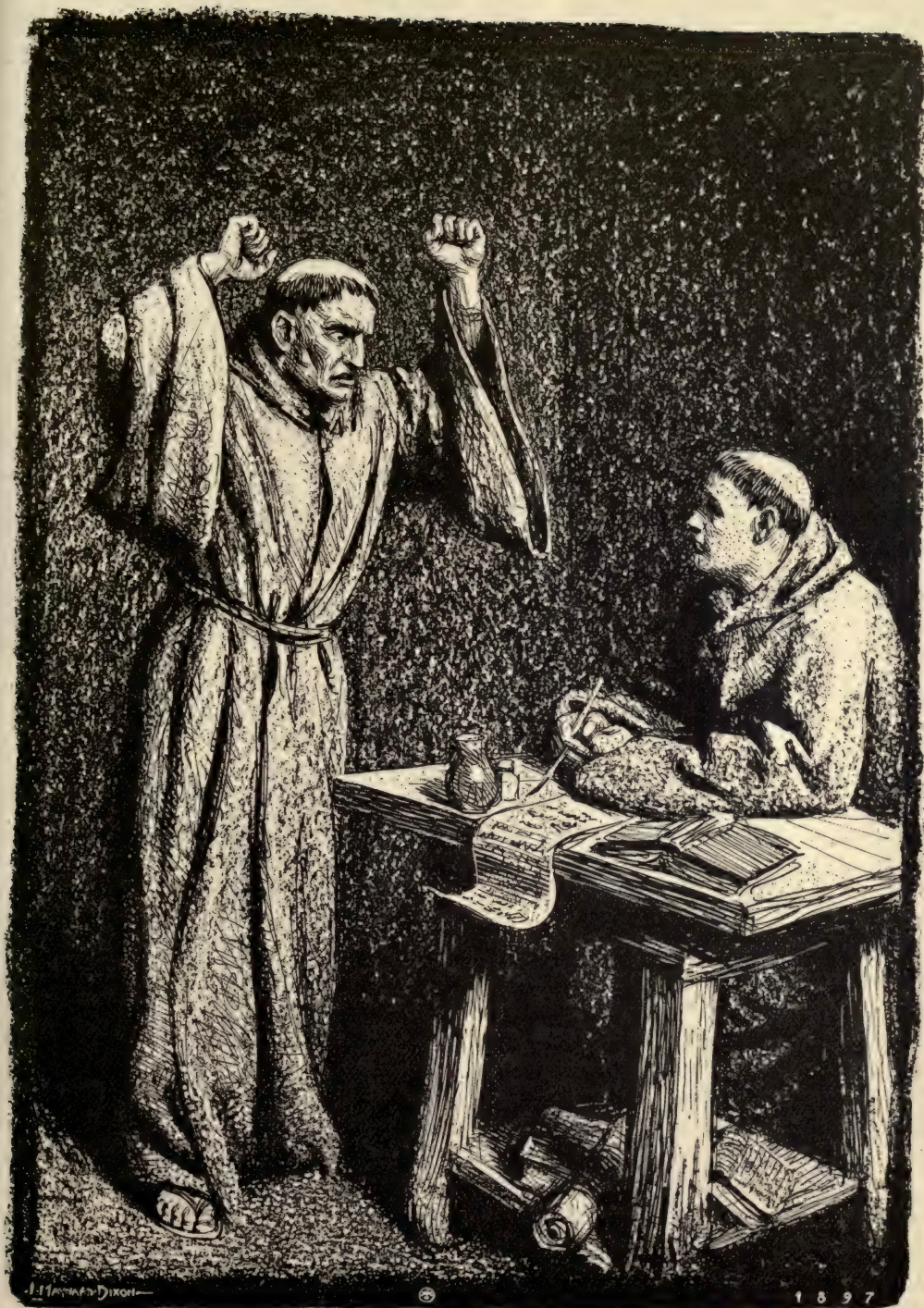
"There is no fear of contagion," he said in answer to the looks of terror that were cast at him, "it is a year and more since I was ill." His voice was unutterably sad and he spoke little, disappointing the good friars, who hoped to hear tidings from the other missions that had given shelter to him on his way north.

Padre Gregorio took the letters to his cell, read them, then sent for the stranger.

"You will find a seat by the window there," he said to the young priest, who seemed overcome with fatigue. "Gonzales of Diego says you are skilled in the art of illuminating. I care not for such things now, but I will see your work. You have specimens of it with you?"

"A few, father," the stranger answered, handing a little roll of parchment to Gregorio.

The Padre held the papers near the



"I SHALL DIE CURSING HER."

light and was amazed by the beauty of the work. It carried him back to the old days in Mexico when he had employed many workmen in this branch of decorative art to illuminate books for his own library, and in none of them had he seen such skill as this.

"You learned this in Spain?"

"No, my teacher came from Spain. I worked in the monastery in Mexico, under Salvacino."

"I thought I recognized Salvacino's hand in the gold embossing," Gregorio answered.

"Yes, he was pleased with my work and gave me his name when I left him. I also am known as Salvacino."

For the first time in many months Gregorio was interested. He talked late with the new comer, who was well versed in the history of his art.

"Are you in haste with your northern journey?" Gregorio asked as the young stranger rose to take his leave, "I should like to have some of this work done for the mission here."

The priest hesitated, and even when he spoke the words came slowly. "I can stop now or on my return, whichever you would prefer."

"Let it be now, then; I may not be here long."

So Salvacino was established at the mission as Gregorio's secretary. He worked all day long, tracing his exquisite letters in reds and blues and picking them out with gold. The work progressed slowly, but Gregorio was absorbed in it. The boy was always in his room, bending over his work table, but ready to look up with quick interest whenever Gregorio spoke. And strange as it may seem, Gregorio spoke to him often and more and more intimately as the months passed by. At first it was about the work, then about the labors and interests of the mission, and finally about himself. To this boy,

known to him for a few months only, Gregorio laid bare his inmost soul. He strode up and down the narrow room while he told the story of his love for Agnuz, and its death, in which his whole life had been laid waste and ruined.

"And she has killed not only my life here," he concluded, "but for all eternity. I shall die cursing her. I shall meet her in the next world with curses." He stopped before Salvacino's table. "Boy, you should thank God that you have grown up within sacred walls, that you are forever spared the knowledge of human love and passion. It comes only to blast and to destroy."

Salvacino's head was bent low over the work before him, his fingers playing idly with his brush. Once during Gregorio's narrative he had murmured softly. "Poor girl!" but the words had not reached the priest's ears. Now there was silence in the room for a few minutes, broken only by the heavy sighs that parted Gregorio's lips.

"Poor child, poor girl!" again murmured Salvacino.

Gregorio started. "What! You pity her, your thoughts are of her? She is damned, eternally damned."

"But you loved her once," Salvacino replied, "loved her so that your life died when your love died. Think what her sufferings may be if she still lives. Think how she suffers if she died in her sin."

"Peace, boy! You know not of what you speak. I! Think of *her* sufferings? My soul now is in hell for the pain she has inflicted on me."

"No," Salvacino interrupted, "your soul is here to be saved if you so will it. You can still expiate your sin of hatred by penance."

"No, no, I will not; wherever she may be I would have her know that she has wrecked my soul for all eternity, as she has wrecked my life on earth."

Several days later Salvacino asked Gregorio if he had ever heard again from the convent or from the girl, Agnuz. "Do you know if later she was found, or if she returned to the convent?" he asked.

Gregorio answered sharply in the negative and resumed his reading. But he raised his eyes several times and glanced at the silent workman. Then he rose and crossed to the table.

"Why do you concern yourself with the girl? Do you perchance come from her to me, a messenger from that world to this grave of mine? If so, go back to her and tell her what I have told you already, that I curse her, that I shall die cursing her; that she and she alone is responsible for the destruction of my soul now and hereafter, here and in eternity. Go! leave me, and return to her."

His voice rose in his anger and his hands were clinched, the purple veins standing out on his forehead.

"No, Gregorio, I am not concerned for the girl. I know nothing of her, knew nothing of your story until you told it to me yourself. Gonzales of Diego said only that you had been ill, that your illness had changed you, had left you with this madness that was destroying your eternal life. He knew nothing of its cause. He told me that he prayed constantly that the evil spirit might pass from you. He sent me to you, hoping that my work would interest you, would be a link with your old life, that it might in some small degree loose the bonds that hold your brain. So I came. And now, Gregorio, I have learned to love you. All our brothers here love you and pray for you. You know that, and I join my prayers with theirs; but knowing the cause, I would reason and argue with you. You call me boy. I am no boy, but a man grown. I understand you with a man's understanding, and I would gladly give my life to serve you. Gregorio, let me

stay. Do not send me from you." Salvacino knelt at Gregorio's feet and seized his hand.

Gregorio's brow gradually relaxed, and when Salvacino finished he laid his hand lightly on the bowed head. "I know not what it is," he exclaimed; "your love, your prayers, your words, touch me as no others do. Stay if you will, but prate no more of Agnuz, the — Oh no, no, Agnuz, Agnuz!"

He threw himself on the low bed, and his whole frame was shaken with the storm of sorrow that swept over him. Salvacino rose to his feet and softly left the room.

For some time rumors had come to the mission that smallpox, the most dreaded of all the scourges that devastated the country, was slowly creeping up the coast. At the southern missions hundreds of Indians and many priests succumbed to the plague. Gregorio and the other padres could do nothing. In those days there were no precautions that could be taken, no laws of quarantine, no knowledge of vaccination. Prayers were said hourly in the church, but they were of no avail. The disease broke out among the Indians resident at the mission. The padres labored diligently to isolate the sick, alleviate their sufferings, and in most of the cases, to administer the last rites of the Church to the dying. Few of those who were stricken recovered. Gregorio worked incessantly day and night, giving all the temporal help that was possible, consoling the living mourners, easing the pain of the sick, but never administering the last sacrament. Prayers he said, but they were prayers in words only. He was more moody, more taciturn, than ever, Salvacino hardly venturing to approach him and only in cases of dire need. There were no intimate talks, no reference to personal matters.

Two of the priests died, but there was

little sorrow for their death. They had passed from a world of labor and tribulation to a world of glory eternal, for which they had prepared themselves by years of holy deeds and much penance and fasting. But all through the siege the padres cast loving and fearful eyes at Gregorio. If *he* should be stricken down! If *he* should die! Then they crossed themselves hurriedly and went on with their work, muttering prayers for Gregorio, their beloved brother.

The scourge was abating and the priests were looking forward to relief from their arduous labors when, like a black pall, came the announcement that Gregorio was ill, ill with the disease in its worst form, that his days and hours were numbered. One by one the priests sought his room, and kneeling by his bed, alternated their prayers to heaven for his recovery with imploring, beseeching words to him, begging him to repent before it was too late, to open his heart to God and receive the pardon and absolution that was for all sinners even to the last moment. But Gregorio sternly refused, ordering them all from his room. The sorrowing brothers went to the church, and prostrate on the floor, prayed that light might come to their afflicted brother. The bells tolled in the chapel towers, and death stood waiting for his victim.

Salvacino alone staid in the room with Gregorio, listening to the delirious mutterings, easing the agonizing pain of the dying man, and employing every lucid moment to speak of Agnuz.

"Gregorio," he murmured, "I would speak once more of Agnuz. Forgive her, if not for your own salvation, for her sake, for the sake of the love you bore her." He hurried on, not heeding Gregorio's angry words. "Think to what you condemn her if she was not wrong. You have heard only once, from one woman, a stranger to you and to Agnuz. Trust the

woman you loved until you know the truth. You will know so soon, Gregorio; you will see into her heart; will know if she has sinned. If she has, her suffering will be enough, my brother. You will not wish to add one pang to it, and if she has not, you, Gregorio, of all men must not inflict this pain on her. Wait, only wait. Soon it will all be plain to you. But forgive her now. The sins of this world can be forgiven here, but the sin that you are committing is unpardonable here and forever."

He knelt by the bed, always beseeching a pardon for Agnuz; sometimes for the sake of Gregorio's own salvation, sometimes for the sake of the girl herself, but to no purpose. Life burned low and seemed almost to flicker out. Despair filled the heart of the weary watcher.

"Oh, Gregorio, Gregorio," he moaned, "what more can I say; what more can I do? To save thy soul I would give all myself, life here and everlasting, but I have done all, said all, and I am powerless."

The sick man roused himself again. "What is it to you, boy? Why do you care? Go, leave me, but waste not your prayers on me or Agnuz. I go to join her in —"

"No. You shall not say it," burst from Salvacino's white lips. "Forgive her, Gregorio, she has not wronged you, and you loved her; you love her still. Love is not for this world only, but for all time. Forgive her, Gregorio, for the sake of that love."

But Gregorio seemed to sleep, and Salvacino, believing that the end had come, sank on his knees once more. Soon Gregorio moved slightly, and Salvacino heard him speaking softly to Agnuz, imploring her pardon for the wrong he had done her in his thoughts. "We have suffered, my Agnuz, but through that suffering must come life, life eternal."

Was it only the raving of delirium? Salvacino bent over him. The dying man took his hand. "You are right, my brother. You have shown me the way, the light. If she has wronged me I forgive her. If she has not, I have wronged her grievously, but now I pray that I may be forgiven my sins as fully as I forgive those that have been committed against me."

In response to Salvacino's summons the padre presiding at the mission came, the last confession was made, the last sacrament administered. Then all the priests came into the room, and with tears and prayers of thankfulness kissed Gregorio's hand and left him alone once more with Salvacino.

No words were spoken. A perfect silence and peace reigned in the room. Salvacino, kneeling with bowed head resting on the bed, did not know when the end came. But when, from the setting sun, a long shaft of light pierced the little win-

dow and fell on the bed, he raised his head, looked long at the dead face, then, stretching out his arms, he fell forward on the body murmuring, "Adios, mio Felipe."

In the annals of the convent of Nuestra Maria del Corazon in Mexico may be read a brief account of the epidemic of small-pox that attacked that sisterhood, of the grievous illness of Sister Agnuz, and later of her flight from the convent. Father Gonzales of Diego could tell of his correspondence with a young Franciscan in Mexico, of the visit of this same friar to San Diego, and of his departure to the north with letters to Gregorio. And in the annals of the convent of Santa Clara there is an entry in the list of names of one, Sister Felipa, who came from the convent of Nuestra Maria del Corazon. But there is no record except in her own heart of the years between, or of the months spent at the mission with Gregorio Delgado.

Kathryn Jarboe.

A HELIOGRAPHIC TRIP.

THE SIGNAL CORPS OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, N. G. C.

NEARLY eighteen years ago a few enthusiastic young gentlemen in San Francisco interested themselves in the formation of a Signal Corps, as a necessary adjunct to the Second Brigade, N. G. C. On April 1, 1889, with thirteen charter members, the organization was effected, and from that small number the Corps has become augmented until its present membership numbers forty, rank and file, under two commissioned officers. Until recently Captain George C. Boardman, Jr., was in immediate com-

mand, but by his resignation First Lieutenant Philip J. Perkins has become Captain, and Corporal C. L. Hewes was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Lieutenant Perkins. The rank and file consists of three sergeants, five corporals, and thirty-two men, the whole being subject to the orders of Major C. J. Evans, Signal Officer on the staff of Brigadier General Warfield, commanding Second Brigade.

The organization at present is in splendid form and under careful drill and well qualified to perform every duty. It is armed and uniformed as cavalry and always turns out in public mounted. Its equipment comprises full kits of flags and





THE SIGNAL CORPS SENDING A MESSAGE FROM
LICK OBSERVATORY.

torches, in addition to which it has four four and one half inch heliographs, and its quarters in the armory on Ellis street are maintained in a manner that shows the superior material from which the Second Brigade Signal Corps is organized. This introduction will enable our readers the better to appreciate Major Evans's account of some special work of the corps. —ED.]

A NATIONAL Guard record for long distance heliograph signaling was established on October 4th, 1896, in California, between Mount Diablo in Contra Costa county and Mount St. Helena in Napa county, the distance being by geodetic measurement sixty-six and three tenths miles. The credit for this record belongs to the Second Brigade Signal Corps of the National Guard of California, located at San Francisco.

This Corps was organized in 1889 by Major (now Lieutenant Colonel) E. A. Denicke, who served as a signal officer in the Union Army during the Civil War, and it has always been regarded as one of

the foremost organizations of the Guard. It has operated frequently in the vicinity of San Francisco and when in camp at Santa Cruz, with the flag, torch, and heliograph. Its field work was confined to distances not exceeding eighteen miles until 1895, when, in co-operation with the Fourth Brigade Corps, it established a heliograph line between Telegraph hill in San Francisco and the Capitol at Sacramento, with one intermediate station upon Mount Diablo, which divided the line into two ranges, twenty-seven and fifty-three miles in length respectively.

The successful operation of this line stimulated the Corps to greater efforts, and in 1896 more extensive field work was planned. A system was to be established with a line running from Telegraph hill in San Francisco to Mount Diablo, there breaking into two branches, one terminating upon Mount Hamilton and the other upon Mount St. Helena. From accurate data maps were prepared showing the compass bearings of the stations from one another, the variation of the needle at each point, the elevation of each station, and the length of the proposed and possible lines of communication. Four details were made from volunteers for the trip; and in order to take advantage of the first favorable opportunity, the three "outside" detachments were directed to hold themselves in readiness to start upon the shortest possible notice.

On the afternoon of October 1st, the San Francisco Weather Office reported that atmospheric conditions indicated clear weather for the next three or four days. At about the same time, a telephone message from Mount Hamilton conveyed the information that to the north the weather showed decided signs of clearing, although it was still somewhat hazy. Accordingly the necessary orders were issued, and on the following (Friday) morning three detachments set out for their posts with in-

structions to open communication at six o'clock Saturday morning. The Hamilton and St. Helena stations opened on time, but the Diablo detachment, owing to accidental delay, did not reach its post until four hours later.

Mount Diablo, selected as the headquarters of the system, is the base and meridian point for this section of California. Its prominent position affords in clear weather a commanding view over a vast region of hill, valley, and coast lands. But at the time we reached the summit this grand view was somewhat marred. Although the sky was free from clouds and the sun shone brightly, the broad Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, which lay spread out as in a panorama, dotted with towns, checkered with farms, and ribbed by the two rivers from which they take their names, lost themselves at scarcely forty miles distance in misty obscurity.

The lofty peaks of the Sierra were veiled from sight. A thick smoke-like haze hid all but the most shadowy outline of Mount St. Helena. A dense fog overhanging the bay shut off San Francisco. Only to the south was there a semblance of clearness, and the outlines of Mount Hamilton were but dimly distinguishable. We began to think Old Prob was mistaken in his prognostications; but nevertheless we laid out the courses and set up the heliographs, trusting in the brightness of the sun to penetrate the haze that nearly surrounded us.

With St. Helena all attempts at communication were unsuccessful. No flash could pierce the thick veil that enveloped her head. But on Hamilton's summit a light glimmered and wavered as if hesitating to traverse the forty miles of intervening space. Encouraged by our flash, it dared the leap and twinkling with inter-



HELIOGRAPHIC PRACTISE IN CAMP.



MAJOR CHARLES J. EVANS,
SIGNAL OFFICER, SECOND BRIGADE, N. G. C.

mittent activity, brought tidings of the Hamilton squad. Messages were exchanged until the waning sun admonished us to descend to our camp, which had been located on a flat about one quarter of a mile below the summit, and pitch our tent before night overtook us. An attempt was made during the afternoon to signal to San Francisco, but no communication was had, the answering flash showing but fitfully through rifts in the fog.

The morning of the 4th dawned clear and beautiful. Long before the rising of the sun we were upon the summit. The eastern horizon glowed in colors of violet, orange, and crimson, against which brilliant background the rugged Sierra raised its serrated ridges two hundred miles away in an apparently insurmountable barrier. The hitherto gloomy valleys and lower foothills gradually emerged from the veil of night, assumed at first somber, then gayer, raiment and finally burst forth into

the glory of an autumn morning. To the distant horizon, stretching hundreds of miles around, all was clear, save on the bosom of the broad Pacific, which was still oppressed by fog. Surely Helena was within speaking distance now.

Our heliographs caught the first rays of the sun and sped them on laden with messages of greeting. The Mount Hamilton squad acknowledged first, and replied to our inquiries that to them Mount St. Helena was scarcely visible but that Mount Tamalpais could be distinctly seen. Then the flash sparkled on St. Helena—at first but an instant, then for greater duration. Could they see our flash? No, they were still “calling.” Was our alignment accurate? A hasty observation was taken, the mirror’s angle changed a trifle, the shutter again opened, and hurrah! they answered, and we were at last in communication over more than sixty-six miles of space. Mutual inquiries and answers were exchanged as to the cause of Saturday’s failure. The most was made of the opportunity, for the haze could be seen rapidly rising from the valley and threatening to cut us off. By one o’clock the mountain was again hidden, and all endeavors to reach it with the flash were unavailing. Seen through the telescope, the “flash” presented an horizontal ellipse, the periphery of which was in constant uneasy motion, caused by the quivering of the heated atmosphere. It could not be read by the naked eye, as its wavering confused the dots and dashes.

In the afternoon the tidings of success were flashed to the city and congratulatory messages returned.

With Mount Hamilton communication was maintained until sunset, when we again closed for the day. After supper we regained the summit to enjoy the panorama by starlight. As night closed in, the lights appeared in the farmhouses far down the valleys. A steely glow, show-

ing like a pale aurora, above a far off ridge marked the location of a town. East of us the lights of Stockton glimmered, and long sinuous silvery lines marked the course of the San Joaquin river, broadening as it approached the upper bay. Looking northward, we followed the railroad by the towns along its way, and almost persuaded ourselves that we could distinguish the lights of Sacramento. Towards the south a fire was seen burning; and we watched its progress as it slowly climbed a hill. The scene was truly an enchanting one.

The next morning dawned brightly, but when, in eager anticipation, we looked toward Mount St. Helena, no twinkle gladdened our sight. Anxiously we watched and "called." There was no answering flash. But when the sun had risen sufficiently to light up the valleys we descried it upon a foothill far down the mountain side. The Helena squad had had a trying time of it. Scorched by the hot sun, they had consumed all the water that they could carry with them to the summit, and five miles of steep descent lay between them and a new supply. Although fatigued by their day's labor, they descended at evening to the spring, but did not attempt to regain the summit the following morning, since that was the last day of the trip. Messages were exchanged between Mount Diablo, Telegraph hill, and Mount Hamilton, however, until ten o'clock, when the signal, "Close for the trip," was transmitted. Upon its due acknowledgment, we dismantled and packed the heliographs, struck our solitary tent, and loading the buckboard, which served as a baggage wagon, started upon the return journey.

The successful issue of the expedition was the more gratifying, since it was attained under somewhat unfavorable conditions. For several days there had been hot weather, and even when the sky was the clearest, the task of reading the flash

was a very trying one, owing to the unsteadiness imparted by the heated atmosphere. To add to this discomfort, there were no convenient trees or boulders to be used as rests for the telescopes, and the men occupied cramped positions while reading messages.

To the uninitiated a description of the apparatus used may be of interest. Heliographing, or "sun writing," as the name implies, is simply sending messages by means of the reflection of the sun's rays cast from a mirror. The heliograph itself is an instrument for setting the mirror in the proper position to cast the reflection upon the desired spot and interrupting this reflection into long and short flashes, corresponding to the dots and dashes of telegraphy. Its separable parts are two stout tripods carrying screw heads; a mirror bar carrying a central clamp threaded to fit the tripod head and having at the ends revolving sockets, one of which is



CAPTAIN G. C. BOARDMAN, JR.
SIGNAL CORPS, SECOND BRIGADE, N. G. C.



LIEUTENANT P. J. PERKINS,
SIGNAL CORPS, SECOND BRIGADE, N. G. C.

fitted with a slow motion tangent screw; a sighting rod provided with a small disk to cover the sighting point when desired; two mirrors, each four and one half inches in diameter, set in frames provided with tangent screws for inclining them upon their horizontal axes and having conical supports which fit accurately into the sockets of the mirror bar; and a shutter provided with a key for opening and closing it and set in a frame threaded to fit the tripod head. For transportation, the whole is compactly contained in two packages, one a skeleton case for the tripods, and the other a closed pouch which holds the mirrors, (enclosed in a wooden box,) the shutter, and the sighting rod, and hangs from two straps, upon one of which slides a smaller pouch containing the mirror bar.

When the sun is in front of the sender, the heliograph is set up with but one mirror, which is clamped in the socket provided with the tangent screw, the

sighting rod being clamped in the other. The angle of reflection is obtained by sighting through an unsilvered spot in the center of the mirror over the point of the sighting rod to the distant station, bringing all three into the same line of vision. The adjustment is obtained by turning the mirror upon both its axes until the shadow caused by the unsilvered spot falls upon the center of the disk, which is raised to cover the point of the sighting rod. The shadow spot must be kept upon this point by constantly turning the mirror to compensate for the apparent motion of the sun. The shutter is so placed that it intercepts the reflection from the mirror, and is operated by the key.

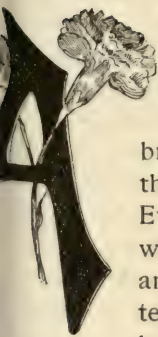
When the sun is in rear of the sender both mirrors must be used. The alignment is more difficult than with one mirror; and greater delicacy of adjustment is required on account of the double reflection of the sun's rays.

The efficiency of the heliograph depends upon sunshine. In a clear atmosphere its range is unlimited save by the convexity of the earth, the brilliancy, or penetrating power of the flash being intensified by increasing the size of the mirrors. In the rarefied air of Arizona and New Mexico the heliograph was regularly operated by the United States Army over fifty and eighty mile ranges, and at times over a range of one hundred and twenty-five miles. It proved of great service in the Indian campaigns. About two years ago the United States Signal Corps succeeded in sending messages in Colorado over a range of one hundred and eighty-three miles.

In California, the three National Guard Corps are continually experimenting, but they are hampered by the fogs which frequent the coast. Their friendly rivalry will probably lead them to surmount this obstacle, however, and reports of successful operations over longer ranges may be looked for in the near future.

Charles J. Evans.

SISTER CORDELIA'S SUNDAY RACE.



COOL gray and sweet neatness within, and a world of rampant glory without!

Cordelia Brown had been brought up a Shakeress, and this was her Californian home. Everyone was thunderstruck when Joel Brown proposed to, and was accepted by prim "Sister Cordelia," as she was called by everyone. Though Sister

Cordelia had years and years ago forsaken the community life, still the early training was much in evidence, even to the quaint and spotless kerchief.

When the first froth of it had blown off, every one agreed that after all, it was not an ill match. Joel was steady. Sister Cordelia was the quintessence of steadiness. Joel Brown was nearer fifty than forty, and assuredly Sister Cordelia made no pretension to youth. Again, their farms adjoined. Therefore it was all as it should be, when Cordelia transferred her bits over to Joel Brown's, his residence being almost twice the size, turning her house into a drying place. Joel himself had ever been neat as wax, but now the whole surroundings shone with a purity, that was immaculate. Joel had a touch of romance in him, he stroked his silvery gray chin, and said:—

"What do you want most that I can buy you? Something out of the ordinary, you understand."

Cordelia understood,—it was to be the wedding present, since before they were married she had persistently refused to accept any memento whatsoever. After much deliberation she replied:—

"Mister Brown, I guess that as ye feel ye must be extravagant for once in your life, I'll take the finest sprinkler and fountain hose ye can find."

So Joel bought a length of hose and a gilded nozzle that took her breath away. She had secretly sighed many years for half such a length, and as she directed the stream on the golden fruit until every orange shone like a golden ball in its setting of deep green, she murmured,—
"My! but I hope such a length of nozzle is not sinful."

However, Cordelia was Cordelia still, and two things she would not countenance;—viz., the twirling whirling fountain attachment to the wonderful hose, and the other—*Joel's colt*.

Joel magnanimously changed the first to a steady triumphant matter-of-fact spray, which played nightly on the tiny lawn that was part of the trim glory of the place; but the colt—ah, there was the rub! It was Joel's weakness, his one weakness—he doted on a bit of good horseflesh, and this colt was a colt of pedigree. It had a famous racing sire. Had it been branded on its silken coat with the word *Sin* it could not have been more an object of silent condemnation to Cordelia. To her it was the carnal representative of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Joel was not unmindful of it; but the colt—was the colt!

Tractable and gentle as a kitten, led by a little halter it would run by the side of Joel, as he drove to market. It even sought with a soft whinny to woo Cordelia as she passed the paddock in her clean gray dress and white cap; but Cordelia never turned her head. Joel smiled softly to himself yet respected Cordelia's notions all the same.

The colt grew apace. The neighbors, men and women, also respected Cordelia's notions,—insomuch that the very few men friends of Joel would wait until she had passed on to meeting before they

strolled over to Joel's to "hev a look at that colt."

It was whilst Cordelia was thus away that the colt was first "broke into harness." Little breaking was required, for by Joel's method "Enid" (for such was the colt's name) seemed to understand it was a proud promotion and behaved accordingly.

When the evening came on, after the day's work was over, Cordelia, like a picture of placid rectitude, sat on the porch, the spray sprinkling the grass; and then would Joel harness the little colt and drive away for an hour, returning to devote himself to Cordelia and his reading. By his suppressed jubilation Cordelia knew the horse was acting magnificently and realizing all Joel's dreams of a colt with such a pedigree.

"Land's sake, Mis' Brown," said Miss Field, a neighbor with a lisp and a sniff, "they do say as Deacon Morrow's horse as he gave one hundred and fifty dollars gold coin for, ain't no livelier than your colt, an if it comes to a trade, yourn might be the better in the long run."

She awaited Cordelia's answer with her usual sniff.

Cordelia crossed her hands and said slowly,—

"Miss Field, I don't hold to colts nohow."

"To be sure,—to be sure,—to be sure," said the Miss Field, as if pacifying on a subject upon which Cordelia was rabid. Yet, all the same, the next week Miss Field took occasion to remark:—

"Miss Morrow seems to look down on all others as small potatoes, now her husband lets her drive a blood hoss to meeting,—not that you want to hear of hosses anyhow. Do you 'low as your colt is as speedy as Deacon Morrow's?"

"It is Joel's colt, not mine."

"To be sure,—to be sure. Well, you'll be at the camp meeting next Sunday?"

This was prime cruelty and Cordelia knew it as such; for Cordelia must either ask Joel to drive her there, (Joel never went to church or meeting,) or else she must ask a ride behind Deacon Morrow's blood horse. Cordelia was still Cordelia; but more, Cordelia was a woman.

"Yes, I'll be there: Mr. Brown will be for driving me, I guess."

"To be sure,—to be sure. I hope it will be profitable to Mister Brown. He has my prayers. Some people do say as how they don't see for the life of them how you came to marry an unconverted man, nohow."

"There are conversions through the heart, Miss Field, and there be only conversions through the tongue, Miss Field."

Miss Field hastened to inform her friends that Cordelia to her mind, "was back sliding for one of Cordelia's pretensions, seeing how as she even dressed different to show different, as it might be."

"Mister Brown,—Joel, I should like you to drive me to camp meeting next Sunday."

Cordelia had closed the spray; Joel had laid down his book;—he was dreaming. Mother earth was cool and sweet; the scent of orange blossom was in the air; an orange fell to the ground with a happy little thud of content. A whinny from Enid completed the calm peace of the place.

Joel was sensible that it was a grave request.

"Yes, I will drive you there, of course,—but—but—Cordelia, I think that old Betsy's lame; anyhow, if you kin bring your mind to it, I will drive powerful slow,—with Enid."

Enid heard her name and took a high-stepping little flourish round the paddock. Cordelia sighed gently and was silent for a few minutes.

"Joel, I am minding if it does not hurt

you to drive her, it will not hurt me to be driven."

This was the nearest to a love speech that Cordelia had ever made to Joel. The barometer of Joel's humor rose correspondingly, — in fact, Cordelia had to say aloud to preserve her own cool equilibrium, — "Men are that foolish, they be no better than a boy with a bag of nuts and a new pocket knife, if anything happens to please them."

Having made up her mind to it, on the Sunday she dressed with more than usual precision, as if to make up in neatness and spotless attire for whatever of the vanities she might thus be countenancing. Joel Brown was true to his word, and as Deacon Morrow passed them with his high-stepper, Cordelia felt quite comfortably sedate. Miss Field was enjoying the back seat of the Deacon's rig and gave a friendly, patronizing little nod to Cordelia.

Enid behaved like the lady of high pedigree she was, and beyond a shake of the mane as the Deacon went by, also a suspicion of impatience at the slow pace, she went to the camp meeting most becomingly.

Joel Brown also behaved most becomingly when there, and allowed himself to be alluded to as "a brand from the burning," without the usual twinkle at the corners of his mouth. Cordelia felt she had passed through a crisis satisfactorily, and no doubt would have been her own placid self had not Miss Field, with her little lisp and sniff, remarked as Cordelia was stepping into the buggy, that of course she would want to be getting off, so as to get in before dark; Deacon Morrow had no call to hurry as the horse was that swift, — no doubt the Deacon would pass them on the road, so they need not say goodnight, etc.

The air was sweet and refreshing; the first evening breeze wafted over them

like a benediction; for the day had been a hot one and the exhortations fervid. Womanlike, with the grateful breeze came a relaxation of her nerves, and Cordelia gave vent to a remark most "tetchy" for her after a camp meeting.

"Miss Field can act as aggravating as a spoiled cat."

With that she was relieved, and as Joel tucked in her dress from the dust and after a while asked her if she did n't think she had better have her shawl on, Cordelia was at peace with herself and the beautiful world again. A wide good road opened out before them for a long stretch. Enid seemed to scent the Pacific breeze, her delicate nostrils expanded, she seemed to be dancing on air for a minute or two.

"Easy, Enid, easy! She smells the sea and wants a little run to ease off a bit," Joel remarked in explanation to Cordelia, but without allowing Enid to break a step. "Whoa, Enid, steady, slow now, — slow now, that's it, that's it. She's pining for a run you see."

"Well — then — let her run — a bit." Cordelia added the latter as a saving grace to her conscience, — and no one was in sight.

"Well, jest a breath then," said Joel. "We'll slow up again after. All right, then, Enid, — ah! so, — gee up, then, ah! my beauty, that's it. Gee up — so, there's a pace, — there's a step, — there's grace."

Cordelia after her first fright was over, was experiencing the most enchanting exhilaration. The trees appeared to fly past. It was delightful, especially as no one was a witness.

"Nay, Enid, nay, nay, now, that's enough."

But Enid was pricking up her ears and Joel turned round: —

"She's as sharp as a needle, — she heard them that's behind sooner than I

did. Steady now, no, no, you 've had your little go. You 'll keep quiet now."

"Who is it that is behind?"

"It 's Deacon Morrow. Slow, steady, Enid! She hates to let anyone pass her, especially that hoss of the Deacon's. Nay, Enid, you 'll act pretty now. There that 's a beauty,—slower,—slower! She hates it like poison."

Joel drew to one side. With a mighty flourish, and Miss Field calmly triumphant, Deacon Morrow flashed past them.

Enid trembled and shook again, with repressed ambition, as the Deacon's equipage receded in the distance.

"She do want to go!" said Joel apologetically.

"Well, I guess we are going slower than we 've any need to," said Cordelia.

"But if I let her go, she 'll want to pass them, and she will be *wuss* if she don't, and they are pretty far off."

"Then let her pass them, it cannot hurt, *for once anyhow*."

"All right, Cordelia. Let 'em have it, says I. All right, Enid,—up! There, ah! my girl, go it, ah! so,—so-up there, up-there."

She flew like the wind, nearer, nearer to the Deacon's rig. Cordelia tried to preserve her wonted calm, but instead had to hold on to her shawl tightly.

"Gosh! you spring on me, Joel!" shouted the burly Deacon as they passed.

"Could n't hold her in," yelled Joel back.

Now that they had distanced the other horse, Enid seemed more content to take things easier. Cordelia was excited but did not know it. She felt the thrill of that swift rush past the enemy. When again she heard the other behind her, Cordelia this time turned to see.

"They 'll pass us!" she ejaculated nervously.

"We 'll let them," said Joel, thinking to please her.

Nearer, nearer; the Deacon was putting his horse to its pace.

It passed.

"Goodnight," blandly called Miss Field in triumph.

But Enid was not to be put on one side like this, she could not understand such folly, and the Lord knows what would have happened if Cordelia had not exclaimed,—

"*Let her go!*"

"Let her go, Gallagher!" replied Joel ecstatically; for it had taken all the repression in him to hold Enid back.

Nearer, nearer! The Deacon looked back and urged his horse, and thus urged its speed on ahead. Enid needed no urging, she was mad with joy at the chance of a race,—quasi or genuine. Gradually they gained on the Deacon.

"We 'll pass them yet," said Cordelia under her breath, and Joel, stupid owl, began to apologize for his inability to check Enid under the circumstances.

"O go on!" said Cordelia excitedly, and Joel went on.

They came even with the Deacon. It was no occasion now for salutations and ceremonies,—Miss Field was engaged in holding on. It was neck and neck. Only those who have experienced it can understand the tingle of it all.

The Deacon yelled, his horse answered with a grand sweep that left Enid yards behind. Then Enid showed all that was in her and sped over the ground like some swift fabled creature. It was for the palm of victory, both horses knew it, as well as their masters.

Enid was gaining again, oh, so slowly to Cordelia who could see Miss Field while she was the slightest degree in front of them.

Gaining, gaining! Cordelia felt her heart thumping as it had never thumped before. Nose to nose!—Enid was first. The Deacon by a shout urged his animal

to its utmost. For one moment Cordelia thought it would overtake and win.

"Joel Brown!" she cried "ef ye can not win,—give me the reins and I *will* win myself!"

And Enid won.

After they had run down their own little stretch of lane, and had drawn up in front of their own house, Joel helped her to alight, saying grimly,—

"Cordelia Brown, it's uncommonly like horse racing you've got to answer for."

"I'll answer for it," she responded promptly. "I'm just going to give her the biggest apple there is in my bin. There, Enid!"

As she stepped over the neatly coiled hose she said dryly,—

"Joel, ye may have to fetch that twirligig fountain back yet."

And Joel grinned.

Thus passed into the annals Sister Cordelia's Sunday Race,—with sequels and sequels.

Peter Studley.

PHILOSOPHY AND ROMANCE IN FARMING.



PHILOSOPHY, grave and logical, has renewed its analysis of agriculture. The latter is in deep distress, and philosophy, ripened in college and sanctum, is administering remedies. The motive is above reproach,—possibly the teachings are.

Eastern journals have recently abounded in wise theories of reform in farm methods, which, if followed, are expected to take the kink of discomfort out of agricultural life and substitute fat revenues and a bank account. Under the beneficent reign of this revived philosophy, it is stated that in Minnesota and other States of the Northwest, the cities are declining and the rural districts retrieving their lost population. Even Massachusetts is threatened with an agricultural revival. In New York a Rochester gentleman (promoter of the Niagara power) recommends the application of electricity to farm work. In California, the *Call* is publishing some "Plain Talks", with farmers that go to the very subsoil of the question, if not

deeper. In fact, all over the country there exists a magnanimous disposition to give the farmer the full benefit of the accrued agricultural wisdom of professional life, and kindly to explain him out of his troubles in the most scientific fashion. It seems to be the consensus of learned opinion that farming is not "up to date." In all this discussion there is a missing factor. There are compensations in agriculture that philosophy does not recognize.

In a secondary degree, I was raised on the farm:—that is, I became a farm laborer at an innocent age and continued in the delightful occupation until I had accumulated \$110, just enough to transport my developing genius, and its timent of clay, to the Golden State. I was inspired with the agricultural spirit from the earliest contact. My memory is clear that I envied the farmer whom I first served.

When I arrived in California, I did not precipitate myself into the agricultural arena. From the wage standpoint, other employments were more seductive. But

my agricultural instinct was growing apace and threatened to involve me in some agricultural venture before my financial condition was ripe enough for the encounter. My ambition was of the expansive kind and extracted desires from every farm with which I came in contact. I observed the wonderful fertility of Californian land, the ease with which it was tilled, and the gratifying aspects of the climate. But I restrained myself for several years, until an opportunity offered of purchasing a tract of eighty acres and paying every cent of its cost with my savings. The act of purchase was the most exquisite delight that I ever experienced, and constituted one of the compensations that philosophy has not taken into account.

My design was to permit the land to rest and appreciate in value for a time, till I could earn enough money to make some improvements and equip the place for actual farming. I had been over every foot of the place a score or more of times prior to its acquisition and knew just what was needed to make it an ideal home and model farm. Besides my extensive agricultural reading and my early experience as a subordinate farmer, I had been for a number of years on familiar terms with a bright graduate of one of the greatest agricultural colleges (who found it inconvenient to practise farming, however, under his diploma), and from frequent conferences with this gentleman I derived a fund of valuable knowledge that tended to make me as proficient a farmer as though I had been a graduate myself. My agricultural instinct at this period completely overwhelmed my religious scruples, and I spent my Sundays in roaming over the place and devising plans for its ultimate conversion into a miniature paradise. It is hardly necessary to state that I became more infatuated at every succeeding visit and worked

up a very effective fever to exhibit my agricultural skill and devote myself to the noble pursuit of farm content. I had not long to wait. Providence was evidently as impatient as myself to have the land properly cultivated: at any rate I found myself out of employment a few months after the purchase of the tract, and though I had no surplus means, resolved to carry out my cherished plans at once.

This land was beautifully situated, facing the ocean and only a mile distant from one of California's noblest harbors. It was back from the vulgar highway, where the dust of travel could not mar the ripening fruit or disturb the temper of the household on washday. It was all virgin soil; only a few acres of it had been disturbed by the plow, the balance, except the timbered portion, being covered with a luxuriant growth of such sweet Californian perennials as hazel, salale, myrtle, huckle-berry, and fern. The few acres were level; the many acres ranged from the slightly undulating to the persistently vertical. There was a growth of many kinds of timber on one corner of the eighty, and out of this timber flowed a stream of the clearest and coldest water that ever sent joy to the heart of a farmer in harvest time. There was no need even for the traditional windlass and moss-covered bucket, for the brook ran past the door of the dwelling and was the source of more domestic bliss than any other single native endowment of the ideal farm. But nature had been most bounteous in its varied gifts, and in its primitive state the place seemed to justify and stimulate my rural inspiration. By some extraordinary chance, too, the first settler had erected a building that was something more than a cabin, yet something short of a house. With very little repairing this was made a romantic farm dwell-

ing. My family was transferred to this abode.

The first thing I wanted to plant was an orchard. The first thing I did plant was a mortgage. It began to grow before seed was procured for other crops. As a farm laborer in early life, I had no experience with the mortgage branch of agriculture, and therefore did not watch this one's development with that lynx-like closeness that characterized my devotion to other maturing crops. This latter experience taught me that it is the only exotic that takes kindly to every soil and climate and will stand pruning at any and all seasons. My design in planting the mortgage was to raise plows, harrows, a team, wagon, cows, seed, and sundry implements, necessities, and conveniences. The other fellow's design was to raise interest. I may mention it as a remarkable demonstration of the flexible capacity of agriculture, that both of our expedients succeeded.

With this equipment I applied myself heartily to farm work. I purchased trees and planted my orchard. I plowed and seeded in defiance of wintry rains. How I pitied those unfortunate Eastern farmers, cooped up about the fire, their stock shivering in the stables, their vegetables frozen in the cellar, and a frost crusting over every comfort of life,—while here was I reveling in wholesome sweat and defying the weather bureau to do its worst. I was moved by a strong impulse of humanitarianism, and almost cried to think of the comrades of childhood's days that were doomed to take all their winter comforts congealed. It was the culmination of enjoyment for me to turn the green sod under and think of the golden harvests that were bound to follow. I wonder if the agricultural philosopher ever sat on the plow beam, while the horses were breathing at the end of the furrow, and let the ocean

breezes dry the perspiration emanating from his countenance? If not, how can he state an agricultural equation? These unwritten, inexpressible joys when the silent farmer rests his aching feet on the mellow earth, and bathes his brow in the rolling fog, are compensations that never find their way into a profit and loss statement. I plowed and harrowed and sowed each day till the world was wrapped in darkness and then applied myself to a hundred little chores by the light of a twinkling lantern,—chores that eased off the rough edge of serious toil and prevented the abrupt suspension of muscular action.

I must widen my agricultural area. I sharpened the brush-hook and fitted up the mattock, and instituted a crusade against the dense and tangled network of brush. First direct results;—arm-ache, backache, headache,—toil and sweat, bruises and aches. Yet there was gladness to see the useless shrubs laid low. I never relented,—that is scarcely ever. Sometimes, when I devoted myself to the extirpation of a refractory shrub and found its roots clinched to the hardpan, and I had dug and puffed and sweated for hours without finding the clinching place,—then I would hesitate, stricken with a doubt as to the humanity of such wholesale destruction. These reactionary sentiments were overcome in most instances, and the march of improvement went ruthlessly on. This work continued a week or more, when I began to consider farm economies. I have forgotten just how I figured; any way I demonstrated to my own satisfaction that it was cheaper to employ men to do the clearing so I could keep the team at work breaking the new land. There was a remnant of the mortgage incident which I used to employ men to clear the land while I resumed the plow.

Breaking new land is not so monoton-

ous as a novice might suspect. It is really inspiring, frequently thrilling, especially if there are masked roots within reach of the plow. There were sensational incidents occurring continually and the want of aptness on the part of the team compromised my dignity so many times that our relations became strained. Sometimes the plow would strike a hazel root and stop. I seldom stopped so suddenly, and as my place was just behind the plow, there was a great deal of physical experience on a very small area. Such experience is valuable as it leaves many impressions.

The view of the ocean and the bay from my ideal farm was magnificent. The panorama of the surging waters, of the moving ships, of the ebb and flow of the tide, was an unceasing delight. But why excite urban covetousness by dwelling on these pleasurable details? The spring brought fresh hopes and abundant promise. Green fields, blossoming trees, cackling hens, swimming pails of frothy milk, thrifty weeds inviting healthful toil; why should I not feel happy? It was the ideal existence for which I had made a life search. There was magic in the possession of this rural home and every tree and bush and blade was endeared to me by the thousand times I had thought of them as being my own.

The season advanced and everything thrived except my cash account. Of course there could be no revenues from the farm till the crop was harvested. Another year it would be different. Still there must be present revenue, so I engaged a school and began teaching, — at least I received pay for teaching, though my thoughts were constantly on that ideal farm — the farm as it would be in the visible future, when I had applied all my scientific knowledge, made use of my early experience, and followed my unerring agricultural instinct to the sweet fulfillment of my aspirations.

The first crop was economically harvested. It was a fair yield, but the acreage was not large, and when the rainy season reappeared it was evident that there would be nearly enough for feed and seed, — but nothing whatever to sell. I must have more land to cultivate. So I hired men again to clear more land while I spent the balmy winter days in the ordinary joys of farming. I gloried in a rural appetite, agricultural muscles, and a jubilant cast of disposition that would have graced an optimist. My habits were as regular as night and day, — sixteen hours of work, eight of rest. The born farmer has sensations that the cold philosopher can neither analyze, fathom, nor in any way measure. The urbanite goes out in fog or rain and immediately centers his thoughts on his wraps or his umbrella. The farmer goes out in the generous moisture and rests his mind on growing pastures, thinks of the garden, the fields, the stock; and dries himself by the fire of inward satisfaction. He gets closer to nature in all her manifestations than any one else, — mingles with the storms and the sunshine, associates with the landscape, fraternizes with the pig and the calf and the fowl, and the mule, and with all of creation's living wonders. Then he mentally segregates these beautiful creatures, assigning a certain percentage to meet current expenses, another proportion to pay interest, another for profit, etc. I had a great redundancy of such sensations; some I have described, others are indescribable. The man who engages in agriculture for profit only, and without any particular love for the occupation or a well-devised ideal to work up to, is not likely to reap so many sensations as the agricultural enthusiast.

It may be proper to mention at this point that Mrs. Green did not possess the agricultural spirit in the same abundance that I did. I rather suspected on more than one occasion that she cherished a

positive dislike for the noble and independent life of the farmer. She did not commit herself openly, but there was an air of patient fortitude in her demeanor that awakened misgivings in my mind.

By hard work and by borrowing several hundred dollars from a friend, I succeeded this second winter in doubling the area of my cultivatable land and getting my seeding and planting done in proper season. I had diversified my products with a view of covering all possible failures and subsidence of market price, and had adopted a sort of rotation of crops. These methods are mentioned as evidence that my system of agriculture was strictly on scientific lines. When spring started every thing growing nicely, I was constantly haunted by visions of approaching revenue from poultry, butter, pork, berries, potatoes, hay, and other incidental sources which I will not mar the dignity of this history by reciting. Spring is the flood-time of agricultural profits; they scarcely ever run so high after harvest.

Revenue was quite a factor in all my calculations at this time, and to some extent modified my original intentions. I found it necessary to teach school again. Of course in another year the revenues of the farm would be such that I could dispense with outside employment. Diversified farming requires fences and out-buildings, and as there was interest to pay, I hunted up another friend and borrowed a few hundred dollars to make these improvements and keep interest down. I was very punctual and business-like in meeting these payments and keeping my credit good. It had been a long-standing conviction with me (imbibed from philosophical discourses on agriculture) that one principal cause of failure in farming was the lack of business methods. I felt it as a reproach and resolved to set a high example in this regard.

The summer sped through with its alternations of distress and delight; distress while in the school room, delight when at the farm. The yield of farm products was encouraging. I sold eggs, potatoes, butter, pork, — enough almost to pay our grocery bill. The land would be in better state of cultivation the next season and would yield still larger returns. I did not think it prudent, however, to incur further expense immediately for land clearing.

In the autumn I negotiated the surrender of an endowment insurance policy which I had placed on my life several years before, and with the proceeds we lived very comfortably through the winter and met the interest payments with my usual business promptness. I did the farm work with an exuberant spirit and succeeded in breaking a few acres of new land. The farmer feels a satisfaction in subduing wild land that is not easily expressed or understood. Ordinary farming is recurrent, but reclamation when thorough, is for all time. My farm was rapidly approaching the ideal. The wilderness was giving way to scientific culture. The orchard was thrifty and would bear bountifully at some future time. There were wider pastures, more stock. The future was rosy. I will remark here that it was a peculiar fact that Mrs. Green (daughter of a farmer) never manifested at any state of my agricultural career, that implicit confidence in the outcome which I could see so legibly inscribed all over the situation.

It was very irksome to me just as my agricultural triumph was ripening, to be cooped up in a school-room, but the salary was convenient, and I adapted myself to the convenience. Things were not all smooth on the farm the third year. One of my best cows found a deep ditch; when I found the cow she was dead. The potato crop was a failure. The stock ruined

a field of ripening oats. The peas did well, fattening the hogs beautifully, but pork was a drug in the market. There was also sickness in the family and the balance of my salary went to the doctor. But we had lived much better than the farmers of the olden time and this was a matter of great consolation to me. I also anticipated rich returns from the farm the next year, at very little expense for operating, so I borrowed a few hundred dollars to ease us through the winter, and cheerfully, buoyantly, delightedly, worked through an unusually wet winter, and had the farm work all completed when spring opened.

About this time one of the friends of whom I had borrowed money notified me that he was going away, and with characteristic promptness I borrowed the money of another friend and paid the debt. It is always best to be business-like about such matters; the practise of some farmers to let debts drag on year after year is a prime cause of their failure.

I concluded to teach one more term to lighten the burden on the farm revenues, and apply the gross proceeds from the farm to the liquidation of indebtedness. It was a good season, my farming was more than ever successful. The product of the farm netted enough to meet half of the interest due on the mortgage and the several notes. I was just preparing careful plans for another successful year of agriculture when a gentleman made a proposal to buy my place. He wanted to get access to the timber back of my land. His offer was three times as much as I had paid for the place four years before. I would not listen to it. The idea of parting with our home, surrendering the ideal farm, stung all my sensibilities. But I consulted Mrs. Green and she took a different view of the proposal. She even displayed unwonted animation at the prospect of selling. It also occurred to me

that friends who were willing to loan me several hundred dollars might get thinned out after a time. Finally, I consented to sell. It cost me many pangs to give up the independence, respectability, and unnumbered enjoyments, of agriculture. I sold the farm, the stock, the utensils, and abandoned the ideal scene forever.

True to the business traits which were always such a reliance to me while engaged in agricultural pursuits, promptly on leaving the farm I made out a financial statement showing in detail the expenditures during the four years' experience and the total receipts at the close, as well as a list of permanent assets of the venture. For the benefit of those endowed with an unquenchable thirst for agricultural joys, I reproduce the statement as completed by myself and verified by Mrs. Green.

FINANCIAL EXHIBIT OF IDEAL FARMING.

Expenditures:	
Cost of farm—80 acres.....	\$1,000
Borrowed on mortgage and notes.....	2,050
Raised by selling endowment insurance policy.....	400
Earned by teaching and expended on farm.....	2,340
600 days work at farming (self) at \$1 50..	900
48 months work in house by Mrs. Green at \$20.....	960
Total	\$7,650

Receipts:	
For farm	\$3,000
For stock, implements, etc.....	843

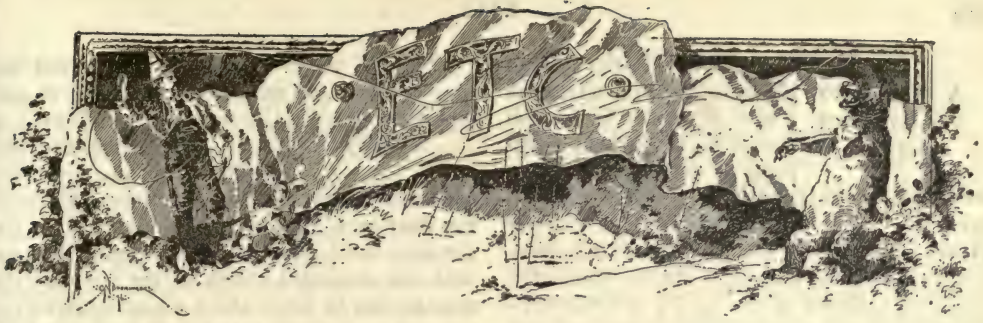
Total receipts.....	\$3,843
Unrecovered balance.....	\$3,807

PERMANENT ASSETS.

Priceless experience.....	4 long years
Rheumatism (self).....	2 legs
Rheumatism (wife).....	Hands, shoulder, and hips
Gray hairs (self).....	25 per cent
Reputation (decline)	40 per cent
Agricultural enthusiasm.....	Extinguished

I also retain an unclassified fund of reminiscences of my agricultural career which properly belong to the assets, and which I intend to bestow on some agricultural college to be held in trust for the farmers of the future.

J. M. Eddy.



A Blow at California.

IF THIS magazine had during the past twenty-nine years recorded every fraudulent scheme that has been undertaken in all lines of human activity on this Coast, there would have been very little space left in its pages to have made excusable its motto, "Devoted to the development of the country." Had the magazine felt that in living up to that legend it was its duty to call attention to one tenth of the questionable methods whereby men have fleeced their fellow men in California alone, it would have been set down as a scold and an enemy "to the development of the country." Instead, for twenty-nine years, the OVERLAND has given its columns to exploiting the climate, the mines, the ranches, the fruits, and the minerals, of this wonderful Coast. But now, when a British Consul-General feels that it is his duty to warn his countrymen of a lot of swindlers who have organized certain questionable colonization schemes and his Queen thinks his revelations of enough importance to transmit them to Parliament, then it is time for all who are interested in the welfare of this State to organize to protect its name and provide against a recurrence.

A man or company of men who perjure themselves on paper, in prospectuses and statements regarding land, water, or mines, should be dealt with by the courts exactly the same as though they perjured themselves before a judge. Knowing that there is truth in this British Consul-General's statement, humiliating as it is to admit it, Mr. W. H. Mills and a committee of the State Board of Trade have petitioned the governor to make it the subject of a special message to the legislature and ask the legislature to establish an immigration commission, whose duty it shall be to examine into every colonization or mining scheme whose aim is to attract foreign residents or capital, and be responsible for its character. Such a commission would stamp out fraud and give value to *bona fide* propositions. It would be responsible to the people for California's good

name beyond its borders and make it possible for future investors in its lands and mines to come here with perfect confidence. It is to be hoped that there will be no delay in the establishment of this much needed commission.

Flesh Pots of California.

CALIFORNIANS, regardless of party, join with their Republican brethren in congratulating the State on the prominence it will have in the incoming administration. It is not so much the fact that Judge McKenna will represent this State in the Cabinet, as the fact that a precedent has been established whereby this Coast may always look forward to representation in the Cabinet whatever party may be in power. The West has step by step wrung recognition from the East along all lines. It has never been gracefully awarded, but the manner of the giving has been soon forgotten in the pleasure of receiving. With a Cabinet Minister the claims of the Far West will receive more recognition, possibly not at once, possibly not under the the present administration, but it will come. Irrigation, the Nicaragua canal, the trans-Pacific cable, and deep water harbors, are the most pressing needs, and when the fact becomes known to Congress that they are more important to the country at large than half-a-million post offices in fifth rate Atlantic cities we shall get them. From the point of view of pure politics it would seem that the State is to fare well in the spoils of office. Judge McKenna's appointment to the Cabinet makes a vacancy in the United States Circuit Court, which will no doubt be filled, although not necessarily, by a Californian. Without question the State will be awarded the appointment of Hon. Frank L. Coombs to the Japan Mission. The State looks upon the Japanese Mission as her right, and Mr. Coombs, from the fact that he has once filled the position, been twice an acceptable speaker of the State Assembly, always an earnest supporter of Major McKinley, and a good citizen, deserves the endorsement which the California delegation in Congress has gracefully given him.

A Menace to Our Northern Border.

LI HUNG CHANG through his secretaries has addressed a note of thanks to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in regard to the treatment received on Her Majesty's Steamship Empress of China. He of the Peacock Feather makes no mention of the fact pointed out in these columns that the Canadian Pacific Steamship line is an auxiliary of the navies of Great Britain and that any encouragement given this line is an encouragement to British aggression on American lines. All things being equal, any American has the privilege and the duty of asserting his nationality by patronizing American lines. The gentleman of the Yellow Jacket makes no mention of the return steerage, which brings the coolie back to break into our northern border. In more ways than one the Canadian Pacific Steamship line is a menace not only to the American transpacific lines but an encouragement to Great Britain in its constant extension and aggression. The daily papers have told us that Esquimalt is to be made an almost impregnable position. What object is there in fortifying this position if not as a threat to use all of its power in case of necessity? What other power has England to fear in Canada except the United States, and what patriotic citizen of this country is going to assist in fortifying Vancouver?

The Murder of an American.

FEBRUARY twentieth, 1897, Doctor Ricardo Ruiz was murdered in cold blood by order of Fondesviella, Weyler's assistant in his butcheries. Is there nothing so insulting, so humiliating, that Spain can do which will awaken the American people to a just conception of the indignities piled upon them as a nation by Spain and her agents in Cuba? Citizens of the United States have been murdered, our flag spat upon, our consuls and representatives browbeaten, and in every way possible the ingenuity of Weyler and his minions has been taxed to invent new means of heaping insult upon injury.

How long shall we submit to the repetition of these outrages? It has been said that the United States has degenerated into a nation of money lenders and brokers, and that sons of Revolutionary sires have so descended in the scale of humanity, morally and physically, as to deprecate any resort to arms that might endanger pecuniary interests. If Wall Street shall guide our policy abroad as well as at home, it is high time for the few that are left, patriotic enough to do so, to denounce the land that gave them birth and renounce the flag where the dollar mark hides the star.

The University's Victory.

IT SEEMS right to call the recent good fortune of the University of California a victory, and it truly bears the results of triumph; but there can be no quarrel without two parties, and how can there be a "victory" when everybody is on the same side? And yet it did require the earnest and prolonged efforts of the University's protagonists to bring about the unparalleled result. It is a record that for all time will be a matter of pride that a California legislature both in the Senate and the Assembly passed absolutely without a dissenting vote a bill adding *in perpetuo* a cent on the one hundred dollars valuation to the tax rate of the State for the uses of the highest education, in the shape of the State University. This doubles the income the University receives from the State and will relieve it from the tremendous financial pressure caused by trying to make an income granted for five hundred students serve the needs of over three times that number.

With the recent splendid gifts made by the State and by Mrs. Hearst and others for the purpose of erecting buildings, it will not be many years before the University will make an outward showing that befits what many people have long known to be its real worth.

It is an additional gratification that the governor who signed this important bill is a graduate of the University. The whole incident but confirms the belief held by many friends of the University, that, in a legitimate way and for a worthy cause, there is no political power in the State to compare with the University of California. Mark the qualifications; for used improperly, its influence would crumble to nothing; but there are so many University men high in the councils of each of the political parties, so many of the influential families and powerful interests throughout the State are or have been represented among its students, that where they all work together, as they do for anything that Alma Mater has a right to ask, no man or body of men can withstand them.

It needed but to look at the crowd recently assembled at the Mark Hopkins Institute building on the stormiest night of the year to do honor to Professor Joseph Le Conte and his wife in celebration of their golden wedding, to understand the power that makes the University invincible in the hearts of the people of California.

The OVERLAND has a right to feel happy over the passage of the bill, for it contributed its share to the grand result by publishing in its January number Professor Plehn's eloquent figures on "The Growth of the University."

A New Chapter on Municipal Reform¹.

MR. THOMAS C. DEVLIN has recently published a small volume on municipal reform in the United States which is less notable for its practical suggestions than for its exposition of the causes of failure. It is nevertheless of considerable interest and deserves attentive perusal. He denounces the spasmodic efforts of vigilance leagues and reform committees as worse than useless. Their first effort is to elect honest and competent men, but the work of good is temporary because they have not studied the requirements of a permanent system of government. The evils of American city government is far behind the officials; for the best work cannot be done with bad tools. It is useless to secure good men in office where they are hampered by conditions and where satisfactory results are impossible. Under our system it is impossible to elect and retain in office men of known honesty and ability,—and even when there, they do not accomplish desired results. It is not spasmodic and sensational reform that is wanted, but the establishment of permanent good government that will command the unqualified respect of all who come in touch with it.

He says with truth that no well-directed effort has been made to distinguish between the powers and duties of the municipality as the agent of the State and as a local corporation, that there is no telling what the law is, and that our cities must be liberated from legislative interference and in matters of local interest must be given powers commensurate with the tasks and responsibilities imposed upon them. Whilst complaining of the preponderance of non-taxpaying voters, he is nevertheless an ardent believer in unrestricted universal suffrage, but curiously he speaks of certain localities in cities which do not deserve and should not have representation. He fails to point out a means of registration. He is not in favor of concentrating power in the mayor, which, he says, is contrary to the American idea of government. American institutions are founded on principles, not on men, and when our cities are solely dependent on one man for efficient government it will be time to confess that our form of government has failed. It is impossible always to elect good mayors, because all good men do not make good mayors. He agrees with Mr. Frank I. Goodman that Americans are pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of good government through paths leading back to the point from which we started. "It seems more reasonable," says he, "to exercise less care in the selection of a mayor and more in the election of a

council. The best men in any city are not too good for councilmen. But it cannot be expected that such men will be willing to sit like loggerheads in council without power or influence, while a mayor, autocratic and independent, is wagging along the immense burden of the city's interests, of which many must be sacrificed."

Mr. Devlin agrees with Mr. Seth Low in denouncing government by State commissions, for the reason that they exercise authority unchecked by any effective responsibility, but he illogically advises boards of education, police, sanitation, etc., which are substantially the same.

Lastly, Mr. Devlin disagrees with the statement of Mr. S. E. Moffett "that the plan of electing good men to office is followed at almost every election, with the only result of turning good men into bad; and that the most substantial and respected citizens turn rascals when they become supervisors." And yet this seems to be true of San Francisco. How often have the citizens hoped against hope that the supervisors would redeem their pledges by making city interests their sole consideration! How often have we suffered disappointment! Even now we observe that almost the first act of the lately elected board was to engage in a political struggle to secure the spoils, even to the attempted sacrifice of men in office who have served the city long and faithfully. The last consideration is the city's welfare.

J. H. STALLARD.

Tracks.

THERE was an ancient wingless bird
Who, when some dateless flood
Had covered half the stripling earth
With tertiary mud,
Went wading through his oozy world
And questioned, with a cry,
Between his labor purposeless
And his desire to die.

But, never knowing why or how,
He plodded on until
Within the mud's encasing hold
His wading legs were still;
He died with weary gaze upon
The waste that stretched ahead,
Nor saw nor knew his tracks behind
Would last when he was dead.

The eons passed; above his grave
While he lay buried there
They piled the never-lasting hills,
They laid it almost bare,
Until one day above the rock
An eager scholar bent,
And found an added link to tell
A world's development.

¹ Questions of the Day. By Thomas C. Devlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons.: N. Y. 1896.

We who are lame with wading through
 The mud of circumstance
 Are not the judges of the end,
 The unrevealed Perchance ;
 For dull though our horizon be,
 It may not hold the less
 What store of service yet to be,
 What hope of usefulness !

Carolus Ager.

The New Parnassus.

TO JOAQUIN MILLER.

UPON the heights he sings today,—
 The first light of dawn which brings

The morning of eternity
 Has turned his golden locks to gray.
 As noontide glows, and evening pales,
 He dreams and watches, while he sings,
 The gulls' white wings, the ships' white
 sails.

He strikes his hand across the strings, —
 The song of birds, the sound of rills,
 Wakes from his lyre, and sweetly thrills
 Each listening heart with strange desire,
 To turn from sordid things away,
 Where, far from traffic, toil, and strife,
 He dares to live a Poet's life.

A. M. R.



Les Miserables.¹

A NEW edition of Hugo's masterpiece, *Les Miserables*, in five volumes has been brought out by the well known Boston firm of Little, Brown & Co. The publishers' preface describes the edition concisely and truthfully. "The present edition of *Les Miserables*, in five volumes has been made with the special object of supplying the work in a proper form for library use, embodying the two great requisites, clear type and handy size. It is in the main a reprint of the English translation, in three volumes, by Sir Lascelles Wraxall, which was made with the sanction and advice of the author. Chapters and passages omitted in the English edition have been specially translated for the present issue; numerous errors of the press, etc., have been corrected; and the author's own arrangement of the work in five parts and his subdivisions into books and chapters have been restored."

Each volume opens with a full page frontispiece, and the binding is artistic and durable. In all respects it is one of the handsomest popular editions ever placed on the American market and should receive a place in the library beside the same firm's splendid edition of Dumas.

¹ *Les Miserables*. By Victor Hugo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: 1897.

Lo-To-Kah.²

THE six stories of Indian life that are grouped under the caption of, *Lo-To-Kah* will be eagerly welcomed by OVERLAND readers,—as Verner Z. Reed's work is not only well known to them but two of the longest and most tragic of the series, "*Lo-To-Kah and the Golden Woman*" and "*Lo-To-Kah and the Witch*," appeared first in the OVERLAND'S pages. The collection is one of romantic Indian tales, the scenes of which are laid in New Mexico, Colorado, and the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico. They treat of love, war, and adventure, of tribal battles of the time before the coming of the pale faces, and reveal Mr. Reed's intimate acquaintance with the customs, language, and habits, of the tribes of which he writes. There is a reminder of both Cooper and Haggard in the pages and the old chieftain *Lo-To-Kah* deserves a place beside *Chingacook* and *Unslopogaas*. The illustrations are from wash drawings by Charles Craig and an OVERLAND artist, L. Maynard Dixon—a young man whose work in specially Western subjects, the Indian, the cowboy, the mustang, the Mexican in *sombrero* and *serape*, the grizzly and the buffalo, has attracted attention.

² *Lo-To-Kah*. By Verner Z. Reed. New York: Continental Publishing Co.: 1897. \$1.00.

The Century Book of Famous Americans.¹

ONE of the most successful of recent juvenile publications was "The Century Book for Young Americans," by Elbridge S. Brooks. Many thousand copies of this volume have been sold, and it has been adopted for supplementary reading in the schools. The same author has prepared the present volume as a companion book. It describes the adventures of a party of young folks on a trip to the historic homes of America—at Quincy, Marshfield, Monticello, Lincoln's Springfield, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and other places—and tells of the early days of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, and other famous men. The young people who make the trip are the same who figured in the earlier volume,—bright boys and girls,—and they are accompanied by an uncle who enters into their spirit and tells them the inspiring stories of these great lives. The book is published under the auspices of the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, and it has an introduction by Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, President-General of the Society. It is generously illustrated.

A Penny Post for Freight and Passengers.²

MR. COWLES, in *A General Freight and Passenger Post*, holds that railways are post wagons, and therefore subject, both as to State and inter-State commerce, to the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution of the United States, that railway trains are post-wagons and the Post Office can only fulfill the object of its being when these post-wagons are entirely within its jurisdiction, that the transportation of persons and property is as legitimate a function as is the transportation of letters, that railway rates should be determined by the cost, not by the value, of the service rendered, that any rate that will pay the shortest haul of a person or a piece of property, within a railway system, will pay the cost of the average haul, and is therefore the cost of the service rate, and that the whole business of public transportation should be pooled under the control of the Post Office, and the rate charged for the shortest distance for any particular service (the cost of service rate) should be adopted as the uniform standard rate for that class of service for all distances within the limits of the postal system.

In his preface the author quotes from J. Guerson, General Manager of the Great Western Railway system, as follows:—

¹The Century Book of Famous Americans. By Elbridge S. Brooks. New York: The Century Co.: 1896. \$1.50.

²A General Freight and Passenger Post. By James Lewis Cowles. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1896.

To the consumer, the ideally perfect condition of things would be a tariff for the conveyance of merchandise based on the same principle as the "Penny Post." Commodities would be conveyed at a low price, and producers, over an immense area, would be able to send them to market. To the consumer it would be in every way desirable that all disadvantages of distance or "geographical disadvantages" should disappear.

The author instances the uniform milk rate of New York city covering a zone of 330 miles and the testimony of George R. Blanchard, of the Joint Traffic Association before the inter-State Commerce Commission, in December, 1895, that there was no reason why this rate should not be extended to a thousand miles.

In other words, if milk can be brought from San Francisco to New York in good condition, then the milk rate should be the same for all distances between San Francisco and New York, and for this reason, "because of the fact that the expense incidental to the mere length of haul is so small in comparison with the other necessary charges when taken in comparison with the special service."

The author is evidently well acquainted with his subject and is imbued with the desire of benefiting his fellow man, but the reviewer must perforce refer this book for criticism to the railroad expert; an analysis of its contents enters too much into the technical matters of railroad management.

The uniform rate idea looks too much like the story of Milo, the Greek athlete, and the calf. He practised lifting the calf from the time that it could toddle, but there came a time when lifting an ox was too big a proposition. The simile may be unjust, and it is a puzzle that only a railroad man may unravel.

For Inquiring Children.

*Tommy-Anne*³ was planned as a partial answer to the torrent of questions asked by a group of children living a wholesome out door life,—children who feel a kinship with living things, and have an inborn belief that there is something more in a flower, bird, or little wood beast, than its market value.

The friendship that existed between the girl and her little hound, was not the tyrannical affection of a child for a dumb beast completely in her power, but a mutual understanding, conversational and complete, to which the author has supplied the translation of every day language, that all who wish may share in the companionship of the pair, and learn the speech of the world where the Three Hearts reign and the password is Brotherhood.

³Tommy-Anne. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: The Macmillan Co.: 1896. \$1.50. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey.

Roy Devereux's Ascent of Woman.*

AT TIMES cynical and at others pessimistic and unsparing of her sex, Roy Devereux is her best critic; for she says she has, "Always found it extremely difficult to write directly for women about themselves and their exclusive interests, much more difficult than to write for the general—by which one means the masculine—reader about books, or pictures, or impersonal things. And in so doing," she has, "never been able to overcome the consciousness of an atmosphere so chill as to be almost antagonistic, and a Presence that grows ever more like the shape of the silence she has violated." After this, listen to the frankness of the avowal. "Nevertheless I have not aspired to tell the whole truth about her—not all the books that will ever be written would suffice to that." And then again, Miss Devereux has *hardiesse*, for she says: "There is nothing essentially antithetical between a dress made by Doucet and a love of literature, or a good complexion and a knowledge of Greek verbs. The secret of their reconciliation in the same person, woman has yet to learn. How to pass from ignorance to scholarship without becoming '*diablement changée en route*' is a problem which the modern Corinne has not yet permitted to ruffle the sublimity of her self-esteem."

Miss Devereux is not devoid of womanly traits herself, and like all women when in an argument, she throws "*le manche après la cognée*" in a charmingly womanly way and in an almost reckless and haphazard fashion, does great injustice to those of her sex. But there are few, men and women, who will not forgive her; for she is clever and she knows how to apply the lotion as well as the lash.

"Yet of all regrets the nausea of sex is the vainest, the most futile. The prize as well as the penalty of womanhood still awaits her who has the heart of a lion and the hand of a lily. For that which is strong and fair, and is of the sex of its mother, may yet be mistress of the world, sister to the sun, and free forever with the freedom that is today not so very far off."

Bill Nye's Last Book.²

BILL NYE'S last book is made up of some thirty sketches which were prepared for publication but a few months before his death, and which he happily introduces with the little verse:—

*The Ascent of Woman. By Roy Devereux. Roberts Brothers: Boston: 1896.

²A Guest at the Ludlow. By Bill Nye. Indianapolis: The Bowen & Merrill Co.: 1896.

Go little booklet, go,
Bearing an honored name,
Till everywhere that you have went,
They 're glad that you have came.

The volume, which is prettily bound in red and gold, derives its title from the first of the sketches, *A Guest at the Ludlow*, which describes a sojourn at the famous old prison where Tweed and other criminals have been confined. From Ludlow Street jail, the humorist leads through an Indian legend of New England, and a story of Virginia, to a journey westward, bringing up in Oakland, touching on the prophets of that city, who some years ago predicted the immediate end of the world. His experience in real estate speculating in the Northwest is the subject of two or three sketches, and there is scarcely a character of American life from the agent of a matrimonial bureau to a weeping Indian squaw, about which he has not something to say. The Broadway policeman and the summer boarder are given due attention, again he puts himself in the position of a candidate for office, and in another place is the anxious father.

The witless vulgarisms of many humorists have never had a portion in the work of Bill Nye, and this book throughout, overflows with the clean, good-natured jokes of America's great humorous writer.

The book is printed in clear, readable type on good paper, but the drawings are miserably done.

Ratzel's History of Mankind.³

EDWARD B. TYLOR says, in his introduction to Ratzel's exhaustive *History of Mankind*, which was first published in Germany in 1885-88 in three volumes, "So good a judge as Professor Virchow wrote of the work that since the time of Prichard and Waitz no such extensive attempt had been made to represent our knowledge of the lower races of mankind, immensely augmented as this has been by the researches of travelers, the exhibition of savages in Europe, and the information opened to the public by the great museums." The opening sentences of the big work clearly outline its scope and aim. "Our business in this work is to impart a knowledge of mankind as we find it today throughout the earth. . . . Besides that, its aim must also be to take up this conception of humanity not in a merely superficial way, just so far as the races have grown up in the shade of the dominant civilized peoples, but to trace

³The History of Mankind. By Friedrich Ratzel. Translated by A. J. Butler. New York: The Macmillan Co.: 1896. 2 vols. \$4.00 per vol. For sale in San Francisco by the Emporium Book Department.

actually among these lower strata the processes which have rendered possible the transition to the higher developments of today."

Special mention must be made of the illustrations, 1160 in number, which in excellence surpass those which had hitherto come within the range of any work on mankind intended for general circulation. Of these nine are full page plates, colored, thereby giving an exact picture of the races and utensils they depict.

The first volume, which contains nearly 500 large size pages, is divided into two books, the first of which treats of the "Principles of Ethnography," and the second of "The American-Pacific Group of Races,"—that is, the races of Oceanica, the Australians, and the Malays and Malagasies. The descriptions are complete and never dry. The work is one of great productions of all time.

Balzac in English.

ONE, two, or even a half dozen, of Balzac's novels, chosen haphazard, do not fully initiate one into the grand scheme of the "Human Comedy." It is only after a thorough saturation with the great Frenchman that the first understanding of the grand whole is arrived at. While each book stands as a whole, yet after a time it is discovered that it is but a unit, and the reader begins to look forward to each new translation more eagerly than to the succeeding chapters of a modern novel in a modern magazine. There are chapters in the "Comedy" that shock, others that outrage, some that charm, and others that fascinate, while taken together, they amaze. For they depict all the heights and depths of life as they might be revealed by an academy of philosophers in council. *Juana*,¹ which is fresh from the hand of the clever translator, Katherine Wormeley, is a bundle of short philosophical stories, nine in all, any one of which contains material and incident enough for a volume.

Beatrix,² which has been translated by James Waring and introduced by George Saintsbury, finds its scene in Brittany, and its characters in poorly concealed portraits of George Sand, Liszt, and other famous Parisians of the day. Other than the rather melodramatic love of the young Baron de Guénic for the heartless Beatrix, the picture of life in the Guénic household and the quaint customs and manners of the strange court are of permanent interest. The book is handsomely illustrated with etchings and bound in green cloth with uncut paper. Both editions under review are worthy of the highest praise.

¹*Juana*. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.50.

²*Beatrix*. Ibid. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50. For sale in San Francisco by the Emporium Book Department.

Some Educational Books.

FEW, whether children in knickerbockers and pinafores or "of larger growth", will fail to find *Sketches from American Authors*³ charming and instructive. Beginning with Washington Irving and closing with Louisa M. Alcott, the author has in a most attractive manner presented to the youth of America sketches of the lives of seventeen of the most popular writers of the land. In doing so, she has given carefully the physical, social, educational, political, and religious environments of each in such manner as to show just what influences have, consciously or unconsciously, helped to shape and color the thoughts and purposes of the several writers. Not only is the matter presented in a style which at once elicits interest, but the value is almost doubled by synopsis and review questions.

WOULD you read a book filled from cover to cover with matter so thrillingly interesting, so plainly, so boldly, so truthfully told as to challenge your attention and sympathy from the first,—a book, portraying in the pleasant style of a narrative the incidents surrounding the once doubtful fate of a State (since subdivided), the almost loss of the same, the heroic effort of one man, true at once to his country and his God,—a man, whose ride of three thousand miles, while the fate of an empire hung in the balance, over mountains whose only roads were Indian trails, across swollen rivers filled with floating ice and drift-wood, menaced by wild beasts and wilder men, is without a parallel in history,—a book, describing in most graphic detail the settlement of a disputed territory, the influence of one noble-hearted, God-fearing man upon the early history of that territory, and the world-astonishing feat by which he saved it to the United States? Then read *How Marcus Whitman saved Oregon*.⁴

THOSE who find difficulty in teaching language or those who, finding it easy, are ever on the alert for something at once new and progressive, will find *Pictures in Language Work*⁵ an admirable little book for the teacher's desk. The pictures given for class work are of great variety, including those for simple descriptions, those for fuller descriptions, subjects for stories, historical subjects, etc. Many of them are in series, many are humorous, and all of them are well adapted to cultivate the imagination. All are carefully chosen and intrinsically valuable.

³*Sketches from American Authors*. By Jennie Ellis Keyser. Educational Publishing Company: San Francisco: 1897. 2 vols. Boards, 40 cts.; cloth, 60 cts.

⁴*How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon*. By Oliver W. Nixon. Star Publishing Company: Chicago: 1896. \$1.75.

⁵*Pictures in Language Work*. By E. W. Weaver. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, New York: 1896. 50 cts.

NO one who ever read "The Lady or the Tiger," or "The Reveries of a Bachelor," was one whit more charmed than is that teacher who reads *The Preston Papers*.¹ In the most artless manner the author, "Miss Preston's Assistant," holds up the mirror of real child life, until the hobby-riding teacher stands abashed, confused, and corrected, in the light of an X-ray revelation which would have fully satisfied the exacting Bobbie Burns when he wrote,—

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see our sel's as ithers see us,
It wad fra mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.

System, dignity, getting down to the child, discipline, appearances, laziness, order, selfishness, independence, and other crowning virtues (?), come in for delightfully courteous criticism.

*A Handbook of Greek and Roman History*² is a marvel of skillful condensation and contains just the facts in regard to important persons, places, and events, or ancient history which every scholar ought to know or have at instant command. It is intended primarily to facilitate the work of students in reviewing subjects already studied in larger text-books, and in preparing for college examinations. It will also be found useful for general readers who wish to refresh their minds on classical and historical subjects. The flexible binding and clear print are in harmony with the purpose of the book.

CARLYLE'S *Essay on Burns*³ is of more than usual interest and value to students of literature, as it is at once a recognized model of literary style and criticism and a lofty tribute to the name and genius of Scotland's greatest poet by Scotland's greatest thinker and writer of prose.

The editor's notes to this edition are interesting and helpful. The introduction, which deals both with Carlyle and Burns, makes just the right points to impress the student before commencing the study of the essay. The book is uniform with the Eclectic English Classics in print and binding, and its price shows that the best literature is now within reach of all. the birds, beasts, and insects that we might see almost every day, — had we but our eyes open.

Older books on animals preferred the unfamil-

*Short Stories of our Shy Neighbors*⁴ tells about

¹The Preston Papers. By Miss Preston's Assistan. Star Publishing Company: Chicago: 1897.

²Handbook of Greek and Roman History. By George Castagnier. 50 cents. American Book Company: New York: 1897.

³An Essay on Robert Burns. By Thomas Carlyle. 20 cents. American Book Company: New York: 1897.

⁴Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors. By Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly. 50 cents. American Book Company: New York: 1897.

iar. They described minutely the ape, the elephant, the ostrich, the boa constrictor. This book begins at home. It tells of the robin that hops before the window, the mouse that squeaks in the wall. To the child such subjects are of assured interest.

The few technical terms are easy and often repeated. The style is delightful both to children and adults. The illustrations are artistic, attractive, and accurate. Few volumes so charmingly combine science with the fascination of a story-book. The stories of brave Mrs. Mouse and of wicked Tabby will stir every child reader.

Recent Verse. II.

LINCOLN⁵ has been the subject of some pretty good poetry. From Lowell's tribute in the Commemoration Ode and Tom Taylor's manly verses in *Punch* down, many an undoubted poet and a tribe of would-be poets have sung the Martyr of Emancipation. So the reader takes up Mr. Allen's book, a whole book on this one theme, with but little anticipation of finding pleasure, even though it is stated that it is "the New York Herald's \$1,000 Prize Poem." But an agreeable surprise follows: this is really a fine ode, and though its subject be Lincoln, it takes in, like Nicolay and Hays's *Life*, enough of the great struggle of which he was the central figure to give all needed variety of theme. The ode form is elastic and allows in its succeeding strophes a variety of rhythm that the poet makes to change from the blare of war trumpets to the quiet grieving over the slain. Mr. Allen has achieved the triumph of giving a real acquisition to American patriotic verse. Quotation is hardly fair, as variety marks the poem, but a passage may be chosen:—

In lowliest spot he breathed
His first sweet breath of earth;
And life's great Parent bequeathed
Fair virginal Nature from birth
To be his tutor and friend,
His youthful steps to attend. . . .

She bound him, that he might feel
The weight of Oppression's heel;
She starved him, that he might learn
The hunger of souls that yearn;
She bruised him, that he might know
Somewhat of the world's great woe.

She helmed him with faith, she placed
The girdle of strength at his waist;
And over his breast she laid
The buckler of right; the blade
Of truth she set in his hand

⁵Abraham Lincoln, a Poem. By Lyman Whitney Allen. G. P. Putnam's Son's: New York: 1896. For sale in San Francisco by Doney. Price \$1.

And bade him unwavering stand,
As Moses stood with his rod,
For Freedom and God.

At length in a deathless hour
She kissed him; a quickening power
Shot forth through her life of fire
In touch of divine desire.

One long sweet look of review;
Then suddenly from her she threw
Her manifold mantle of mystery,
And, facing the great Before,
On unto the famed door
That opens out into history,
In radiant rapture she led
Her hero all panoplied,
And thrust him from her, to be
On mission immortal bent,
Transfigurer of despair,
The champion of Liberty,
The hope of a continent,
God's answer to prayer.

IN REVIEWING James Whitcomb Riley's "Rhymes of Childhood," we said that it was addressed to older people even more than to children, and the same thing is quite as true of *A Child World*,¹ the latest volume of his verses. His work has become so familiar to the lovers of *genre* in verse that it needs no characterization. They know its perfect familiarity with childish methods of thought and childish turns of expression; they know, too, that under this veil of childish things there is real poetry, an ardent love of nature, and a music of rippling lines that lingers as only real poetry can. Hear a few lines:—

"Things to eat,"

The Hired Man went on, "'s mighty hard to beat!

Now, when I wuz a boy, we was so pore,
My parunts could n't 'ford popcorn no more
To pamper me with; so, I hat to go
Without popcorn—sometimes a year er so!
And suffer'n saints! how hungry I would git
Fer jest one other chance—like this—at it!
Many and many a time I've dreamt', at night,
About popcorn,—all busted open white,
And hot, you know,—and jest enough o' salt
And butter on it fer to find no fault—
Oomb! Well! as I was goin' on to say,—
After a-dreamin' of it that away,
Then havin' to wake up and find it's all
A dream, and hain't got no popcorn attall,
Ner hain't had none—I'd think, 'Well, where's the use!'

And jest lay back and sob the plaster'n' loose!
And I have prayed, whatever happened, it
'Ud eether be popcorn er death!—And yit
I've noticed—more 'n likely so have you—
That things don't happen when you want 'em to."

¹ *A Child-World*. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company: 1897.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR'S poetry is familiar, lo these many years. "The Isle of the Long Ago," for example, the present reviewer learned by heart before the Centennial. It is full of the frank sentimentality that is sentimental and does not care who knows it, which appeals to the young mind. It is good poetry, none the less,—perhaps all the more,—full of dainty imagery and felicities of expression. There is swing and lilt in the music of the lines, and much of the homely, happy feeling of the outdoor New England life, where Nature so forces herself on the soul of every man by her rapid changes and distinctly marked seasons that he must take note of her. There is a little of the Carleton tang about some of the poems, but a more refined and more poetic touch. To recall his style, take this from "A Lament for Adam:"—

The world was all ready for the bridegroom and bride

When Adam awoke from his wonderful swoon
And Creation's fair crown lay alive by his side;

For a trinket of silver, the honeybees' moon
Hung low in the azure, a gift from the Lord,
For her garments, bright emerald garnished
the trees,

And her flounces and aprons slow swung in
the breeze,

And the violets caught her blue glance from the
sward;

With the flush of new life she just lifted her
head

And the roses of York blushed a Lancaster
red,

And the whispers ran round like the rustle of
leaves

And the young woods of Paradise laughed in
their sleeves.

The book is well gotten up and illustrated with an abundance of fine wood cuts.

IT IS useless to say anything to the public about *Acrisius, King of Argos*;² for the public will never read it,—only a few persons will wade through the mass of absurdities for the amusement they get by seeing how wrong a man can go. To Mr. Walker, then, we address our comment and put it in the form of advice as to what he needs to study. First, English grammar, especially the conjugation of the verb. This would prevent such passages, as,—

She dost quack like cottage hens after the birth
of an egg.

Second, History. This would prevent him from making his Greek villains of the time of Perseus, talk French, although it does give a

² *Songs of Yesterday*. By Benjamin F. Taylor. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.: 1896.

³ *Acrisius, King of Argos*, By Horace Eaton Walker. Claremont, N. H.: Geo. I. Putnam & Co.: 1895.

villainous tang to a man's speech to exclaim "Ma foi!" It would also prevent him from making Zeus take part in a dialogue in which are references to the Sistine chapel and paternosters.

Then, Rhetoric, Prosody, — but the list grows too long. If Mr. Walker studies these till he is equipped to write classic tragedies he will write no more, — and that is best. Lest the example already given be thought exceptional. Here are one of two more:—

Perseus. Since now I'm wedded to the fairest
maid
I needs must be in home attendance to
Help rear the little Perseus yet to be.

The happy hour
That see'st me father of a son.
And so they shalt, by all the stars of heaven.
Well said, my newly convert.

And as a fitting pronouncement on his own work we quote, —

Oh, this be wicked business, and dost smell.

IT IS hard to tell whether the author of *The Hermit of Siskiyou*¹ meant his mixture of bad grammar, bad rhyme, and bad meter, to be heroic or simply amusing, — and it is not worth while to solve the problem, — in spite of the fact that the verse is written, —

"With all the amplitude
Of one who in earnest strives
To be well understood."

MR. JOHN F. GARVEY, author of *The Sounding Sea*,² needs to learn many things, not only about poetry but about life and the wholesome way to look at it. His preface shows him to be painfully self-conscious, and each of the poems confirms it. He speaks of his effort as an attempt "to storm the citadels of conservatism," and seeks to parry by an assumed boldness the prejudice of critics "against an unknown versifier." He knows there are many defects, but hopes that his verses "may not be entirely in vain." But he evidently does not know the extent to which he does assail the conservatism of people who object very seriously to such words, and expressions, and rhymes, as "thyselfes," "hath oft encountereth," and "Gethsemane" and "maintain." He does not understand the patient hopefulness with which the reviewer of verse opens each new volume,

trusting, praying, that he may find something good in it, something that may honestly be commended. But what can be said good of such verses as any in this book? Let an example suffice, — this is from a long poem "In Potter's Field":—

Let contrite ones drop particples here,
And wither with the nature of the spot,
Marking a tension of unholy fear,
For thus, unwitting may they be forgot
When life's contractions and an unspanned year
Doth doom them to some likewise measured
plot.

Love's glittering consummation, and the hope,
Breathing the prescience of an argent light
That shines from heaven, may lose their crystal
scope,
And seem by retrospect a baneful blight
In this quadrature, whose lean arms doth ope
To ush the heedless to eternal night.

IT IS a relief to turn to the book of another California poet, Anna Morrison Reed, whose verses have been reviewed and commended before in these pages. Her present volume is her *Latest and Later Poems*.³ In her work we have at least an intelligible thought and an expression of it in verse correct in language and meter, — although marred by an occasional slipshod rhyme, as "pain" and "maim," "lover" and "other." The thoughts and the sentiments are the great basal ideas and feelings that are not commonplace because they are new every morning to each human brain and heart. Love, hope, and faith, mother love, patriotism, the common hopes and fears and griefs, find in her verse graceful expression, never rising to the heights of the best poetry, in delicacy, felicity of expression, or freshness of imagery, but always strong, clear, and decently clad in the garment of verse. And that is saying a great deal in commendation; for the reviewer of much verse soon comes to classify good and bad poetry by the right use of the crucial words "doth" and "dost." Mrs. Reed's verse is fairly uniform and almost any poem will serve as an example:—

FRAGMENT.

My heart has grown so heavy with the burden
of its care,
That to Sorrow's gloomy portal I have fled and
left no trace;
But like moths from out the darkness to the light
of thy loved face,
My thoughts go fluttering ever from the night of
my despair.

³The Latest and Later Poems of Anna Morrison Reed.
The Hicks-Judd Company: San Francisco: 1896.

¹The Hermit of Siskiyou. By L. W. Musick. Crescent City News Press: Crescent City, California: 1896.

²The Sounding Sea and Other Poems. By John F. Garvey. The Hicks-Judd Company: San Francisco: 1896.

*Brother Aleck*¹ is a pretty poem of a love affair in a Shaker community. There is, beside, this short poem, originally printed in the *New England Magazine*.

FLIRTATION.

She lifts back the window curtain,
He closes the gate below,
She smiles — a coquette — I am certain;
His eyes take a tender glow.

Will it be thus after marriage?
Will they play at sweethearts through life?
Listen, you who would true love disparage,
They have flirted for years — that's his wife.

THERE is no poetry about Mr. McCabe's *Poems of Home and Fireside*,² only commonplacesentiment in halting and unmusical lines, but the unpretentiousness of the book inclines the reviewer to be lenient — and to refrain from quoting which is the highest charity.

*In the Redwoods*³ is a poem read before the San Francisco Sorosis, on their "Redwood Day." It is a fairly good occasional poem. As published it is greatly indebted to some good washes by L. P. Latimer and there are some less successful pen drawings by S. S. Loosley which seem to betray the touch of the amateur.

ANTHOLOGIES are not always worth having, perhaps not generally so, but in the case of *Through Love to Light*⁴ the Chadwicks have chosen so strong and universal a theme that they have by that very choice brought into the scope of their book the best work of the best poets. The result is a complete answer to the people who maintain that a moral in poetry is necessarily bad for the poetry. Of course it is true that verse of unexceptional moral may be dreary doggerel, but here is a volume of poems chosen because of the moral uplift they hold, and we doubt if any selection could be made on a single theme that would hold more undoubted poetry. The Chadwicks have done their work well, covering a wide range in time and space, from Lord Bacon's to the present day, from translations of German and other foreign tongues to the verses of our own Edward Rowland Sill. The book is daintily printed, bound in white and gold, and neatly boxed.

¹Brother Aleck. By Nellie Larue Brown. Louisville: 1896.

²Poems of Home and Fireside. By Charles William McCabe. San Francisco: 1896.

³In the Redwoods. By Fannie de C. Miller. San Francisco: 1895.

⁴Through Love to Light. A selection of Songs of Good Courage. Made by John White Chadwick and Annie Hathaway Chadwick. Boston: Joseph Knight Co.: 1896.

Briefer Notice.

IT IS to be hoped that Mrs. Elizabeth S. Tucker has reproduced Mrs. Ewing's water color sketches as a labor of love—some sort of acknowledgment for favors received—and that her notes on the life of Mrs. Ewing,⁵ her husband, the Major, and his red coat, and her doggies, have some excuse for being written and printed. It is hope! that this volume was never intended for anything other than private circulation among the friends of the late lamented, the late lamented's late husband, and the late lamented doggies. The author's illustrations are no better than those of Mrs. Ewing. Roberts Brothers have put this book on sale in beautiful shape; the printing is a fine specimen of typographical art and the water color facsimiles of Mrs. Ewing's attempts "by her own hand" are faithful reproductions.

*The Rosebud Club*⁶ is the conclusion of Mrs. Upham's *Hazelwood Stories*, and it is a fit companion for the preceding volumes. It quite justifies what the *Boston Herald* says of it: "Mrs. Upham knows how to use simple language and to think as children think, and to live in the situations which are interesting to them. Her books are free from the objectionable features which such writing usually has, and are sure to obtain favor wherever they are read or known." These stories will be read with pleasure by boys and girls, and older people will enjoy it too.

*On the Staff*⁷ is the fourth in Oliver Optic's series of "The Blue and the Gray—on Land," and carries the hero of the preceding volumes, Dick Lyon, in his new position as a staff officer, into new and fresh fields, and amid scenes of a more stirring nature. The long and rapid march of the army under Buell to the assistance of Grant at Shiloh, the desperate conflict and final victory of Pittsburg Landing, and the march to and siege of Corinth, are all fully described.

In these volumes Mr. Adams conveys to the youthful readers of the present day a realistic view of the exciting scenes and events of that memorable national period. The main incidents are historically correct, and Oliver Optic's fascinating fashion of clothing the facts of history in the garb of fiction is here delightfully shown.

⁵Leaves from Juliana Horatio Ewing's "Canada Home." Elizabeth S. Tucker. Boston: Roberts Bros.: 1896.

⁶The Rosebud Club. By Grace Le Baron. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1896. 75c. For sale in San Francisco by Wm. Doxey.

⁷On the Staff. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1896. \$1.50. For sale in San Francisco by William Doxey.

ALL lovers of birds will gladly welcome a new volume on birds from the pen of Professor Daniel Giraud Elliot,—his first work of a popular nature. It is designed for the use of the sportsman and casual observer of bird life, as well as for those who love to study the birds in their haunts; and combines a popular description with a minute scientific explanation.

With its help anyone, as he wanders along the beaches or banks of streams, and over the prairies, may learn to know and recognize the birds he meets.

The work covers the whole North American Continent, from Alaska and the Pacific Coast of the United States, across its wide domain in nearly every State of the Union, and from the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the East, along the Atlantic Coast, over to the adjacent islands such as Bermuda, Cuba, and the Windward Islands, to Rio Janeiro in South America.

This work is illustrated with seventy-four plates, which while technically correct are not without artistic merit.

SIDNEY C. GRIER has written a story that will live in history, and the fortunes of Caerleon, the uncrowned king, his brother Cyril, the O'Malachys, and Monsieur Drakovics, the prime minister, will afford amusement to all readers. The author has located his story in one of the Balkan principalities, and he has sent M. Drakovics to England in search of a king. This astute individual has his attention called to a young diplomat then in Parliament, Caerleon, Lord Usk, as a possible candidate for the vacant throne. The hero at first refuses, but the death of his father removes an obstacle and through the agency of Cyril, his brother, and Mrs. Sadleir, a woman whom the reader always hears of but never meets,—and always regrets it,—Caerleon is sent, accompanied by Cyril, on a pleasure tour of the continent, and incidentally the frontier of the kingless kingdom is reached. Through a remarkable chain of circumstances and almost against his will Caerleon is made King of Thracia, but is never crowned, owing to the fact that the ceremonial crown and church are burned on the night set for the coronation. The O'Malachy is an exiled Irishman, who has married a Scythian and who is an intriguer of the first order. Scythia is a rival kingdom, and Caerleon commits the unpardonable fault of falling in love with Nadia, the O'Malachy's daughter. This girl is a beautiful character and one of the most interesting in the book. There is a very clever

sketch of higher politics interwoven with a love story and a final flight by the uncrowned king and his brother, followed by the union of the lovers.

If this story were founded on fact, it would take high rank as a historical novel.

TINSEAU has builded around the beautiful Grecian myth of Psyche and Cupid a modern story of love and disappointment that has much in common with the "Margery Daw" of Aldrich, except that there is an element of mournfulness that is not to be found in Aldrich's pleasant little tale. "When Misfortune enters your house, give her a chair," is the first sentence. The author derived this quotation from an old German proverb and Misfortune must have found in Falconneau's house at La Peyrade all the comforts of home, for throughout the life of the heroine Clotilde, misfortune clung to that original chair with a tenacity truly wonderful. With all the pain and the suffering crowded into the pages of this story there are many beautiful passages and it is entirely devoid of morbid sensationalism. It may be recommended to all students of the French language, being written in a pretty, simple manner for the better understanding of those that are stumbling about in the intricacies of a foreign tongue.

STORIES of the Indians, especially that of Tecumseh, have always been of interest. Mr. Tomlinson's treatment of the Indian story in *Tecumseh's Young Braves* is such that the book can be placed in the hands of young people without a fear that they will be induced to start for the West to emulate the heroic deeds of Old Tippecanoe and Kit Carson. Not but that the book contains enough exciting incident and adventure to satisfy any one, but it is also true to history, which has been much neglected hitherto by story-writers.

IN *Country Clouds and Sunshine*¹ Mr. Johnson deals with village life and character. The clouds and sunshine of the title being those of life rather than those of nature. He has succeeded in catching the spirit of rural New England life, and in giving a very clear idea of its varying characteristics. That the author is thoroughly in touch with his subject is revealed by both pen and camera; and that there are shadows as well as sunshine in the life is clearly shown. The many fine half-tones with which the text is illustrated,

³La Lampe de Psyché. By Léon de Tinséau. William R. Jenkins: New York: 1896.

⁴Tecumseh's Young Braves. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1896. \$1.50.

⁵Country Clouds and Sunshine. By Clifton Johnson. Lee and Shepard: Boston: 1897. \$2.50.

¹North American Shore Birds. Daniel Giraud Elliot. Francis P. Parper: 1896.

²An Uncrowned King. By Sidney C. Grier. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1896.

from photographs taken among these country homes by the author, add interest to the book. Taken altogether, it is one sure to give pleasure to all, and to meet with popular favor.

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S last book, *Marm Liža*,¹ will not add much to her fame. It is neither particularly interesting nor instructive. Its aim is to show the good work that young women may do among poor and friendless children by opening a kindergarten school. *Marm Liža* is a half-witted girl that attaches herself to such a school. The details of her education are dwelt upon. We are told how she was taught to wash her face, comb her hair, and tie her shoe-strings, and of the final triumph. The climax is a threadbare account of a fire in which *Marm Liža* rescues one of the children of the school. The one phase of the book that makes it readable is the character study of a woman lecturer and leader. As a whole, however, the work is not destined to a very permanent place in literature.

THE Countess Krasinska has written her *Journal* from day to day and all the variations of a woman's life from her sixteenth birthday to the time when: "Ended the journal of Françoise

¹Marm Liža. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1896. \$1.00.

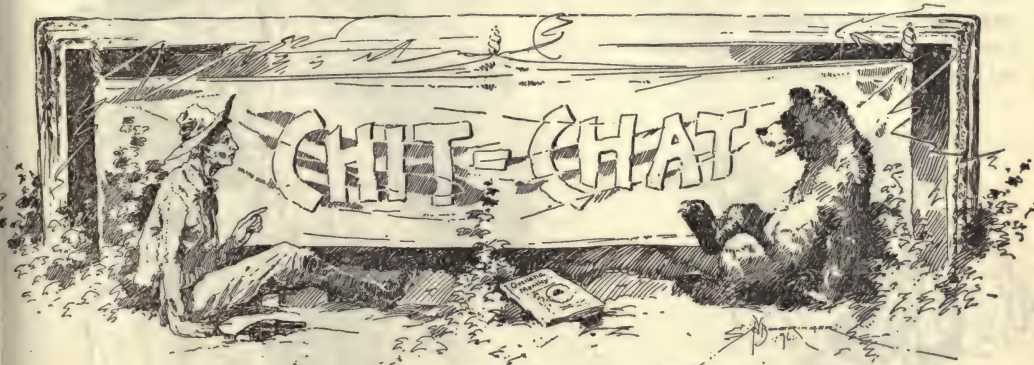
²Journal of the Countess Krasinska. A. C. McClurg & Co.: Chicago: 1897.

Krasinska. Continual sorrows and misfortune took away her strength, and her wish to write about them any more." Her life was most interesting, and until the meeting and marriage with Duke Courland, happy.

This erratic individual exacted that the marriage be kept secret under pretense of sparing King Stanislaus. With the election of Stanislaus Poniatowski and the accession of Count Beron to the dukedom of Courland, her husband's ambitions were dashed to the ground, "and mitre and crown both slipped away."

Then Duke Charles wrote her a tender letter, begging forgiveness for the past, imploring her to come to Dresden, where, he wrote, he would publicly call her his wife. She did not immediately consent, but finally convinced of his sincerity, she rejoined her husband, who thereafter clung to her with the devotion of a young lover.

Their daughter Marie Christine married Charles de Carignan, Duke of Savoy, and had two children,—Elizabeth Françoise, married to the King of Lombardy-Venice, Archduke Regnier, second cousin of the present Emperor of Austria; and a son, Charles Albert, father of Victor Emmanuel, and of the Duke of Genoa, the latter the father of Marguerite, the "Pearl of Savoy." Thus both, the King and Queen of Italy are the great-great-grandchildren of Françoise Krasinska.



A NUMBER of inquiries have come to this office since our November article on the Electoral College, relating to different phases of the presidential election. One wishes to know why the electoral college was established at all. To this the whole answer may be found in any constitutional history of the United States. It was one of the checks put upon the expression of the popular will, which acting uncontrolled was feared by the less democratic citizens, whose distrust was increased by the republican excesses that were at that time occurring in France.

Another would like to be told who would be in-

augurated President if Mr. McKinley should die before the 4th of March. To this the answer seems plain that the declaring the result of the election by Congress having taken place, and Mr. Hobart having been declared elected Vice-President on that date, he would then succeed Mr. Cleveland. Had the death occurred before the meeting of the electoral colleges the Republican electors would doubtless have chosen some other man to elect President, under advice from the National Committee. In Greeley's case the votes were scattered among various Democrats as a compliment as they were a minority all told.

Society, under the management of Mr. Arthur Wheeler and the patronage of the Woman's Press Association, with Frances Fuller Victor at the editorial helm, has appeared under new colors. It is printed in green, bronze, and black inks and is today the only exponent of society and its fads in San Francisco, and a thing of beauty in the topographical line.

C. T. WILDER & COMPANY have recently given an exhibition of the illustrative features of advertising which, it is hoped, will be of benefit to the advertising community in general. The business houses of San Francisco, with the exception of a very few, are singularly behind in their appreciation of really good advertising and the necessity of the pictorial adjunct. The venture of Messrs. C. T. Wilder & Company is in a measure educational, and no doubt all publishers will agree with the *OVERLAND* that the education is necessary, and that this particular firm is to be thanked for having undertaken so large a contract in a comparatively barren field.

THE year books issued by several Eastern journals are of more than usual interest this year because they give in complete, compact, and authoritative form the results of the recent election. Among these almanacs that issued by the *New York World* is the best to our notion, and for several years has been daily used in the *OVERLAND'S* editorial rooms. It is wonderful how much information is contained

in its five hundred odd pages. It is a complete and satisfactory guide book to New York City, we speak from personal experience, and it is a cyclopedia of American and world statistics. No office and certainly no editorial room should try to do without it.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY has issued a circular of information about the courses to be given in its Summer School, at Palo Alto, beginning May 31st. The list will prove very attractive to teachers desiring to put in their vacation months in the change of work that is sometimes the best form of rest. It covers the languages, especially English, physics, mathematics, chemistry, civil and electrical engineering, history, law, and music. This is in addition to the biological work at the Pacific Grove station which has been carried on for several years.



SPAIN'S WORST INSULT.

GOMEZ:—"The war will go on until Cuba is free."—Special correspondence *New York World*, February 8, 1897.

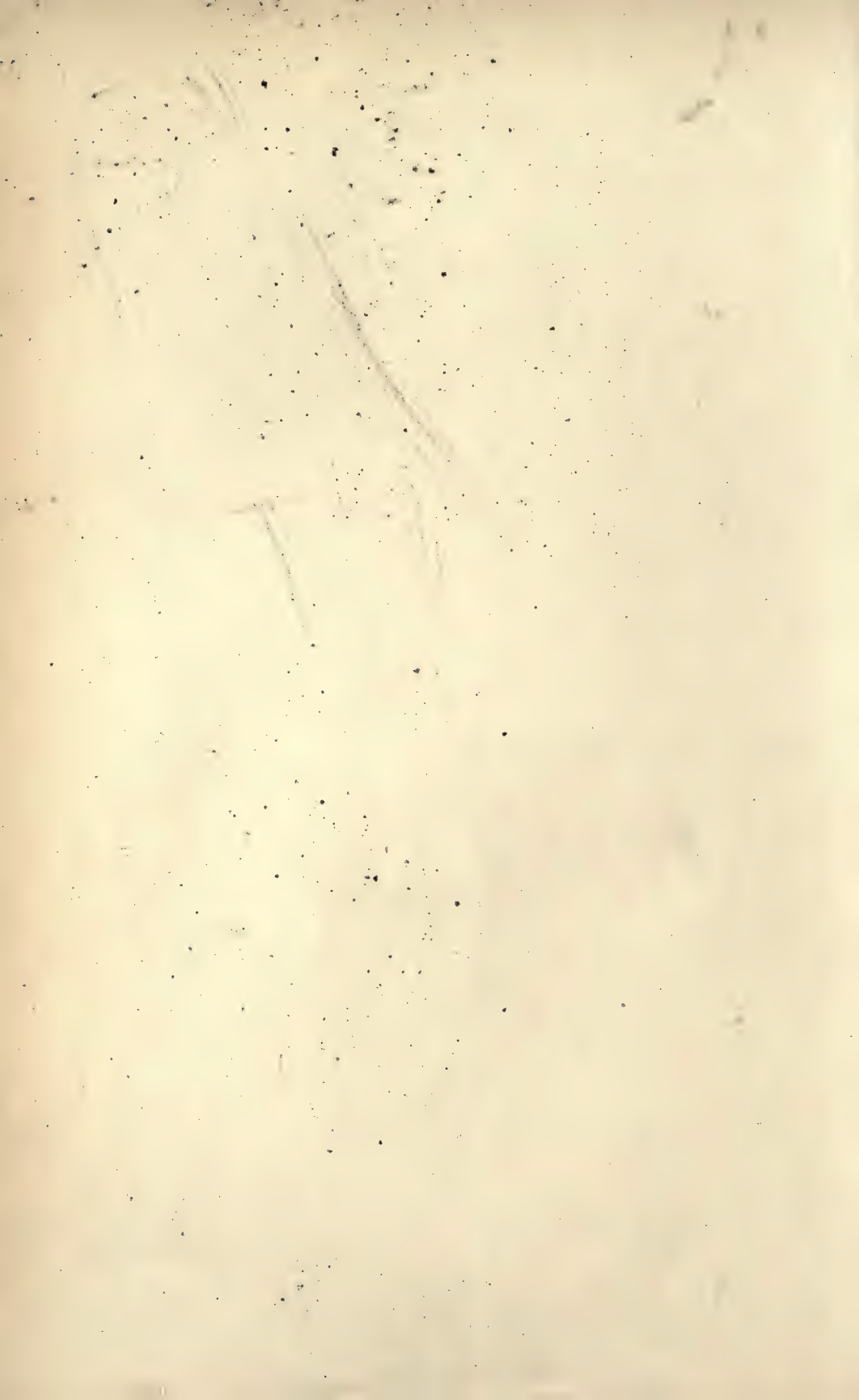


Oh Rose-leaf ! flushing when the South
Doth woo thee with a warm caress,
Thy dainty hues enchant me less
Than Hebe's rosebud cheek and mouth;

For nothing ever can repair
Thy tender blushes when they fade;
But Hebe, happy little maid !
Hath **Ivory Soap** to keep her fair.

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Courtesy of the California Engraving Co.

A Footlight Favorite. -



On the line of the Rio Grande Western Railway.



A Sham Battle.

From "National Guard of California."



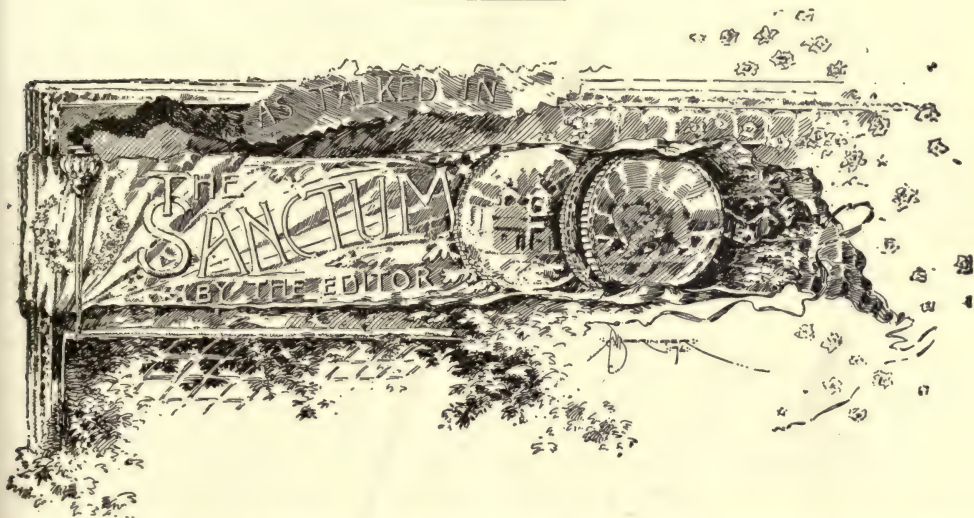
John R. Rogers,
Governor of the State of Washington.

From "Etc."

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Overland Monthly

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THE Contributor. "There is one thing and only one thing that will make aristocrats of our young people, a third war with England—and a successful one. Honestly we don't give a fig what any other nation on earth thinks of us,—not even our ancient ally, France. We look for England's applause in every political and social act, and if we don't get it we abuse that country. If the big English papers should advise and Gladstone and Salisbury should approve, we would declare war on Spain within twenty-four hours. There is no length we would not go to win their condescending pat. It is a fact, however much we flout it. Instinctively we are on dress parade in London,—we don't wish to be thought uncivilized or inferior. Yet the minute we get on the Continent we drop back to our natural selves, wear a soft shirt, talk through our noses, use the flat "A," and go about with a kingly air that is as self-satisfied as it is comforting. In France, Germany, or Austria, we have no itching to be introduced into the four hundred, or wish to be presented at Court, but spiritless indeed is the American who does not pay his respects to the "Queen" or by hook or crook force himself into some lord's or lady's reception. I have noticed that even the Parson treasures the acquaintance he made of an English baronet on the Nile above that of even the Nile itself. I have never heard him mention that trip without sooner or later dragging in the name of his titled friend. With all due reverence I will wager sixteen to one that the Britisher has forgotten the very existence of our beloved colleague."

The Parson. "Admitting that I am as big a fool as I look, I would still take the liberty of correcting an error. I hold in my hand a recent letter from my baronet, inviting me to a fortnight shoot at his box, Scotland."

The Contributor. "Did you notice the timbre of the good man's voice as he made that announcement. It was rich, full, and triumphant. We can not help it. My pride too was touched at the notice our American has received. Then the let-

ter, I will wager again, has been in that inside pocket for a month and has been read twenty times. No, sir, I repeat it, we shall never become autonomous until we whip England a third time, then, and not until then shall we be able to set our own fashions in clothes or dictionaries."

The Artist. "We seem to be very happy in our bondage. If we Californians were not falling down before London it would be New York. Where is the gain?"

The Occasional Visitor. "Under the present conditions there would be little gain as New York is simply the strongest echo of London we have on this continent. The Madison Garden Horse Show and its imitators are yearly examples of the extremes to which the modern form of Anglomania is carried. The American who habitually perambulates on sunshiny days with his pants rolled up because it is habitually raining in London is no more to be pitied than the man who docks his horse's tail in California, where nine months in the year there is neither mud nor slush, or who imports two-wheeled topheavy English road carts for our mountain roads.

"But all these small affectations do no one any harm and suffice to make this dull world more amusing. The imitators that I object to and who are a real menace to the body politic are the politicians. Once upon a time we profited by modeling our foreign policy after that of the mother country. England posed as the protector of the weak and demanded that an Englishman should have fair play in all parts of the earth. Tommy Atkins and the Union Jack always appeared like the hero of the melodrama at the right moment to rescue the oppressed. England's power was feared from the Straits of Gibraltar to the South Sea Islands. The Englishman acquired the strut of the old Roman and wherever he went a holy fear of the Holy English Empire enveloped him. Until fifty years ago our American imitators of England strove to emulate this masterful attitude toward the world. There were as clever imitators in those days as in these. Captain Truxton did not await the consent of Europe to open the thirty-eight old smooth bore guns of the Constellation on the fifty-four-gun frigate La Vengeance and the power of Napoleon. It was enough for him to know that American sailors were not treated with the respect that was their due and that our commissioners had been insulted on French soil. England could not have done more. Commodore Preble did not appeal to the Father of the Faithful for permission to bombard Tripoli. In the same length of time it would have taken President Cleveland and the Fifty-fifth Congress to have appointed and confirmed a Peace Commission to examine the complaints of the Americans rotting in Tripolitan dungeons he cleared the Mediterranean of the Mahometan pirates. A little later England, who had set our pace and taught us never to brook an insult, found what thorough Anglomaniacs we were. Old Ironsides, the Bon Homme Richard and the annihilation of Wellington's veterans at New Orleans warned Europe that we had learned our lesson early and well. An American stood side by side with a Briton in 1815, the embodiment of pluck, honor, and manliness. Their governments were not friendly, but they admired one another's nerve. The almighty dollar did not then obscure the sun.

"Today English men-of-war stand ready to bombard Crete if the Greeks do not withdraw their few troops and allow the infidel to continue his massacre of the Christian as commanded by Mahomet; English diplomats are busy forming a coalition of European powers to overawe their weakest yet strongest brother. It was England who said, 'Hands off' to the world while the Turks murdered three

hundred thousand Armenians. Mighty England! And faithful to her example, we have fallen with her — consistent imitators even in her degradation. We have Cuba as England has Crete and we glory in it. Americans are murdered for a pastime in Spanish cells while an American Secretary of State and a Spanish Minister exchange polite nothings over their black coffee and cigars. Spain laughs at the howlings of our press; for she knows that an American President will never stir for fear of disturbing trade and causing a fall in American and English securities. In Cuba as in Crete it is past the question of politics, it is a question of civilization and humanity, and yet because the London *Times* does not denounce us as cowards and poltroons but rather pats us on the back and commends us for our conservatism we are contented and happy, sun ourselves in their smiles, and allow our citizens to be knocked on the head or have their throats cut in Havana without a protest. Such schools do not graduate Truxtons, Prebles, Decatur, Perrys, or John Paul Joneses. Neither do they bring forth Howards or Nelsons. They are productive rather of Rothschilds and Pierpont Morgans. It was Sarah Rothschilds who remarked, when some one was discussing the probability of an early war between two European States, 'Nein, Nein, there will no war be, mein Jacob will not lendt them the monies.'

The robber barons of the Middle Ages declared war on their neighbors for the sake of pillage,— today they declare there shall be no war because it interferes with their pillage."

The Parson. "Last Sunday at communion as we prayed, 'We beseech thee also, so to direct and dispose the hearts of all Christian Rulers, that they may truly and impartially administer justice, to the punishment of wickedness and vice, and to the maintenance of thy true religion, and virtue,' it occurred to me that throughout the great English-speaking world millions were offering the same prayer, and at the same time the cannon of Christian Rulers were thundering death and destruction to a little band of Christian Cretes, because they, unlike the timid Armenians, refused to remain passive while the Mohammedans slaughtered them and burned their villages. What a mockery is such a prayer,— 'That they may truly and impartially administer justice.' If it is 'justice' to suppress insurrection in Crete it must be 'justice' to suppress it in Armenia, in the Philippines, and in Cuba. But the justice that overlooks the horrors of Armenia and perpetuates the same class of horrors in Crete is a justice that demands a new definition in our dictionaries. Poor little Greece! May she hold up her head and defy this second Persian invasion as successfully as she did the one that has made the pages of human history glorious. In the January *Review of Reviews*, W. T. Stead devotes one of his masterly character-sketches to 'Her Majesty, the Queen.' In it is a reproduction of the famous Thomas Jones Barker's painting, 'The Secret of England's Greatness.'" It pictures the young Queen Victoria surrounded by her family, handing to a bejeweled kneeling Indian a Bible in answer to his inquiry as to the secret of England's greatness. While recognizing the truth of the picture and appreciating the object lesson drawn, it was almost startling to be brought face to face with the thoughts that the scene suggested read in connection with newspaper reports of this day. If the Bible is the secret of England's and America's greatness, it is the secret of the massacre of Armenian and Cretan if not Cuban. The Bible in the hands of an Englishman brings respect and power,— in the hand of an Armenian, death, and death with hands uplifted to the Christians of Europe."

The Reader. "Let it furnish a text for next Sunday's discourse."

The Parson. "The effect that such a sermon would have on Congress might be properly illustrated by the prayer with which a co-laborer concluded his Sunday service, 'And, if any spark has been kindled by the exercises of this day, O dear Lord, water that spark.' Lord Salisbury would so effectually water the spark before it had time to burst into a flame that not even its dying smudge would ascend to offend the nostrils of our Anglo-maniacs."

The Artist. "I am not convinced but that water is as good an antidote as fire. Say we invite the Cubans, the Turks, the Armenians, the Cretes, the Chilians, the Abyssinians, the Ashantees, the Zulus, Oom Paul, Ezeta, Cecil Rhodes, the German Emperor, and all the rest of the prize-fighters to Nevada where it is legitimate, and let them have it out. Then if Salisbury wants to turn on the hose the water would do the Humboldt Sink no harm. For one, I want the Cuban war settled, — or there will be a tobacco famine in this country that will make the bubonic plague of India seem insignificant by comparison.."

The Parson. "I am anxious to know what the ultimate result of this cold-blooded, money-worshipping, policy of civilized nations will lead to. Can we go on boasting that the Bible is the secret of our greatness and yet continue to pass on the other side for fear there will be some unwonted demand on our purses? The masses of England and America clamor and demand justice for Crete, Armenia, and Cuba, and yet clamoring is all they seemingly can do. The balance of power and the balance of trade must not be trifled with. With such examples of unchecked and legalized assassination as daily fill the papers, it is easy to understand the enthusiasm which launched medieval Europe on the series of enterprises that we call Crusades.

I will not prophesy, but the great powers' attitude toward Greece may call forth a last crusade that will change the face of Europe in the twinkling of an eye and sound the death knell of Mohamadism."

The Typewriter. "There is a 'Weary Willie' outside who wants to know if 'you fellers' wish to invest in Cuban bonds for the good of the cause? 'Ten cents buys a dollar. See!' He also has a manuscript poem on the death of Maceo."

The Sanctum. "We'll take fifteen cents worth for Cuba Libre."

"The Office Boy. "Proof."





"STEAM NORTH TO WRESTLE WITH THE DRIFTING FLOES OF THE ARCTIC ICE."

AN ARCTIC WINTER

A WOMAN'S LIFE IN POLAR SEAS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY
THE AUTHOR.



HERE is the comfort in living?"

we often say when passing ills make life seem burdensome. Surely no such expression exists in the language of the dwellers on the Arctic coast, where the conditions of life and

environment are utterly opposed to all that makes existence comfortable to us within the bounds of civilization, culture, and modern improvement. We gaze with wonder, and perhaps disgust, on a race of fellow beings with human faculties and instincts whose happiness consists in the possession of a warm garment, a feed of *muck-tuck* (blubber), and shelter from the extreme severity of the weather, be that shelter only a friendly snow-bank. Still these people laugh and grow fat amid the hardship and privation of a life which is

theirs by necessity from the time when, a few days old, strapped under their mother's *artega* or poked away among the loose deerskins in the bottom of a canoe, they start on their first hunting trip, till too old to travel or work, a burden to themselves and their fellows, they are left in the deserted *igloo* to die.

Humanity in any guise was a welcome sight after the loneliness of fifty-two days of imprisonment in the drifting ice floes of the northwest of Bering Sea. The monotony and anxiety of the long, changeless days was only equaled by the dreariness of the vast icefields, and the barren shore of the northeast coast of Siberia. The vastness and weirdness of the wonderful light effects cast over ice and sky, when sunset and sunrise met in a glorious burst of color, seemed to increase the lonely po-



"SO WE ADOPTED THE NATIVE DRESS."

sition of the one solitary object on the face of this glistening waste. Even the excitement of shooting seal and walrus died a natural death, and with joyful hearts we heard again the throb of the propeller blades, as we "bucked" our way among huge cakes into the "lead" that had opened to release us.

Warmly and hilariously we were welcomed by the natives of the first village we visited, whose custom it is to swarm *en masse* on board every vessel that comes within reach of shore. Before our lines were made fast to the shore ice the entire population had turned out, shouting and gesticulating in wildest excitement as they scrambled up the ship's sides dragging their heavy sealskin "pokes," the gripsacks without which an Eskimo never travels.

Our object in visiting these villages was

to trade for boots and fur clothing for our own and our men's winter use; for it does not take the Arctic voyager long to discover that these fur garments are indispensable to comfort or existence, when exposed to the severity of this northern climate. So we adopted the native dress, engaged our tailoresses, and were fitted and decorated in the most approved style, with a few abbreviations and additions, that made the whole an outfit if not wholly elegant, certainly comfortable and convenient, without which we should have lost much of the enjoyment and sport of our Arctic life. Of course our well heated cabins did not call for more than ordinary warm clothing, but the outside atmosphere, with the thermometer ranging from twenty-five to fifty degrees below zero, demanded fur and fur alone.

Trading with an Indian is proverbially a trial of patience in the last degree, and the Eskimo is not behind his brother of warmer climes in thinking the words time and trade synonymous. The pro-



GIRL IN NATIVE DRESS.



"THE VESSELS LYING IN A SHELTERED COVE, SECURELY EMBEDDED IN A THICKNESS OF SEVEN OR EIGHT FEET OF ICE."

voking lack of interest they exhibit in "making a trade" is shown in the attitude of the group in the picture (p. 357), who have already spent two days in exchanging for an equal number of sacks of flour their three dogs,—which we finally added to our team to become our most valuable possessions and faithful friends in a land where the chances of procuring supplies of fresh meat and game depend alone on the untiring strength and endurance of these animals.

Curiosity to see the fun soon overcame my disgust at their appearance and the sickening odor of their deerskins, and landed me on top of the trade chest round which they congregated day and night. Here mounted, I had many amusing encounters with these venders of odoriferous wares,—the smell goes off—after a while. One big extra greasy looking fellow, nicknamed "Sonnyboy" spoke a little English and insisted on our reading a grimy looking document which he proudly believed to be a letter of recommendation written and signed by Captain Healy, Commander of the Revenue Cutter "Bear." Amused I read:—

This will introduce to you "Sonnyboy," a plausible but wily Siberian. To the whalers who

frequent this coast I need not speak; but to you, O gentle stranger, I would say,— Trust him not.

Alas for us, Captain Healy's warning came too late; for Sonnyboy had worked his little game and gone his way leaving us only a souvenir snapshot of his little daughter and a gratified feeling that he did not leave the daughter also. They are very liable to leave their female children around anywhere or trade them off for dogs or rifles to any one disposed to take them. I don't think they do this from natural unkindness,—only habit. As a rule they treat the children well as long as they have food or clothes for them.



IN THE ICE IN BEHRING SEA. COAST OF SIBERIA.



A DOG TRAIN.

With half a dozen large *oo-mi-aks* (canoes) in tow, we crossed the Straits, — now, at the end of June, free from heavy ice, — picking up a little trade in furs, ivory, and whalebone, at different points along the Alaskan coast, and steamed north to wrestle with the drifting floes and blockades of the Arctic ice, more formidable at this time of the year, when anxiety to reach the regions of oil and bone makes the navigator venture on the

extreme edge of caution, and take chances any hour of being caught among the ever shifting mass or driven ashore by the relentless pressure of the inswinging “pack.”

The eternal “Starboard,” “Port,” and “Steady” to the man at the wheel, keeps your heart in your mouth, waiting for a sudden stop bell and the bump that may follow.

A quick signal from the men in the



“SONNYBOY HAD GONE HIS WAY LEAVING US ONLY A SNAP SHOT OF HIS DAUGHTER.”

crow's nest of "Bears alongside," sets everyone wild with excitement, and in the promiscuous firing that follows so much lead is absorbed by the poor bears that when all is over it is difficult to determine to whom the honor of the fray belongs. One night two of our officers killed six large bears and a cub, while at another time it took four of us to knock over one big fellow that was swimming ahead of the ship. With regard to the latter, the only clearly defined shooting I can remember was done with my kodak, and that occurred after death. These bears are generally seen near the carcasses of whales, which, stripped of bone and blubber, drift around among the ice or strand upon the beach. One of these huge carcasses was always towed to Herschel island after the whaling season and landed near enough to the station to supply food for the dogs of the whole fleet. It proved a great drawing card for the bears, and afforded great sport to the men during the winter.

With the exception of two months spent in cruising, Herschel island was



"LADIES OF HERSCHEL ISLAND."

snow embankment, above which the spars and rigging stand out black and rigid against the surrounding and interminable whiteness. On every side and stretching into the far distance, glistening and sparkling beneath the noonday sun or the weird and prismatic rays of the midnight Aurora. Land and water merged in one with no dividing line to mark where one ended and the other began save for the beaten track of the heavy



"TWO OFFICERS KILLED SIX LARGE BEARS AND A CUB."

home the year round, the vessels lying in a little sheltered cove, securely embedded in a thickness of seven or eight feet of ice, and protected by a heavy



BARTERING FOR DOGS WITH MCKENZIE RIVER ESKIMO.



SIBERIAN ESKIMO AT EAST CAPE.

sleds making a highway for the dog trains, to our hunters' camps along the coast and in the mountains between the island and the mouth of the McKenzie river.

During the winter there is quite a large colony of natives at the island, most of them brought there by the ships from

different tribes along the coast, living in their snow igloos on friendly and sociable terms with visitors from the "Huskie" camps to the eastward of the river. Good-natured and honest in their dealings with the white men, they showing an ambition, especially the women, to adopt our customs and in their crude way imitate our dress and manners.

When the long winter night has passed and the sun once more appears for a short time each day, we look for the arrival of the Indians, who attracted by stories of the plenty to be found on the whalers, come on trading and begging expeditions from the country lying between the head waters of the Porcupine and the western banks of the McKenzie rivers. Their long trains are heralded by the tinkling bells of the dogs and the snapping whips of the "runners,"— dogs and men alike worn and gaunt from long hard travel and short rations. These Indians are



"PETER TSUL, WHO CARRIED THE MAIL A DISTANCE OF TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES."

fine-looking, intelligent fellows with a reserved and deferential manner, and appetites, the like of which I have never beheld. Their power of subsisting without food is certainly outdone by their capacity for consuming it when occasion permits. Their dress is that of the ordinary northern Indian, made entirely of tanned and smoked buckskin, ornamented with beads and porcupine quills.

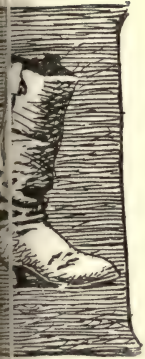
Through the kindness of the Hudson Bay Company's factors in the interior and the agency of their pack trains, we were able to send and receive a yearly mail, the arrival of which after a journey of over two thousand miles on dog sleds was the greatest and most welcome event of our life at Herschel island. Night and

day, from the first of May a steady look-out was kept along the eastern horizon for the arrival of Peter Tsul, a well tried and trust-worthy old Indian, who was engaged by the fleet to carry the mail to and from Fort McPherson, on Peel river, a distance of two hundred and sixty miles, and those who each morning impatiently listen for the postman's ring can scarcely picture the eagerness and anxiety with which we received our one solitary yearly delivery. And no doubt old Peter, as he went on his way rejoicing at the weight of his heavily loaded sled, was filled with amazement at the vagaries of a people who so amply repaid him for the safe carriage of this small and to him insignificant looking packet.

Sophie E. Porter.

THE ACE'S LOVE AFFAIR

AN IDYL OF THE MINES



SAAC BURWONTON was the new superintendent of the Wild Deer Silver Mines. He had been appointed by the company in Carson City and had taken the place over the men with a degree of assurance which they were likely to resent. While he had not been down to Carson to receive his appointment in person, there

was no question in his own mind that it was all right. The papers had been sent to him which proclaimed him as the head of operations at the mines and he had had a letter of instructions from the president of the company. There was no doubt about it anyway,—of course he was superintendent. Wasn't the pay money sent to him, or was n't it going to be? Did n't he go down into the mines

twice a day? And who was it that kept account of the ore, that did the assaying,—what little there was to do,—and above all that said he would n't allow gambling on Sunday? Why, of course he was superintendent. And he tipped the stool he was sitting on back against the house to get his face out of the sun.

"Guess I'll have to send for Fan after all," he said aloud. "It's a dull place up here, but she'll enjoy the change well enough, it'll do her good."

Forthwith Burwonton wrote a letter and despatched it to the "Creek" post-office, thirty miles away. That done, he strolled back to his stool, tipped back against the house, took out his pipe, and began to smoke.

It was afternoon and warm. The few boards over Burwonton's cabin door, put there as an awning, gave but little

shade. Still he found enough shadow to cover his face and he puffed away at his pipe contentedly. Finally he tipped the stool forward, got up, and swore. Burwonton was not a profane man. An oath was a most unusual breach of custom and its utterance on this occasion startled him; but that matter of the superintendency annoyed him. He had heard two or three of the men declare that he was *not* the superintendent, and whenever he thought of it he was troubled.

"Of course I am the superintendent," he reasoned now. "I'll go and look at those papers again.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, and for a minute he was at a loss to know where he had put his coat. Finally he found it on a bench in the assay shop, where he had been at work an hour before. He put it on and went into his cabin before he felt in his pocket for the papers. To his horror they were gone.

Burwonton had not made a favorable impression since he had been at Wild Deer. He was not a miner, nor a mining man, as the men under him understood the terms. He had been sent there to look after affairs which, under the old superintendent, had been going to rack and ruin, and when his predecessor did not turn up one morning and the pay money was missing, Burwonton was naturally put in to fill the place. He knew a little assaying but nothing of running a mine. The men knew this. They knew that almost any one of their number was better fitted for the position than Burwonton, and they resented being placed under a man whom they knew little and liked less. They regarded him as an "old fossil," as "stuck up" and "cranky,"—and as characteristics of that sort did not go at Wild Deer, Burwonton did n't go. He had been in charge a week when he found that his papers of appointment had been stolen.

The loss of these documents did not add to his feelings of security. The rumblings of discontent had been increasing daily until now the men talked openly of taking charge of the mine themselves.

"Does he think," said one of the men, "we want to have a man 'round here to boss things that knows no more 'bout mining than an unborn kid? I guess not."

There's where you're right," said another. "But how do you know he *is* boss? I ain't so certain o' that myself. Ain't got no papers to show it; at least ain't got none to show. I never saw none—ner anyone else. An' as for that letter from the President he says he's got, why, any man at all can write that sort of thing. I say he ain't boss. Make him show the papers he's tellin' you 'bout. Ain't got none. That's what's the matter. Ain't got none, no more than any o' you."

He was a young, tall, powerfully built man of the Western type that spoke, and his words made a stir among his listeners. There were a dozen of them about the mine boarding house, discussing, as usual, the new superintendent. The speaker had joined them but the moment before. When he had spoken he shoved his hands deep into his pockets and walked away down the path through the brush.

"The Ace is disappointed in not gettin' the Sup' himself," one of the men who looked after him suggested, and there was a general assent from the group with a distinct intonation that such an appointment would have pleased the camp.

The sun had just set and the sky and hills and what few clouds there were in the east were red in reflection. John Turley, nicknamed "Ace" from his luck at cards and his bad luck at life, was untying the flap of the dirty tent that served him as a shelter and a home. It stood on the



"SHE GREW FRIGHTENED AS THE SPEED INCREASED AND SCREAMED."

hillside some distance up the cañon from the boarding house and near the mouth of the main tunnel of the mine. A small, stunted cottonwood tree marked the entrance and an abatis of sage brush surrounded it. Back of the tent sage brush and low grass ran unbroken to the head of the gulch. The cottonwood was the only tree in the cañon, and even it had not chosen the place to grow in; for Turly had planted it there when he came to Wild Deer several years before. The knotted string of the flap of the tent gave Turly more than usual trouble to untie, but he finally pulled it out, entered the tent, and tied the flap after him. There were but a few articles in his living place and none of these were for comfort. A blanket or two thrown on a pile of sage brush and grass was his bed; an old

box, his chair; and a cask, his table. His chandelier, which hung from the cross pole of the tent, had once been a potato—it was now but half a one—and into it was stuck the remnant of a tallow candle. Turly struck a match and lit it.

"No, I ain't so sure of his being superintendent, after all," he said to himself as he took from his pocket the papers Burwonton had been looking for, "I ain't so sure 'bout it; not so sure as he 'pears to be. He'll have something to do to make out a case when they ask him for these, I reckon. We'll see who's boss up here." He upset his table and took the bung from the barrel, then rolling the papers up tightly, he slipped them within and replaced the bung. They were as safe there as they would have been in the Company's vaults at Carson.

Three weeks passed and Burwonton had discovered no trace of his missing property. His daughter was expected at the mine any day now and his anxiety over the uncertainty of his position increased with the increasing signs of discontent among the men. No one knew of the girl's coming except the stage driver who had been warned to be on the lookout for her. The strange disappearance of his papers he was unable to account for. If the men did n't ask to see them it would be all right of course, but if they should ask, and he had n't any papers to show them? They would hustle him out of the camp without ceremony; and there would be apt to be more action to their movements than was usual with miners. Still he went on making ready for Fan. A woman had never honored Wild Deer with her presence before and there was much to be done for her convenience.

He was busy with these labors when two of the miners surprised him. They were the foremen of two of the shifts, the night and the day workmen, and they had come to see the superintendent's papers. Burwonton was visibly confused. He received the men civilly and went with them into his office. He appeared to be uncertain as to where he had placed the documents and made a pretense of searching high and low for them, though at last he was forced to confess that they had disappeared. The men said little. They explained that it was customary for a new superintendent to show his credentials and hinted that some of the men charged Burwonton with having possessed the position by fraud.

The superintendent showed just indignation. It was a matter of no consequence, he said, whether he had papers or not; he could easily obtain others; he would write at once for them. He was not sure in his mind that they would

ever reach him; but he realized his position and knew the importance of action.

The men left him with questioning looks. He knew they suspected irregularity in his appointment and that if he did not want to be run out of the place something must be done at once. And something was done, though Isaac Burwonton had no hand in it, nor did he ever know just how it happened; but it did happen and it established his supremacy at the Wild Deer beyond question.

The Wild Deer stage was creaking along up a steep mountain road to the silver mines in the cañon. The afternoon was hot and breathless, and the air was filled with the fine white dust of the roadway. There was a single passenger in the stage, a young woman. Near the top of the stretch known as the "long climb" the stage gave a terrific lurch to one side and progress was at an end, — an axle had broken. The driver looked the break over, swore at the inanimate steel as though it had been a human being, and informed his passenger that it was no use, and that he would have to go on to the mines with the horses. He said that he would be back for her with a cart in an hour. He tied three of the four animals together, and jumping on the fourth, started on up the road.

Miss Burwonton was left alone. She sat down on a rock by the roadway and watched the cloud of dust that marked the disappearing horses and their single rider. Soon the little cloud passed over the crest of the hill and the rattling of the harness ceased. She might have been afraid in the solitude of her surroundings had she not been lost in their immensity and grandeur. Before her and far below lay the valley of the Humboldt. She could see across the sage brush country to the gray mountains that looked like shadows on the other side of the valley and could follow the course of the Hum-

boldt river from the indistinct haze in the north to its sink in the south. A little below her and to the right was a slide of green and white rock. She wondered what it was; an earthquake immediately suggested itself; anyway she would go up and examine the place for herself. She was nearly there and was intently picking her way over the rocky ground when there was a rushing, crackling sound just before her, and she looked up to see a man wheeling a hand car along a track at the top of the slide of rock. The man had not seen her, however, and in a moment he disappeared into the earth.

Immediately the thought came to her that she must be near the mine and that this was one of the tunnels. She went down to the tunnel and looked in. A rush of cold air chilled her. Way back in the earth she could see a dim light, the candle in the man's hat. It grew smaller and smaller, and finally went out altogether in the distant blackness. She could see only a few feet into the mouth of the tunnel. It appeared to be flooded with water. There were some planks spread along on heavy ties and on these ran the car track. She stared for some minutes into the darkness. Then a light appeared where the other had gone out and came toward the mouth.

Miss Burwonton's first thought was to flee. Then she reasoned that she had nothing to fear, and she stepped back and waited. She would tell the man, of course he was one of the miners, that she was the superintendent's daughter,—that would be introduction enough. She heard the rumble of the car as it came nearer, but its exit was sudden and she greeted it with a little feminine scream.

The man at the car jumped and brought a revolver into view, but seeing the cause of his fright, colored deeply.

"You'll pardon me, miss, but I thought

it was a coyote," he apologized, looking at Miss Burwonton with embarrassment and trying to hide his pistol in his hip pocket.

"I must have frightened you," she answered, "but really you came out so suddenly."

"Did I? I'm sorry," the man stammered, "but the tunnel is a bit down hill and we do come with a hurry toward the mouth. But I beg your pardon, Miss,—I reckon it is Miss." And the Ace tried to take off his hat; but this effort was not altogether a success and to ease his confusion he wheeled his load to the slide and dumped it over. With the same cracking and breaking sound Miss Burwonton had heard before, the rock rolled and pitched to the pile below.

Miss Fan watched the dust rise as the rock tore away down the hillside; then she ventured to ask,—

"Is that silver?"

The girl's utter ignorance of mining and the sincerity of the question struck the Ace with all its ludicrousness and he suppressed a smile only with great effort and answered,—

"No, Miss, it's nothing but rock."

"Who the devil is she and how did she get here?" he wondered. He looked at her for a moment with this question in his eyes and then asked,—

"Be you lost, Miss?"

"Lost," the word sounded funny to her. Perhaps she was lost. Perhaps the stage driver would n't come after her at all; but she replied that she did n't *think* she was lost, and she looked straight at the man before her.

"You'll pardon me for askin', Miss, but who be ye? And how did ye get here?" asked the Ace.

Fan looked at him again, at his loose blue shirt, at his muscular bare arms, at his hat with its spluttering candle, and then into his eyes which were smiling at

her but which were gentle and good, she thought.

"Why, I'm Miss Burwonton, the superintendent's daughter," she said.

The Ace was visibly moved. His eyes fell from the girl before him and he was abashed. He looked at his boots, at his bare arms, at the slide, and then quickly at her again.

"And you are one of the miners?" Miss Burwonton went on. "I suppose you must be, you look like a miner."

The Ace nodded sullenly. Then she began to tell him of the mishap to the stage and of the driver's departure for assistance. The Ace was not very encouraging. It would be a long time, he said, before that driver got back from the mine, might not come at all.

"But what shall I *do*?" she asked, alarmed.

The Ace looked at her, at her tight-fitting traveling dress, at her light curly hair and sailor hat, at her sweet face, filled now with an expression of doubt and anxiety, and then into her soft blue eyes, and he forgot that she was Burwonton's daughter and suggested that if she was not afraid of the dark, he could get her to the boarding house directly.

"How?" she asked, not a little surprised.

"Right through the tunnel; in the car," he replied, turning and looking at her. "Ye see, this yer tunnel runs clean through the mountain and the boardin' house is just on the other side."

"But how far is it?" she asked. "I'm not afraid of the dark, but I'm pretty heavy you see. Could you get me there?"

As a matter of fact she was a little thing and the Ace smiled as he thought of her being heavy. Of course he could get her there. He brushed out the car carefully with his hand and placed a piece of board on two stones for her to sit on.

Then he helped her in, gave her the candle from his hat to hold, and they started.

Gradually the light from without grew dim in the distance until the entrance seemed no larger than a squirrel hole leading out from the earth; then as their way curved to the right the entrance disappeared entirely. For a time the way before them seemed to end just where the candle light ceased to throw its dim glow, but after a while her eyes became accustomed to the darkness and she could see better. It was her first experience in a tunnel, and that too with a man she had never seen nor heard of until five minutes before, a big, burly miner. The way he tried to converse with her, to polish up words grown rusty from long disuse, amused and interested her. She laughed easily, and to the Ace her voice seemed the sweetest sound he had ever heard. He thought of it as he often thought of a glorious sunset, that seemed too beautiful to talk about, but was just to feel.

Fan could touch the walls of the tunnel on each side of the car or, reaching up, could put her hand on the rock above. Now and then she had to get out of the car while the Ace carefully helped her down some steep incline. She had n't the slightest idea where she was except that she was *in* the earth rather than *on* it. At intervals they passed cross shafts, getting the cold current of air in circulation there, and at last came to what the Ace called an "Armstrong engine." It was a huge roller. One end was sunk deep in the rock, and to the other, which rested on a heavy brace, was attached a crank. Around the roller were coils of rope, and to the end of this rope the Ace attached the car. He told her not to be afraid and to hold on tight, that she was going down a steep incline to a lower tunnel. Then he slowly turned the crank and she felt herself sinking into the darkness.

Down, down, down, slowly at first, then more rapidly through the space. It was necessary for him to keep the candle and she was in utter darkness. She grew frightened as the speed increased and screamed, — then her car stopped and she knew she was at the bottom.

The Ace joined her in a moment. She heard a sliding of rock near by, and soon the light of his candle was visible. He had reached her level by the rock slide.

It was now a level tunnel to the opening by the boarding house, and though not more than a quarter of a mile in length, the Ace spun the journey out to its utmost limit in the matter of time.

Miss Burwonton was an easy talker. The limited scope of her surroundings seemed to add to her freedom of thought, and she ran on about herself and particularly about her father in a way that gave the Ace little time for reply even if he had had anything to say. Miss Burwonton's sudden appearance on the scene completely upset him. Except the two or three Indian squaws and half-breeds at the Creek, he had not seen a woman for five years, and this beautiful girl bewitched him.

It was mere chance that Fan should have told the Ace how important it was that her father should succeed as the superintendent of the Wild Deer; but that is what she did tell him, and the Ace listened and fell into her way of thinking as though she had been the one woman in the world he had always loved, as though he had had no designs whatever on the superintendency himself.

Finally, as the tunnel turned, Miss Burwonton could distinguish a hole in the earth away ahead of them and could feel the fresh air. The hole grew larger and larger and their way lighter and lighter, until at last they emerged into the bright sunlight.

They were but a stone's throw from

the superintendent's office and the Ace with a great display of courtesy and much bowing showed her the way there and left her.

"What a fool I've been to kick up such a row about Burwonton being superintendent, what a durned fool!" the Ace said to himself as he picked his way through the sage brush to his tent on the hillside. "How in the devil she ever stumbled onto me beats me. Must hev been Providence workin' fer her old man."

He untied his tent and went in, tying it up after him. He sat down on his candle box and took the stolen papers from the keg. And all the while he was thinking of the afternoon and the superintendent's daughter, and of what a fool he had been to question Burwonton's position. He wondered if Miss Burwonton would ever speak to him again if she knew that he had stolen the papers that were necessary to her father's present peace at Wild Deer.

"Anyhow," he said aloud, "she'll never know it."

He folded the papers up and tucked them into the bosom of his blue shirt. Going out, he crept away cautiously toward the mine.

At the rear of Burwonton's house he paused in a clump of sage brush to consider how he could best leave the papers. His quick eye caught the superintendent's coat lying on a shelf in the assay shop, just where it had been when he had taken the papers a week before. He crept around to the side of the shop, leaped in through the open window, deposited the papers in the pocket of the coat, and noiselessly stole out again. At the back of the shop he paused. Someone was humming a tune, a quick bright tune that sounded familiar to the Ace. He had heard it sung in the East when he had been on a visit to the States many

years before, and he knew the voice was Miss Burwonton's. He listened until the voice ceased then he walked away to his tent. He was a very happy man.

That night a full moon launched boldly out from its harbor behind Buckskin mountain and sailed across the blue heavens. It threw its light over the sage brush country and made the hills white.

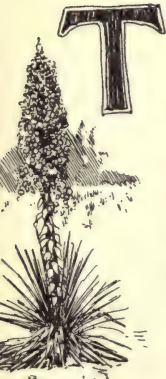
By a tent at the head of the Wild Deer cañon a miner was vigorously scrubbing himself over a basin of cold water. In a disjointed fashion between splashes of water he was singing aloud:—

“In a cabin, in a cañon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, a forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.”

Jerome Case Bull.

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.—III.¹

A CONTINUATION OF AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ARGONAUT DAYS.



THE YEARS since the great influx of population began in California in 1849, had been fraught with exciting events and remarkable accomplishments. American energy and intelligence had established a new civilization, had founded good government, had brought order out of careless disorder, promoted public morality and educational and religious culture, and converted a solitude into a land of bustling activity, brimming with plenty, and filled with promise.

The foot-hills of the Sierra had been torn and scarred by the pick of the gold hunter, from Siskiyou to Mariposa. Rivers had been turned from their courses and made to disgorge their glittering wealth. River beds had been upturned and gulches scarified. The very foundations of the great hills were being torn up by the hydraulic miner and sent down the water courses in rivers of silt and gravel. Twice a month during these years the

fleet of Panama and Nicaragua steamers had been carrying away some four or five millions of virgin gold, as part of the product of placer mining operations. Quartz mining was in its lusty infancy, while, free to all, the foot-hills yet held out their golden allurements, and gave abundant promise that the end was not yet.

In the valleys waving wheat fields and fruitful orchards were rapidly widening their acreage and increasing their abundance in growing rivalry with the golden harvests of the mining region. Towns were springing up in localities that gave unmistakable indications of future commercial importance, and were steadily advancing in growth and prosperity.

More marked than all in its evidences of metropolitan growth and prosperity was the ceaseless transformation that had long been taking place in and around Yerba Buena cove, now known as San Francisco. A little more than ten years before it had just emerged from a sparsely populated hamlet into a bustling mining supply camp and a Babel of social discord.

What with witnessing the city prac-

¹Continued from February number.

tically swept out of existence time after time by fire, as well as other events almost as disastrous to the public welfare, and passing through periodic public excitement growing out of reputed new gold discoveries and other like events, it need not be wondered at, if, for a while, the Society of California Pioneers languished and fell into something approaching a torpor. Other affairs were too absorbing to permit that organization to obtain its full share of personal attention from its members, or to enable it to command proper public recognition.

Beside all this, there was the wish of transforming the sandhills that constituted the background of Yerba Buena cove into the outline even of a great city, which commanded ceaseless effort and an endless expenditure of energy and labor.

Mr. Lick's first gift to the Society had, however, revived interest among some of its members, and aroused a determination to put its affairs on a new and more prosperous basis.

A special committee consisting of O. P. Sutton, Willard B. Farwell, and William R. Wheaton, was appointed in March, 1862, to obtain plans and specifications for a new building to be erected upon the lot which had been donated by Mr. Lick, and to report upon the practicability of the proposition. Prior to this by dint of hard and earnest effort on the part of those foremost in the effort to reconstruct the affairs of the Society, a fund of nearly five thousand dollars had been accumulated, chiefly through the taking out of life memberships. This, with the property given by Mr. Lick, constituted the Society's entire capital.

In due time the special committee made a full and detailed report, showing the exact financial condition of the Society, the estimated cost of a new building, and the revenue that would probably be derived therefrom. Advocating the pro-

position in the strongest possible terms, the committee drew the following graphic picture of the condition into which the Society had fallen and its prospective future unless this new step was promptly taken.

The Society, it will be admitted on all sides, has fallen into a lethargic, if not decadent, condition. True, enough members continue to pay their dues to give it a torpid existence, but nothing more. Left to itself, without some effort being made to restore its vitality and give to it a healthy and vigorous existence, it must ere long become completely demoralized. It is not surprising that this should be so. One of the main purposes of the Society — certainly the cohesive element which binds us together, and has enabled us thus far to preserve an associated existence — is the fostering of social intercourse among the Pioneers of California, — offering to such a central place of resort, where we may meet and enjoy rational amusements together, where we may have access to the journals and literature of the day, and perpetuate among ourselves and our children that friendly intercourse which ought always to characterize the Pioneers and their descendants. To effect this object, it is necessary that the rooms of the Society should be pleasantly located, cheerfully arranged, and sufficiently attractive to make them an agreeable place of resort. At the present time they are wholly devoid of either of these attributes. They are ill ventilated, worse lighted, dark, dilapidated, and dingy. Located as they are immediately over one of the most disgusting and indecent establishments that disgrace the city — which, beside making a pandemonium nightly of the building, from its ear-splitting noises, contributes also to the atmosphere of the Society's rooms, an agglomeration of offensive stench reeking with pestilential odors, to which it would be hard to find a parallel. Even these quarters, uninviting and bad as they are, are only held at the caprice and mercy of one who at any moment may force us to look for accommodations elsewhere. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the Society is retrograding. The present condition and location of the rooms renders it repulsive to every man of ordinary sensibilities to enter them; and unless some change is effected soon, it is apparent that the Society will not long have an organized existence.

Your Committee believes that the erection of the new building as proposed, and the fitting up of pleasant and attractive rooms, with all the neces-



John Curry

sary concomitants, will not only restore the Society to life and vigor again, but will more than double its list of active paying members. This is the remedy for its present disease, and it cannot be too soon applied.

If the standard of the respectability of the Association is to be estimated by strangers from the present aspect and location of its rooms, members can hardly feel a pride in being known as such. Your Committee believes that the rooms should be situated and arranged on a scale commensurate with the objects intended to have been accomplished by the founders of the Society, so that every respectable citizen, eligible to membership, may feel himself elevated and honored by being connected with us as a fellow member.

A hot contest grew out of this report. Its adoption was stubbornly opposed by several leading members, who, for no good and sufficient reasons, chose at that time to play the part of obstructionists. After prolonged discussion the report was

adopted. It was followed by the introduction of a resolution by W. B. Farwell which was also adopted, providing for the appointment of a building committee with full authority to proceed with the erection of the new building. Of this committee, W. B. Farwell was made chairman, his associates being O. P. Sutton, Samuel Brannan, Peter Donahue, and Alexander G. Abell.

At the very threshold of proceedings for the erection of the new building a difficulty was encountered which for the moment threatened a disaster. It was necessary for the Society to mortgage its property to raise funds for the new building. It was soon found that no sufficient authority was vested in its officers. Accordingly an act was drawn by W. B. Farwell, vesting in the president, directors, and secretary, the necessary authority, and through his efforts was introduced and speedily passed by both houses of the legislature and signed by the governor. For this service he received the unanimous thanks of the Society. It was deemed best at this time, however, in order to provide against all further contingencies of this nature to reorganize the Society into corporate form, in which, under the general corporation laws of the State it could in the future enjoy all the rights and privileges exercised by such bodies.

Having complied with all the legal necessary formalities its certificate of incorporation was duly filed on the 28th of January, 1863, and the Society was born anew. It was a wise and business-like act, which has since been fraught with good results and has greatly facilitated the operations of the organization in the administration of its affairs.

All obstructions thus removed, the new building was soon under process of construction. The corner stone was laid on the 7th of July, 1862, the oration upon

this occasion being delivered by W. B. Farwell. The event was witnessed by a large assemblage of prominent public men and leading citizens. Among them was Thomas Starr King, who, in his happiest and most eloquent mood, paid a glowing tribute to the Pioneers and to the work they had accomplished.

The election of officers took place on the same day, and resulted in the choice of a president, board of directors, and secretary, who were ardent friends of the new policy, O. P. Sutton¹ having been elected president and Wm. L. Duncan, secretary. The new Hall was completed and dedicated on the 8th of January, 1863. It was an occasion of great rejoicing, and one of the most brilliant gatherings that San Francisco had ever witnessed.

The same year, on July 7th, 1863, Willard B. Farwell was unanimously elected president, and William L. Duncan re-elected secretary. Large accessions to its membership were made, and soon its revenues were considerably in advance of its expenditures. The debt incurred in building was rapidly cancelled.

For the next ten years the Society continued to prosper. Its presidents during this period were: Joseph W. Winans, 1864-65; Pierre B. Cornwall, 1865-66; Robert J. Tiffany, 1866-67; William R. Wheaton, 1867-68; William H. Clark, 1868-69; Richard Chenery, 1869-70; Charles D. Carter, 1870-71; Alexey Von Schmidt, 1871-72; Peter Donahue, 1872-73.

As the years advanced the financial inability of the Society to care properly for needy pioneers began to be painfully apparent. Fortune had not been equally kind to all of them. A few were in need, with the inevitable prospect of more being added to the list. Robert J.

¹On his election to the presidency Mr. Sutton resigned as a member of the building committee and Mr. B. O. Devoe was appointed to fill the vacancy thus created. The writer is the only surviving member of the committee.



WILLARD B. FARWELL, PRESIDENT 1863-64.

Tiffany, a generous-hearted member, who, as has been shown, had been honored with the presidency for 1866-67, sat about the work of creating a relief fund, the interest upon which should be sacredly devoted to the purpose which its name indicates. He headed the subscription with a gift of five hundred dollars, and pursued his work with such persistent energy, that ten thousand dollars were soon obtained and placed to the credit of this fund. It has since grown into sufficiently large proportions to lead to the hope that no member of the Society will ever necessarily come to want while living, or fail to receive worthy burial at death.

Mr. Lick's second gift of the splendid property on Fourth street, was made on the 3d day of October, 1873. The wish that he had originally cherished in making the gift of the lot on the corner of Montgomery and Gold streets, that a monumental building should be erected that should commemorate the names of

the giver and recipient alike, had not found satisfactory consummation in the modest structure on that lot. In making the donation of the large and valuable property on Fourth street, he coupled it with conditions, splendid in their conception, in so far as the character of the building to be erected thereon was concerned, but financially utterly impossible of fulfillment on the part of the Society. So strong a hold had this project taken upon the mind of Mr. Lick that he had not only caused a front elevation of the building which he desired should be erected upon the lot to be drawn, but had outlined in his deed of gift so clear a description of its interior arrangement that it would have been easy to have carried his wishes into effect if the Society had been financially able to do so. As the matter stood, the gift was accepted and Mr. Lick at the next annual election was made president of the Society by a unanimous vote, for 1873-74. He was re-elected for the years 1874-75, 1875-76, and 1876-77. But dying on the last day of September, 1876, he was succeeded by William T. Coleman, who was elected to fill the vacancy at a special election held for that purpose, on the 25th day of October, 1876.

During all these years Mr. Lick had never presided at a meeting nor filled any of the functions of president. In fact, he had never signed the constitution of the Society, and, as a cold legal proposition, never had been, and never was, legally a member. His signature, as it appears today upon the constitution of the Society, was cut from some other document or communication and pasted there, as a makeshift to cover the singular action of this eccentric man. It is mentioned here in no spirit of criticism of the policy of the Society in thus keeping him at the head of the organization

through all these years. It was, apart from the sincere thanks which were given, the only proper recognition that could be made of his generosity, and was more than justified even if technically an illegal act. For the first two years of Mr. Lick's presidency the first vice-president, David J. Staples, performed all the functions of president faithfully and well. The next year this duty devolved upon Peter Dean, and was equally well performed. Mr. Dean succeeded William T. Coleman as president for the year 1877-78, Serranus C. Hastings following him in 1878-79; Henry L. Dodge, 1879-80; Joseph G. Eastland, 1880-81 and 1881-82; and Washington Bartlett for 1882-83.

The gift of the valuable property on Fourth street had been supplemented by Mr. Lick in September, 1875, by making the Society one of his residuary legatees in the deed of trust through which the final disposition of his great estate was to be made. While it was, in the broadest sense of the expression, a magnificent bequest, it led up to many a controversy in the organization marked by some bitter antagonisms, all of which have since been fortunately healed. It is not necessary here to relate all the circumstances attendant upon the execution of, and final carrying out of, the terms and conditions of Mr. Lick's bequests as set forth in his final deed of trust, except in so far as relates to the interest of the Society of California Pioneers in that instrument.

What Mr. Lick's intentions and desires were may be thus stated: Upon the lot on Fourth street he had planned that a building should be constructed by the Society of the character already described. Becoming satisfied later on that the conditions which he had laid down were impracticable and could not be carried out by the Society, he waived



JUDGE LOUIS ALDRICH.

them all, and by a clean, unrestricted deed conveyed the property to the Society.

Richly endowed as the Society had now become through the beneficence of this singular man; matters went along quietly until 1882. Dissatisfaction now began to manifest itself among members at what, to them, seemed unnecessary delay on the part of the "Lick Trust"

in closing up the estate and letting the Society "come into its own." Mutterings and fault-findings soon increased into clamorous protest, ripening at last into an open declaration of war, and a concerted effort by legal action to force the members of the Lick Trust to close up their work without further delay.

A committee was appointed to investigate the affairs of the Trust and report

as the preliminary step. This committee performed its work and submitted its report. As an hysterical effort to impress upon the Society that they were being greatly wronged and that nothing less than a forced winding up of the affairs of the Lick Trust could right that wrong or enable the Society ever to derive any benefit from Mr. Lick's last bequest, it was a notable success. For a time its sensational declarations swept away all attempts to expose its fallacies and puncture the bubble thus being blown into enormous dimensions. A degree of excitement was aroused that had never before been witnessed in the history of the organization. The press took up the cause of the Society and for a time it was made to appear that "the old Pioneers" were being unrighteously and wickedly kept out of their patrimony with dishonest intent on the part of the members of the Lick Trust, two of whom, it may be



PIERRE B. CORNWALL, PRESIDENT 1865-66.

mentioned parenthetically, were members of the Society.

It was next to impossible to obtain a hearing even on the part of any member in opposition to the report of the special committee. Vainly did Mr. Peter Dean, one of the ex-presidents of the Society, endeavor to stem the tide. He was almost alone at first in an effort to ferret out the real condition of the question at issue. By persistent effort, however, and cool determination to stand up for the right he at last succeeded in so wearying the patience of his fellow members as to force an adjournment, and the matter went over to another meeting.

At the next meeting W. B. Farwell succeeded in obtaining the floor and a respectful hearing, in opposition to the committee's report. This much having been accomplished, the way was easy for all that was to follow. The true and exact state of the case was then concisely shown by him to be, that, so long



CAPTAIN GEORGE W. THOMAS.



L. L. BAKER, PRESIDENT 1891-92.

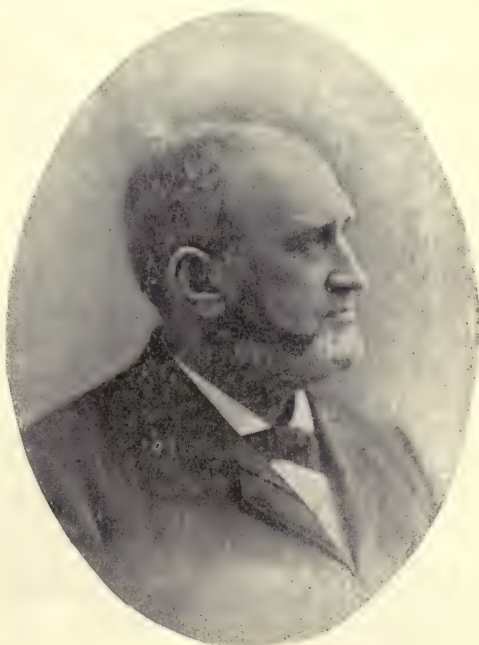
as the affairs of the Lick Trust were honestly administered, and in not one single particular, however minute, had they ever been shown to be otherwise, so long would the Society, as one of the residuary legatees, be the gainer by the constant accretion of value to the Lick properties through their net earnings. It had been shown by the committee's report that if the affairs of the Trust were then summarily wound up, all that the Society could hope to realize would be about \$100,000, and this the committee wanted to realize at once as the best that could be hoped for.

The facts upon which the report was based were so much at variance with the committee's reasoning and conclusions, that when once clearly set forth before the Pioneers,—as always has been the case when any controversial matter has been brought to bar before them, a joint verdict was speedily reached. The tide was fairly turned in the other direction.

Even the committee were practically forced to admit that they had been sadly in the wrong, and the action then had in defeating their report resulted eventually, when the Lick estate was finally settled in 1896, in a cash benefit to the Society of \$604,654.08, instead of the less than \$100,000, which this report admitted was all that could be hoped for, if its recommendations were followed.

Matters had now reached a point where a new departure was again in order. The same old battle was to be fought over again in the matter of the erection of another new "Pioneer Hall," that should be in larger measure commensurate with the needs of the Pioneers and their descendants and that should stand in monumental honor to the name of James Lick.

Once more it became necessary to elect a president and board of directors who would coöperate in the movement, as the first step toward success. The election at which this issue was fought out was



HENRY E. HIGHTON.



GEORGE W. STILWELL.

a closely contested one; for the so-called "conservative element" was in strong force, and in decided opposition to the proposition. The progressive effort was, however, successful by a narrow margin. Nathaniel Holland was elected president for 1883-84 by two votes over Washington Bartlett, who had been renominated by the conservatives, and from that moment the battle was practically won.

The election of Mr. Holland was a fortunate event, considered in its relation to the then immediate and future welfare of the Society. One of its most aged members, nearly an octogenarian when he assumed the presidency, he brought to the discharge of his duties all the force and energy of character of a man of forty. An old school "Philadelphia lawyer," he took no step that was not first sanctioned and authorized by law in its minutest technical sense. His every effort was given to the careful protection of the in-

terests of the Society. He caused its re-incorporation, in order to be in more strict compliance with the code under the provisions of the new constitution, and fairly inaugurated a new departure in the administration of affairs. He had been one of the most earnest and sincere members in the attack upon the Lick Trust, and had given counsel and legal advice as to the best method of proceeding to wind up its affairs. When convinced—as he subsequently was—that he was in error, no man was more ready to acknowledge the fact, and none more effectually espoused the other side. Consequently when he became president, he entered not only into ardent coöperation with those who were advocating the construction of the new hall, but from that time forth was a staunch defender of the wise policy which had been, and was still pursued by the "Lick Trust."¹

The way having been now cleared for action, the movement for the construction of the new "Pioneer Hall" was begun. Almost the same contest was re-enacted that had marked the earlier movement for the erection of the old hall, with one or two of the leading characters in the first controversy again at the front, performing the same rôle. Most of the old contestants had long ago died, however. Again, in 1883, W. B. Farwell introduced a resolution, which was adopted, providing for the appointment of a special committee to consider and report upon the practicability of the proposition. On the question of the adoption of the report,

¹ What is here written is stated from the Pioneer standpoint alone. That the various other bequests would have been executed in full by the Lick Trust had its affairs then been brought to a close—that is to say, that there would have been sufficient money in hand to have covered them all—is doubtless quite true. But that there would have been any amount whatsoever left over as a surplus to be divided between the residuary legatees had this sacrificial course been adopted is quite questionable. It would be a perversion of the common attributes of human nature, therefore, to assume that the Society would be magnanimous enough to waive its prospective rights and permit the estate to be sacrificed at forced sale, when by continuing it a few years longer its interests would be enormously enhanced and the other beneficiaries would not suffer by the delay. Results have since fully and fairly established the justice of the position thus taken.



EDWARD E. CHEVER, MARSHAL 1889-90

A loan had been negotiated from the "Lick Trust" at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum interest to cover the cost of the building. The true effect of this loan was that the Society was paying one half of the interest money to itself, through the Lick Trust as the present custodian of its own money. This was vastly better than wrecking the Trust and harvesting only the "flotsam and jetsam" that might eventually drift to shore for the benefit of the residuary legatees.

In due season the building was completed and the Society entered upon its occupancy. Many old forty-niners who had hitherto failed to avail themselves of their eligibility to membership joined the Society, and once more a new era of prosperity was inaugurated.

Louis Sloss had succeeded Mr. Holland as president for 1884-85; John Nightingale, for 1885-86; Gustave Reis, for 1886-87; Isaac E. Davis, for 1887-88; Arthur M. Ebbets, for 1888-89; and Edward Kruse, for 1889-90.

which was strongly in favor of the proposition, the same degree of opposition was developed and the same determined hostility that had been encountered in 1862 had to be overcome. The report was adopted by the Society, and in January, 1884, Willard B. Farwell, Louis Sloss, Thomas D. Matthewson, James Irvine, and Gustave Reis, were appointed as a "permanent building committee," with full power to proceed with the erection of the building.

Passing over the details of the preliminary work, it is enough to say that the erection of the building was speedily entered upon, the choice of plans having been awarded to those of the architects, Wright & Sanders. The corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 7th of September, 1884, the 34th anniversary of the admission of the State into the Union. W. B. Farwell again delivered the oration, as he had done upon the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the old hall.



J. H. WIDBER.

During Mr. Kruse's administration, it having been announced that the Relief Fund of the Society was insufficient to meet the requirements upon it, Mr. Alexander Montgomery responded with a check for \$5,000. The Society met the obligation thus conferred by electing Mr. Montgomery to the presidency for 1890-91. Before the close of his term Mr. Montgomery again added to the Relief Fund a check for the magnificent sum of \$25,000; thereby earning for himself the lasting gratitude of his associates and perpetuating his memory in respect and honor among their descendants.

Livingston L. Baker succeeded Mr. Montgomery as president for 1891-92. C. V. S. Gibbs was elected for 1892-93, and again for 1893-94, and would undoubtedly have been elected for 1894-95 had he not declined the honor. The Society had never had a more earnest and sincere worker in its behalf, or one more attentive to the duties of the office. Foremost always in his efforts to relieve the needy, he gave

his time, personal attention, and freely of his means for relief, when he could not see his way for the Relief Fund to be drawn upon in individual cases. He earned and received a full measure of gratitude from many and the personal esteem of the Society as a body. His administration of the Society's affairs stands as a model.

Christian Reis filled the office of president for 1894-95; H. N. Tilden, for 1895-96; while E. N. Root occupies the position for 1896-97.

The Society has a collection of historical papers of great value. They now form four thick volumes, and represent the free services of one of its life members, Edward E. Chever. He was made a committee of one by the vote of the society in 1886, on the motion of Judge Holland. This was to correct certain errors which had been noted in the printed lists of members. Mr. Chever sent printed blanks to the members, requesting them to answer the questions contained therein,



EARLY DAYS AT MISSION DOLORES.

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MOONLIGHT AT THE MINES.

From a painting by Nahl. Copyrighted.

and return to him. Thus:— Name in full; Date of birth; Birth-place; Occupation; Date of arrival in California; Name of vessel, if by water, what route if by land, with usual signature beneath. Now when a member dies the secretary appends a foot-note stating time and place of death.

When James Lick was President, the Acting President, D. J. Staples, tried to obtain information of this kind. Washington Bartlett also tried to do it when he was President. It required patience, energy, persistence, and endurance, of one who estimated the great value of such archives, and who could devote the time and labor needed for its accomplishment. The descendants of Pioneers will consult these archives for knowledge of their Pioneer ancestors, and time will constantly add to the value of the archives.

Passing in review the work of the Society of California Pioneers as such, in its associated policy, opinions may, and do, widely differ as to what use has been, is, and may hereafter be, made of the

magnificent bequests with which it has been endowed by the late James Lick. If careful, prudent, and businesslike method in the management of the Society's property and affairs, with the sole end in view—so far as can be perceived—of simply husbanding its means and turning over the property for their successors to enjoy, without manifestation of purpose or desire to carry out an expressed wish of Mr. Lick, fulfills his intentions in making the Society one of his residuary legatees, and embraces a fair performance of duty in the matter, then nothing remains to be said against the policy that now prevails. If a neglect, or curt refusal, to erect and place in public view in permanent marble or bronze, a fair statue of Mr. Lick,—in the Park or elsewhere,—and limiting such monumental evidence of associated gratitude to a cheap plaster cast bust of the great philanthropist, on a conspicuous bracket in the hall of the Society be all that is due to his memory in this direction, then again nothing remains to be said against that policy. If, with the

means and opportunity at its disposal to leave some monumental evidences behind it for the preservation and perpetuation of early California history, in the form of historical pictures or otherwise, to leave such a work unperformed, merely that those who are to come after may reap a large measure of associated enjoyment, be wise, and would best have served the wishes of Mr. Lick, then nothing remains to be said in this print. The general question of duty fulfilled or unfulfilled must in any case, however, be left to the fair consideration of the Society itself, whether public criticism leads to praise or censure. Certainly from a body of men who, in all matters that go toward the founding of a State and the building up so stable a form of public prosperity, have done their work so admirably and well, it can hardly now be believed that there will be any neglect of duty in the closing act of their eventful careers. There it must be left; by their final acts must they be judged. If we pass on to the work which has been accomplished by the Pioneers in the State at large, we are confronted with no such

causes for criticism. It is written all over the vast domain in well tilled, fertile fields, in populous towns, in prosperous homes and happy households. They need no other epitaph or eulogy than these evidences of human progress afford. "Do you ask for their monument, look around you!"

Of the once mighty and invincible host comparatively few remain. The exhibition of the flag at half mast above "Pioneer Hall" with accelerating frequency, denotes the approach of the day when the name of every old Pioneer shall be but a memory. Looking backward over the work which they have accomplished, they console themselves with the thought that they have tried, as well as it was given them to know, to perform their full measure of public and private duty, and leave a fair legacy of good to mankind.

"Half mast the flag! The Pioneer is passing,
Uncover! Give him his well-earned salute!
You, who in thronged streets are daily massing,
Pay this small tribute to the lips now mute.
His race, now fairly won, his labors ended,
Your benediction he may surely crave.
Speak of his name with honor's token blended,
With grateful memories decorate his grave."

Willard B. Farwell.

A STUDY EN ROUTE.

I WOKE this morning on the western slope
Of blue Tehachapi.

The dawn was reddening as we reached the top
Of brown Tehachapi;

And as we hurried down the eastern slope
Of gray Tehachapi,

Night's shadows lay upon the cañoned sides
Of rough Tehachapi, —

But, oh the sudden glory of thy peaks,
Sun-crowned Tehachapi!

W. H. Anderson.



"WITH ITS PINNACLE HIGHER THAN THE USUAL STEEPLE."

SNOWSLIDES IN THE ROCKIES

A PERILOUS STUDY

THE Rocky Mountain region gives ample opportunity for studying some of nature's grandest works. To see them, the rugged mountaineer endures the hardest toil and passes through dangers of which the plainsman has little idea. In the heights of these ranges the snow is abundantly piled up in winter, either in gently falling flakes or driven with great force of wind to a resting spot, there to melt in summer and send pure streams of water into the valleys far below. In such localities the character and effects of snow-slides can be best observed and studied.

A real live snow-slide is not a pleasant thing to encounter, and the spectator, after a close view, prefers much to be at a respectful distance when one is in action. Then, again, they usually occur in anything but comfortable weather,—at the time when snow is falling the fastest, or else just after it has packed, and the atmosphere is in a melting mood, causing saturation and consequent increase of weight. After having seen slides coming thick and fast and heard their roar and crash, one never forgets the sight or the awe inspired by them.

It is much pleasanter in the summer season to study the remains of a snow-slide, with its mass of snow slowly melting and revealing in its debris evidences of its power as shown in rocks and trees

torn from the mountain's side and broken and mashed into unshapely masses. A few incidents will illustrate some special features of this high mountain region.

The slide I witnessed in the latter week in May a few years ago was so far out of the usual style of slides in the mountains of Idaho, that it will be well to mention it first. There is a road passing up Trail creek from Ketchum, thence over the Sawtooth range to the head waters of Big Lost river, making not only a steep climb, but a most interesting road, because of the grand scenery. It is a beautiful gulch with its small stream of clear, cool water, and the road following close to the stream, which has quite a heavy fall. Numerous side gulches enter, coming down from high and precipitous mountains on either side. One of these gulches begins well up toward the summit, some two thousand feet above the road. This gulch reaches in its descent to nearly the level of the Trail creek cañon in a distance of about two miles. Much of the upper part of this gulch becomes packed with snow, and remains there until late in the summer, melting more or less each day and hardening into ice each night. A mass of this snow, aggregating many thousand tons, started down the gulch about May 25th, and instead of rushing with great speed it moved slowly, being over a half hour making a run which a real lively slide in winter would make in about a minute. It crawled along like a glacier, curving here and there to keep in the trough of the gulch, moving slowly all the time without stopping. To the person witnessing this phenomenon, that great mass of snow looked like a huge white worm, crawling downward. It was estimated to be nearly a thousand feet long, fifty to seventy-five feet wide, and fifteen feet high in the center, with some less thickness towards the sides.

At the foot of the gulch quite a large delta has been built up, with the center with its water trough or creek bed in a direct line of the gulch, higher than the ground on either side.

One would suppose that such a great mass of snow would have kept in a straight line on reaching this delta, but it did not do so. The ground there had long been dry, except that the small stream of water from melting snow had spread out on each side, wetting the ground enough to act as a lubricant, and hence the snow divided about the center, one part striking off to the right at a sharp angle, then after going a hundred feet, turning again to the left, making an elbow, while the other part went off at a slight tangent and crooked around much like the crawling of a huge snake. This was a slide that any expert walker could outdistance in speed, and it was watched in its movements by men in summer dress, and yet if it had been in winter, with ground frozen and then coated with snow, which would have given it free passage with the least possible friction, it would have rushed onward until it struck the great hills on the opposite side and made them tremble with its mighty force, while it would have piled a barrier across the gulch, hundreds of feet long, wide, and high. After witnessing this exhibition, more powerful, grand, and wonderful, than I can describe, our stage sped on up the steep grade until we reached snow still on the grade. There we changed to a sleigh, and were soon where our progress was over snow drifted and piled to a depth of fifteen feet above the road. That came from the daily passing over the route during the winter, by the stage-line, which all the time was packing the snow as fast as it fell. As long as this kept frozen it was well enough, but the warm sun had softened it, and our horses at times went down



"LIKE A SHEPHERD'S CROOK."

with rather singular results. It started high up in the mountain and on reaching the gulch through which the road runs, filled it partly up, rushed on up the opposite side, forcing its way upward over fifty feet higher, in a distance of a few hundred feet, almost in a straight line, then swinging round to the left, made a half circle, and pushed forward parallel with the course of the initial slide, until it struck the steep mountain and passed upward some distance before it stopped. Its course as shown by the large trees, broken, torn up, and bent, would look much like a shepherd's crook.

In visiting the Yankee Fork country, Idaho, early in May, some years ago, I found an obstruction in the road which puzzled me for quite a while. The stage had been passing over a snow-slide, which had partly melted away and left the road so it required some shoveling before we could pass. Naturally the question, Where did it come from? The road there was on the right side of the creek and twenty feet above it. Everything showed that this snow with its many small trees, limbs, etc., had come from our left. Between the road and the opposite hills was a flat several hundred feet wide, densely covered with trees. None of these showed any signs of being torn and broken by snow-slides, and the question of the origin of this one remained a mystery, until we made a discovery, after several trips over the road. The mountain opposite where the slide was deposited, presented the appearance of a very steep hill with an even slope all the way. Fortunately, a view from a point half a mile down stream showed differently, and then the true situation was revealed. Up some five hundred feet above the creek was a bench or step one or two hundred feet wide, covered with small trees. Back of this, the hill extended some two or

to their bodies. Getting to the summit, at about ten thousand feet above the sea, we found the country yet covered four to six feet deep with snow. Fortunately, our road up there was clear. It was not strong arms with shovels that had cleared out the road, leaving sloping walls on each side four to six feet high like open cuts on railways, but silent agents had been called in to perform his labor. Charcoal dust or screenings had been sprinkled over the snow along the road, just where it was desired to have it cleared. The rays of the sun did the rest in melting the snow, the black dust acting only as an absorbent of heat to convey it to the snow, and thus the results were accomplished easily and at little cost.

The real winter snow-slide travels with almost lightning speed and is terrible to behold, especially if life and property are endangered. It was near the place of the cleaning out the road that a slide occurred a few years ago

three thousand feet higher, and it was far up its side that this slide started. On reaching the bench, its course was changed to run across this plateau, gathering up trees in its way, and then, on reaching the brink, it had momentum enough to jump over a thousand feet, and fall about the road five hundred feet lower. Think of the power that hurled hundreds of tons of snow in one mass through the air like this, and get some idea of what a lively snow-slide will sometimes do.

In a wild gulch of the Sawtooth range, amid dense timber, I once in midsummer passed over the remains of a slide, still five to twenty feet deep. One of its features was a tree which had been torn from its moorings on the side of the mountain. It grew where the slope was about forty degrees, as shown by the body of the tree and the roots and probably twenty tons of earth and rock still held together. The slide had struck the tree thirty feet up and where it was three feet through of solid pine. This great tree was snapped in twain, bringing the roots and top together, and remained in that position after being hurled thousands of feet down the slope of the mountain. This was in Lake Creek gulch, not far from where the trail zig-zags up the steep slope of the Sawtooth range. It is a hard, tedious climb, but the



"CARPETED WITH GRASS AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS."

searcher after the grand is amply repaid for the labor.

The summit at this point is under cover of snow at all seasons of the year, except a few weeks in the latter part of summer. My last visit was on the 25th and 27th of June in making a round trip. The trail on the western slope passes through the center of a basin, one mile wide and three long. It is like a huge oblong pickle dish with one end raised, the sides representing the rim of this basin in high mountains, which in winter shed their snow in slides or drifts, until the basin is covered from a foot up to fifteen or twenty feet deep, even as late as the date of my visit. To go through this in daylight, one must get started before the sun has softened the snow, which is congealed or hardened every night.

I had often wondered how pine, cedar, and fir trees gained their footing so far up as to be always surrounded by snow,



"JUMPED ACROSS THE GULCH FAR ABOVE THE TREES."

and when seen at a distance, to present the appearance of growing through snow. Here I found a solution. On all mountain peaks, there may be seasons when the snow is all melted away. Such a season gives an opportunity for the hardy seed and plant to get growth. When snow falls the plant (in fact any object) becomes a wind-break, causing the snow to be wafted from immediately around it, thus leaving a circular place almost free from snow.

When spring comes, nature has another beautiful plan to protect and give life and growth to the plant or tree. The boughs absorb the rays of the sun, and the tree itself conducts the heat to the soil beneath, and soon the snow is melted away,—the circle is all the time enlarged by this heat absorption and conduction, until there is a large circle carpeted with grass and succulent flowers. I gathered flowers in such circles, with a tree as a central point, the circle being eight to twelve feet in diameter, while the wall of snow was two to three feet deep. This was at an elevation of over eleven thousand feet above sea level, and yet there was timber far above this.

The lower end of this basin narrows down to a small space, hemmed in by high mountains on each side. Here the winter winds drift snow up the cañon and down through the basin, the two opposite currents depositing their burdens in this "neck," while the slides from either side helped to fill up, until there was a ridge of snow and ice nearly a hundred feet high to cross over. Beneath this the water tunneled its way, and came to the surface a half mile down the cañon, making a creek thirty feet wide and two feet deep. This cañon extends ten miles to its confluence with the Middle Boise river, and a more romantic spot is seldom seen. The walls of the cañon rise perpendicular, almost, for hundreds of feet,

to a narrow table, back of which the mountains rise a thousand feet higher. In these last days of June, the melting snows sent a dozen streams to the brink of the high table, there to fall to the bottom of the cañon in beautiful cascades of one to five hundred feet in height. In the cañon, although with snow so near, vegetation grew luxuriantly, bees gathered honey, and insects abounded in great numbers. Down the cañon the trail continued, first on one and then on the other side of the creek. At this season of the year to cross the stream with abrupt shores and rushing current would have been difficult, had not the winter winds piled the snow drifts here and there across the creek, which drifts had afterwards been tunneled by streams still and remained excellent bridges. I crossed six such snow bridges on each of the two days I passed over the trail, and they appeared to be much firmer than wooden structures on our common roads.

This may be something of a digression in an article on snow-slides, but it is of a country where snow-slides are very common. Some years ago a friend of the writer spent a winter at Sawtooth City, near the place I have been writing about. He had little to do, except to watch the weather and see the snow come down. In seventy-six days the sun was visible but twice, and there were fifty-six days in which the sun was continuously obscured. Daily he registered the snow-fall, and footing it up under the standard measurement, he found that the snow had fallen to a depth of ninety-two feet and packed to ten feet, five inches. The sun then came out brightly, was greeted with cheers, and my friend mounted his snow-shoes and left the country, preferring not to remain and see the several feet of snow that fell later. That year there were not many snow-slides in the district, and it is not always the amount

of snow that governs the number and extent of snow-slides, in fact, there appears to be no positive rule which enables persons to tell beforehand when and where slides will occur. That locality is at the very head of Salmon river which runs north and west and empties its waters into Snake river to reach the Pacific ocean via the Columbia. Severe in cold and snow as it is in winter, it is a most delightful place to visit in the months of July and August, when the landscape is most beautiful with grasses and flowers and the streams and lakes are filled with fish. While the days are warm and genial overcoats, winter clothing, and a good fire, add to the comfort of the visitor.

The localities known as the Cottonwoods,— Little and Big Cottonwood cañons,— Utah, have been scenes of many snow-slides, and great loss of life. These are in the Wasatch mountains, a few miles south of Salt Lake city. Little Cottonwood is the home of the Emma, Flagstaff, and other once well known great mines. The steep sides of the gulch, once covered densely with trees, were stripped of timber for mining purposes, leaving the ground in condition for snow-slides. During the past twenty-five years many slides have occurred in this cañon in which about one hundred and seventy-five persons have been killed, the bodies of men generally not being found until the sun melted away the snow, several months afterward.

At times, whole families have been caught in the avalanches, and either killed outright, or imprisoned for the time. In these scenes of destruction and death, there have been exhibited acts of bravery and heroism on the part of rescuers, which if fully described would appear more thrilling than any fiction. A tramway runs up this cañon a distance of eight miles, twisting here and there along

the side of the mountain, and rising with an average grade of about four hundred feet to the mile. This road was once covered about one half the distance with snow-sheds, but these have been nearly all swept away, and the tramway is now only used as a summer road. Snow falls at Alta, the town at the upper end, to a depth of ten or fifteen feet each winter, and remains till it melts away late in the summer. It is one of many similar mining camps of the West, where men risk their lives, year after year delving in the hills for silver and gold. In this occupation they brave danger all the time, and yet they live above fear. Such is the heroic life of the Western miner. Park City, the home of the great Ontario and other big mines, lying a few miles east of Alta, has had many slides in that great mining district, the aggregate mortality from them being quite large.

In Big Cottonwood cañon a singular effect was produced by snow-slides some years ago. I put this in the plural because the effect could not have been produced by a single slide. At the scene of the incident, the gulch is five hundred feet wide, with the road located about the center. Two slides apparently started at the same time from the opposite slopes, and rushing towards each other, met about central in the gulch. This resulted in blocking the road, and piling up a mass of thousands of tons of snow. This was not piled in the usual manner in which we find a slide which has spent its force and stopped, but it was as if two bodies of snow, eight or ten feet thick, two hundred feet wide, and five hundred feet long, had come together—real headers—with such force as to compact into ice, and forcing upwards until it left a great iceberg rising like a mammoth church building with its pinnacles higher than the usual steeple. It took months of warm air and direct rays of the sun to

melt this huge mass of snow-ice away. A new wagon road had to be built around it.

Snow piled on the mountain side is treacherous. A misstep may hurl the pedestrian hundreds of feet below, while a pebble, a concussion, or some trivial thing, may start a slide to shoot off so rapidly that at short range, the eye has to be quick to keep up with it. When on its path, the front, while gathering substance, is all the time becoming compact by the forces behind, and the speed is constantly gaining, until by a change of grade, or other obstruction, its momentum is exhausted. Another power to set snow sliding, is that of masses falling from a summit where it has "combed" over. Where mountains gradually slope up to the summit on one side, and break off abruptly on the other, the prevailing wind-currents carry the snow to the summit, and there it becomes compacted on the reverse side, often extending out many feet in a hanging position and forming into masses of hundreds of tons, which may break off by its own weight and go far down the slope. Mountaineers learn to keep on the safe side whenever they think danger is imminent, and yet it is nearly always a risk to pass over snow lying on slopes above thirty degrees inclination. Still there are times when they do not fear such as slope below forty-five.

Cases have been common where heavy ore teams have been caught by slides and hurled down the slope hundreds of feet, breaking the wagons and killing horses and men. To such death does not always come with broken limbs and mangled bodies; but more frequently through pressure and shutting off air from the lungs of victims from snow being packed closely around them. Men have been taken out dead from so near the surface as to have a hand or foot ex-

posed above the snow, while their bodies showed no sign of bruises or other injuries. It is probable some such victims died as much from fright as from other cause, since to be caught in a flying slide must be as frightful a thing as man can encounter.

There is not much difference between an avalanche of snow and one of earth, except that the former runs faster and farther. I have never seen earth running up hill as the snow in some of the incidents here named, neither have I seen any that moved very far. Once I encountered a landslide where a thousand tons of rock came down a narrow gulch and piled up ten feet high on the wagon road at the bottom. Had it been snow, instead of rock and earth, and that in the winter season, it would have shot clear across the Salmon river, and landed on the reverse slope, three or four hundred feet from where the landslide stopped, because it was not lubricated to go farther.

Landslides in the Rocky Mountain region, while interesting, present some features not usual with earth avalanches in countries where there is much rain. In the latter, the avalanche is started and gains its action through excess of moisture, either from melting snow or rain, which adds to the weight of the mass, while it makes soft, ready for running, and then gravity does the rest. In the Rocky mountains, landslides are less frequent from great saturation. Here the hillsides become parched and thoroughly dry, because of the atmosphere being almost free from humidity. It is when in such condition, that a sudden surface wetting sends a great mass to the base of the hill, leaving its path still dry.

The railway through Weber cañon, Utah, is largely cut into the sides of high slopes having an angle of about forty-five degrees. Portions of the hill are covered

with broken or "slide rock" in small fragments. Some years ago, a gentle falling rain saturated the hill to a few inches in depth. This started a slide towards the foot of the mountain, and it went with such force as to take out fourteen freight cars from a passing train, and send them into the gulch below. This was about the width of one slide, while others ran ahead of the engine, and behind the caboose, completely blocking them in until the masses of earth could be removed. Had the mountain-side contained the amount of moisture usual in other localities, these slides would not have occurred with so small a

fall of rain. Occasionally we have an exhibit of the power of water to tear great stones and tons of earth and gravel from the sides of mountains and send them down to the valley below in a rolling mass of mud, rock, and timber, sweeping everything along and cutting great gullies in its course. These are the effects of cloudbursts, really the most destructive of our mountain phenomena outside of snowslides; but they are not so common as the latter. Being generally away from habitation, their chief damage is in covering many acres of neighboring ranches with debris.

J. M. Goodwin.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF SAN FRANCISCO¹

BY J. H. STALLARD, M. B., LONDON, FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD, LONDON, ENGLAND, ONE OF THE SANITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE LONDON "LANCET," AND NOW FOR SOME YEARS A CITIZEN OF CALIFORNIA.

IV.



THE *subordination of the municipal to the State government* is the last American peculiarity to which attention must be drawn. The Hon. Seth Low states that nearly half his time as mayor of Brooklyn was taken up in counteracting the evil influence of the State government and that good measures were enacted with considerable difficulty, and Mayor Phelan has the same experience in San Francisco. In some States and with respect to some cities this subordination has been greatly modified, but without resulting in any marked improvement in the city governments, because the hiatus between the taxing and executive functions has not been closed. The city of San Francisco is still in the

leading strings of State control. The governor appoints the principal commissioners and the city council is unable to open a market or make equitable arrangements for the paving of the streets without the assistance of the State Legislature. The supervisors can neither create an office nor increase a salary without permission of their masters. Not a year passes without some legislative alteration of the charter, until there is no telling what the charter is. To obtain the authority to assume some new duty or to build a hospital is quite a complicated process. First the approval and co-operation of the San Francisco delegation has to be secured, and this is determined mainly by political considerations, such as, Will there be new offices to be used as "spoils"? Will more money be spent? Will any political interests be served? Even then the delegation has of itself no power.

¹Continued from January number.

The great majority of assemblymen and senators represent the country districts and have no special interest in the city's welfare. The delegation has therefore to make a bargain for their votes. One helps the other to obtain the wished for legislation irrespective of the merits of the case. This bargain degrades the character of legislation ; for all sound legislation needs to be made by representatives of the interests concerned. It opens the door to every kind of jobbery especially when the vital interests of large cities are involved. From all such methods municipal governments require complete emancipation. Legislation to raise money and to create new offices is always popular with political assemblies, especially when the parties to be taxed are absent and the control of appointment and expenditure is confided to commissioners in no way related to those who find the coin. It is proposed, for example, to authorize the harbor commissioners to raise and spend a million dollars which will be collected from the merchants of the port and will be spent without reference to their advice and interest. A bill has also been introduced to increase the salaries of the police and other officers of San Francisco, and it has passed in spite of the opposition of the mayor and citizens. On the other hand a proposal to reduce the street car fares for the accommodation of the workmen, which the city government has no power to alter, has been rejected under corporation influence. Nor is there a proper estimate of the impotence of simple law to control the corporations. When a Napoleonic government like that of Paris contributes one half of all the municipal expenditure, and maintains its authority by the presence of a hundred thousand soldiers, there is no difficulty in controlling corporations. The government simply keeps the books, settles the rates, and orders the division of profits as it likes. But without the army and police the municipal government of Paris would not last a week ; for its taxes are exorbitant and the citizens have no control of the expenditure, in fact the government is hated by the common people.

But in Washington, District of Columbia, without a military garrison, the united powers of Congress and the President fail to protect the citizens from corporate

rapacity. This city is sometimes quoted as the best example of American city government, and it is certainly unique. It replaced one conspicuous for malfeasance and corruption, and to outward appearances it is now a great success. There is no dishonesty, and no corruption. The streets are well paved, clean, and well lighted ; the police, efficient ; and the sanitation, perfect. But the citizens are subject to what is euphemistically called "their constitutional relation to the national government," which means that they are totally deprived of all their privileges as citizens and are left without a voice in the management of their own affairs. Congress undertakes to do all their legislation and the President commits the expenditure to three tyrannical commissioners,—of course with the usual result. Mr. Siddons states that "The system of taxation is antiquated, oppressive, and unjust, that the rich are relieved and the poor oppressed, that the corporations escape with little or no taxation, that the street franchises have been given away, and that it would be difficult to find a city in the country where corporate aggression is held in less check than in the national capital." The citizens thus find good administration dear at the sacrifice of their inalienable rights to control the expenditure of their own money. Washington, instead of being a model for imitation, presents the most remarkable anomaly of a pure tyranny established by a republican government over what should be a free community.

In America simple legislation has uniformly failed to protect the public against corporate aggression. It has had, as yet, no effect upon the trusts. Interstate commissioners cannot control interstate commerce ; State railroad commissioners are paralyzed either by bribery or law. Even in England mere legislation also fails. The London county council has tried in vain to make terms with the powerful water companies, and has come to the conclusion that business corporations are only amenable to business considerations, of which competition is the chief,—the council is seeking power to construct an independent water system, when assuredly the corporations will be brought to terms. The construction of the valley railroad accomplished more in one week

than legislation did in twenty years, in lowering fares and freights in the San Joaquin valley.

It is by this means alone that the municipal governments of England and Italy have been able to control and reduce the water rates, the gas rates, and the street car fares. In San Francisco and indeed in every place in California supplied by water companies, water costs the humble class of citizens more than bread, and it is no wonder that a petition for a reduction of the water rates has been signed by more than twenty thousand citizens. But with all the efforts of an honest board of supervisors armed with all the authority the State can give them, it is more than doubtful if the expectations of the citizens will be fully realized. Twenty years ago I made a suggestion which seemed to meet the difficulty and may be repeated now. It was that the supervisors should be authorized to purchase by condemnation and arbitration two fifths of the stock held by the Spring Valley shareholders and so acquire the right to elect a like proportion of directors. The city government would thus acquire full knowledge of all the transactions of the company and sufficient power to protect the citizens from wrong. And on the other hand, the larger interest of the private stockholders would secure economy and honest management, and constitute a powerful check on the city's representatives. In any case, the citizens would share the advantages of investments made by the company to protect their own monopoly and also two fifths of the profits of excessive rates. This proposition was made under the conviction that the sole management of city water works could not safely be entrusted to the board of supervisors in its present form. The true remedy, however, is only to be found in the election of a wisely constructed representative council entrusted with sufficient power to control all utilities either by lease, purchase, or independent construction, as may be considered best.

The relation between the municipal and national governments of England and Italy is best studied in connection with their history. Under the ancient rotten boroughs of England, the mayor and alder-

men were gentlemen at ease, of far more ornament than use. They attended public functions in their robes of office, and the golden mace was carried in state before them. They ate their weekly suppers at the public cost, and the mayor's feast was the orgy of the year. There was no police force to manage, one or two constables did all the work by day, and a few night watchmen dozed in their boxes on the streets and called out the hours of the night. There were no sewers to construct or flush, and for many years house drains were forbidden by the law. There were no gas and water companies to bother them and no street cars. No health department,—nuisances were unappreciated because so universal. Household garbage was thrown into an open gutter in the middle of the street, and the removal of every kind of filth was the occupation of private scavengers. The chief business of the mayor and aldermen was to act as magistrates and punish small offenses, and to maintain their own political supremacy by admitting to the franchise only citizens of the proper faith. Under the reformed system all this was changed. First the municipal councils were authorized to appoint and control police; next, to undertake the registration of births, deaths, and marriages; soon after, to organize a health department and to construct sewers and cemeteries. As collective wants increased, applications were made to Parliament for additional power, for without the consent of Parliament nothing could be done. To obtain Parliamentary authority was then both difficult and costly. The city of Dublin, for example, found that the introduction of water works had converted the river Liffey into an offensive open cesspool. Plans and estimates were prepared for the construction of intercepting sewers. The Lord Mayor, the city clerk, more than half the councilors, many of the leading citizens, with a staff of engineers and contractors, were transferred to London. Parliamentary lawyers were retained at an enormous cost, all necessary to overcome the objections of a few interested parties and the prejudices of the half-educated members of the legislature. After six weeks of inquiry the corporation was authorized to build the sewers. Almost as much money

was spent as would have sewered the city. Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, had similar experiences and their perseverance and success afford the best evidence in favor of the education of the citizens in collective work and in the untrammelled management of their own affairs. After fifty years of struggle the municipal government of English cities was practically complete, and to-day there is scarcely a public utility which cannot be administered by them to the satisfaction of the people.

The history of Italian city governments is still more instructive. A commission of distinguished statesmen made an exhaustive inquiry into municipal institutions of every kind and in every country, and after mature deliberation came to the conclusion that cities must be governed by elected councils endowed with large and undivided powers, and as a result Italian municipal governments are not trammelled by officers elected by the people or commissioners appointed by the State. The mayors have no veto. Appeals to the legislature are not required. Authority was not doled out to them bit by bit, but given all at once. They have adequate power to reconstruct their cities, to improve their ports and harbors, to establish schools, to organize a registration office and a sanitary staff, to manage hospitals and other public institutions, to purchase, lease, or construct, water works, gas works, electrical works, street car lines, markets, cemeteries, and other public utilities, and in less than nine years, citizens who were totally inexperienced in self-government, but had suffered from ages of misrule under officers appointed by the crown, have most successfully accomplished a peaceful revolution, and have built up municipal institutions which ought to make Americans blush with shame. Surely such a lesson ought not to be disregarded by the citizens of San Francisco.

Undivided corporate authority and responsibility in the form of an elected council is thus established as the only sound principle of municipal government. It is the only true exponent of the American idea of a government deriving all its powers directly from the people. These powers are delegated to and centered in a single body, accountable to the citizens for the

administration of their individual and collective wants as citizens and for the protection of all their interests. It is constructed on the model of all business corporations. It depends for good administration on the power of the purse, by which it is enabled to command the services and control the conduct of the most skillful and competent officials, from the heads of all departments down to the lowest rank and file. Nowhere in the world has this form of council government, under any kind of franchise or any method of election, failed to secure the services of honorable men to do honest and honorable work, without any necessity for checks and balances or the assistance of outside commissioners endowed with discretionary power. It is so completely flexible and expansive as to adapt itself to every phase of civic business. No duty is too insignificant to escape its supervision, and no transactions are too large and complicated to be beyond its successful management. It sweeps the streets and clears away the slums. It builds a Thames embankment or a ship canal. It provides cheap light and water for the humblest homes. Under its direction the evils of overcrowded cities are being steadily reduced and thousands of working men are transported daily to suburban dwellings. It provides schools and playgrounds for the children, gymnasiums for the young, and art galleries, libraries, and parks, for all. It builds lodging houses for the destitute, baths and laundries for all who want them, and hospitals for the isolation of contagious maladies and the treatment of disease and injuries. These and a hundred other duties have been accomplished without a breath of scandal or the shadow of a shame. Under its administration the right to live has been extended and the pursuit of happiness been made a possibility to millions. This form of municipal government is accepted in the greater part of Europe, in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Canada, and it is repudiated only in the United States, where it has never yet been tried in any city, and where it is replaced by a system which can present no such record of success. There never has been in America a council untrammelled by the veto of the mayor, and the interference of other officers elected by the people, because all

the early charters were constructed on the model of the national government, and it is not surprising that there is no sense of the importance of a unified central administration, directly accountable to the people who elected its members. In the failure that arose from this want, it was quite natural to yield to the temptation to create separate boards and commissions for every undertaking. But we have seen that no reliance can be placed upon the discretionary power of individuals not supported by and responsible to corporate authority, and that individual power and authority can never cease to be liable to individual prejudices, interests, and weaknesses, under which public interests will certainly succumb.

Mr. Albert Shaw, however, has never ceased to press the subject of council government and the great value of supervision and control by committees on the attention of Americans. He describes, for example, the conclusions of the royal commission on the government of Greater London, for the express purpose of instructing the commissioners appointed for the same purpose in Greater New York, and he says those conclusions are not only statesmanlike, but a valuable contribution to the science of municipal government in all large cities. But his efforts have been completely thrown away, and the New York commissioners have again curtailed the power of the council and have simply set forth a new edition of commission government, which in every form and modification and in every city has proved a lamentable failure. It will be instructive to examine briefly the two proposals.

The English commissioners state that all the evidence taken confirms their own opinion that:—

The government of London must be entrusted to one body, exercising certain functions throughout the whole area covered by the name, and to a number of local bodies, exercising certain other functions within the local areas which collectively make up London, the central body and the local bodies deriving their authority as representative bodies by direct election, and the functions of each being determined so as to secure complete independence and responsibility to every member of the system.

One great independent central council which elects the Lord Mayor without even the power of the veto; thirty local coun-

cils, each with a mayor, also without a veto, but independent and responsible for the administration of their local needs. There are absolutely no restrictions on their power, except that none will have the right to alienate the public property nor to create a debt without the approval of the national government. The only commission now existing is only named to be abolished, and no power or authority will be conferred upon a single individual which the councils do not give and cannot take away. These councils in their respective spheres of action will originate and control all legislation, will impose and collect the taxes, and will be responsible for the appointment, salary, promotion, and conduct of every official necessary. This is practically complete home rule; for there is no subordination to any other power but Parliament, which in order for successful interference with the wishes of the people must resort to force.

What a contrast this to the complicated charter proposed to be adopted for Greater New York. Instead of thirty councils there are to be fifty commissioners appointed by the mayor,—fifty individuals entrusted with the appointment of all subordinates and with discretionary powers restricted only by the conditions named in the charter, in which every detail of their duty is given in express terms so that nothing may pass by bare inference. Some commissioners are even absolved from all personal liability for doing wrong, provided they have acted in good faith, and most of them are instructed to fit up their offices, and to make incidental and additional expenditures with due regard to economy,—whatever that may mean. The board of health is empowered to subpoena witnesses, take evidence on oath, engage suitable persons to render sanitary and engineering services or investigations requiring engineering skill, and they are empowered to make and alter by-laws and enforce them without any reference to the council. It seems utterly absurd to suppose that individuals with so much discretionary power will not abuse their trust, and as they are all appointed for a definite term of office, the mayor will find it practically impossible to substantiate their malfeasance before that term expires. Indeed, the probability of

malfeasance is inferred, for the whole document consists of devices to limit the extent to which dishonesty and ignorance can be productive of evil.

It is quite in conformity with American practise to give the mayor supervisory control over the various executive departments and an enlarged veto upon the acts of the municipal assembly,—an arrangement which secures a division of responsibility and inefficient government,—but the appointing power is justified by an appeal to the experience of American cities, which with one accord attest its wisdom. But the experience of American cities can scarcely be taken as a test of wisdom and is far more trustworthy as a test of warning; for not one of them can boast of continuous success. The best mayors will surely make mistakes, and as it is always easier to appoint than to remove, a bad official may inflict irreparable mischief before he is dismissed. It requires the same sort of wisdom to make good appointments as it does to make good laws, and for both corporate wisdom is better than that of individuals.

Space will not permit a description of the emasculated council, which is denied the right to initiate new laws, and which depends upon the information supplied by the mayor and other commissioners to whom the Assembly is subordinate; but the whole charter may be fitly described as a machine for the diffusion of irresponsibility and for the division of responsibility into morsels too small to be seen by the most searching microscope.

This charter not only disregards the sound principles of municipal government, but it suggests no remedies whatever for

the most glaring defects in the existing system. It offers no change in the construction of the register of citizens and no improvement in the method of election with the object of securing a more faithful representation of the citizens. It does not remove the city from State control. It ignores the rights of the people to the initiative and referendum. It does not provide for any authority to alter the incidence of taxation. It contains within itself no flexibility nor power of expansion. It surrounds the offices of assemblymen and aldermen with checks which imply dishonesty, and so secures the election of dishonest men. And it may be safely predicted that corruption and malfeasance will continue to flourish under the ægis of an autocratic mayor and that before long a radical reform will be demanded by the citizens. It would be far wiser to withdraw this remarkable attempt at charter-making and to submit the construction to a commission of experienced statesmen under the presidency of a specialist like Mr. Alfred Shaw.

J. H. Stallard.¹

¹ Remarks recently made by the San Francisco *Examiner* on home rule for counties deserve the special attention of the citizens of San Francisco. I have taken the liberty of annotating it.

"In the greater part of the legislation for counties [San Francisco] the legislature is dealing with local and not with State interests. This is a vicious system. At best it imposes a great deal of vexatious work on the legislature. At its worst it imposes a lot of "jobs" [increased salaries, etc.] on the people of the counties [citizens of San Francisco]. The greater part [all] of the work of county [city] legislation should be done by the people of the counties themselves [citizens of San Francisco]. They [the citizens of San Francisco] should have power to frame [and after] their own government, name their own officers, and fix the salaries to be paid to them, and the powers they will be permitted to exercise. The people [citizens of San Francisco] should have the right to govern themselves without running to Sacramento for petty details."

This would be a sound basis for municipal reform and the *Examiner* is to be congratulated on this new departure.

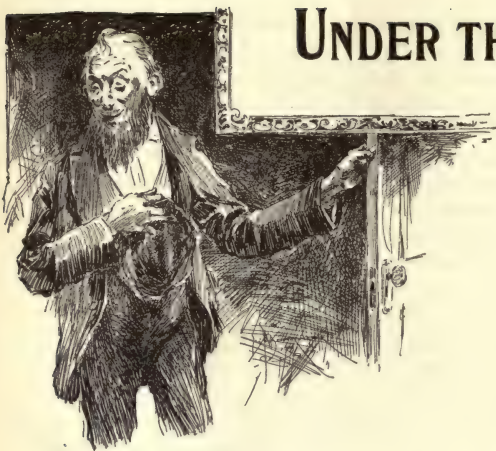
J. H. S.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

WE ASK WE KNOW NOT WHAT.

WE ASK we know not what,
And when denied,
We rail at fate,
Who to our souls hath lied!

Harriet Winthrop Waring.



UNDER THE HEADIN' OF THRUTH.

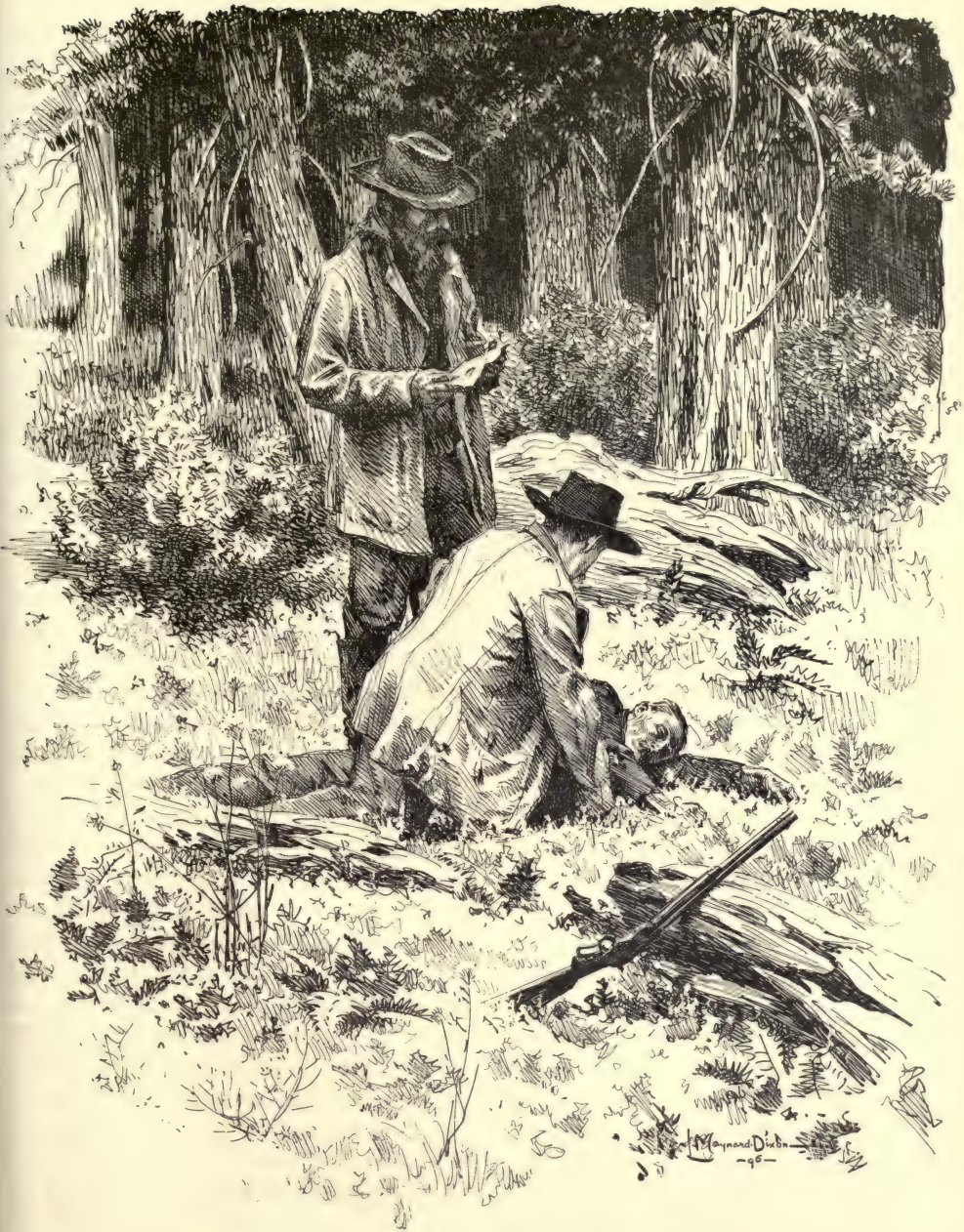
VIII. MR. CUSACK HEARS BOOM STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY.

"I SEE," remarked Mr. Cusack, as he straightened his leg out carefully in front of him at an angle of forty-five degrees, and laid his stick alongside it with mathematical precision, "I see by the papers that they have loaded the Puget Sound Steel Works onto the cars and taken thim back to Canada. Thim Steel Works wor a sthrong bluff, an' they worked it on the byes like a daisy. Who wud have belaved, now, they wud have taken all that throuble, an' spint all that money, just to make a rale estate dale? But I suppose 't was necessary. The suckers has been bit so often that it takes considerable of a bait now to tole 'em up to the slaughter-house. But they worked it!" And Mr. Cusack chuckled retrospectively. "The nice planked sthreet up from the water's edge, an' the fine brick block; an' the hotel; an' the electric lights! O, it was a great schame!" And again Mr. Cusack chuckled admiringly.

"Yes, it was a great scheme," said the Colonel grimly. "The woods of this part of the world are full of great schemes on the same lines. And a few years from now the hottest pit of Tophet will be full of the men who engineered them." He balanced his cigar carefully on the edge of "Kerr on Fraud," and continued, "Let me tell you of a scheme down

Hood's Canal way. First, the Financiers (when you spell it that way, with a big F, it keeps them out of the penitentiary, you know) went down and discovered a mine somewhere back in the Olympics, A copper mine, or a tin mine, an iron, lead, or coal one. Lord knows what kind of a mine it was. It does n't matter. One did as well as the other. And then they had a water power. There was no doubt about the water power, for they had a stream coming down a gorge in the mountains in leaps and bounds for three or four miles. It was a most picturesque spot; and it was to be a great summer resort. No end to the wonderful capacities of that place! Fishing and mining, scenery and smelting, commerce and moonlight water picnics, all to be going on at once. Well, they built a long wharf and blasted out a terrace along the foot of the cliff, and built a hotel, and put up a real estate sign fifty feet long on the end of the wharf. Then while the suckers were nibbling, they chopped down a few of the big trees on the town lots, and graded half a mile of road back in the direction of the "mines," and began squaring and chipping granite bowlders for the foundations of the court house and post office and bank. The stone hammers and axes made a great noise among the everlasting hills; the hotel was crowded, and 'city lots' on the face of the cliff went off like hot cakes. Half a dozen confiding souls put up cottages on their perpendicular holdings and fenced them in and prepared to raise garden sass for the miners and



" HE SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN DEAD A GOOD WHILE."

merchants, the smelters and city officials, who were to arrive in the immediate future. When I saw the place for the first time, a couple of years afterwards, the real estate sign still faced the tranquil canal; the hotel was boarded up; the

nicely dressed granite blocks were lying about on the only little bit of level space the 'town' possessed; and the embryo road to the 'mines' was overgrown with brakes and sallal scrub. And on the biggest of the granite corner stones some

disgusted boomer had painted in big black letters : —

“ ‘ Whoop-la-set-em-up-again Im-
provement Company.

Five billion dollars capital.

Pres., I. C. U.

Sec., U. C. ME.

Town lots for sale cheap! Buildings thrown in! Discount on dressed granite to cemetery associations! ’

“ We thought the place entirely deserted, but as we wandered along the terrace, a couple of wild-eyed, half-clad children ran across in front of us and hid like quail ; and in one of the cottages a woman regarded us from the doorway, with a baby on her arm.

“ ‘ What in the world can people find here to make a living out of ? ’ said my friend, and we passed on and thought no more about it.

“ We were on a hunting trip, and a week afterward, on the trail to Quilcene, we found the remains of a man. He seemed to have been dead a good while. We looked him over to find out what we could about him. Evidently, he had killed himself. His shoes were worn to the uppers ; he had not a cent on him, or a valuable of any kind save a cheap revolver with which he had made an ending. We found on him a scrap of paper addressed to his wife at ‘ Whoop-la-set-em-up-again falls. ’ My friend and I looked at one another.

“ ‘ Can that be the woman with the baby ? ’ we said, each to the other.

“ I opened the scrap and read it. It was well written and spelled, and amounted to this,—I may not have the exact words : —

“ DEAR WIFE :—It has rained all the time since I left. I am wet to the skin and feel some fever is coming on me. My feet are so sore they will not carry me farther. I have had nothing to eat for three days except the wild berries. I can not get work any where. People call me a tramp and turn me away. It is no use for me to come

back to you. I should be only one more mouth to fill at the expense of you and the kids. If I could get to Seattle, I would hunt up some one of the fellows that let me into that Whoop-la game, and take him to hell with me. But I can ’t so I may as well end it right here. Somebody will find my corpse before long, and then they will look after you, which they will never do while I am alive. Goodby my darlings, all and every one. ’

“ Well, we tramped a day’s journey back to the falls. Every thing was still as death ; we pried, and peeked, and hollered. Finally, up from the water’s edge crawled a tottering, skinny little object that under happier circumstances might have been a boy of nine or ten. When we gave him a hard tack he devoured it like a wild beast. Bit by bit we got his story out of him.

“ Three months ago his father had gone to look for work ; there was some flour and molasses in the house, and they had a little pig that papa killed and dressed before he left ; then there were the chickens. Mamma was very careful, and only gave them just enough to eat every day. But papa never came back ; and it rained all the time, and the chickens would not lay ; and finally they killed them one by one to eat. When the berries came they did very well ; there were lots of blackberries and huckleberries and sallal berries ; and they caught fish and dug clams. But Sissy got pains in her bones being out in the wet so much hunting for berries ; and the baby cried all the time and mamma had nothing to give it to eat. And mamma used to stand at the door or the window half the day and look and look and look. ‘ And sometimes she would laugh out loud, and look at Sissy and me so funny that we were frightened and hid away. ’

“ ‘ Fancy, it, Con, fancy it ! ’ cried the Colonel, breaking in on his narration. “ You know what these Northern woods are. Not like the Californian forests with sunshine sifting in, and vocal with

birds, and alive with chipmunks and squirrels, but matted with undergrowth, dark with moisture, and black and silent as the tomb, nothing stirring but some grub in the rotten wood. And rain, rain, rain. No wonder the woman went out of her mind. For she did; the very day after we passed she said she would take the children out for a walk. Delighted with this little break in the monotony of their lives, they went along the path up to the falls, extracting happiness out of the watery sunshine, and making mirth for themselves as only children can. And their mother laughed and chattered with them. Even the baby forgot to wail.

"They played around for a while in the open space at the foot of the falls; then their mother, who was standing looking down into the pool, called them to her.

"See there!" she said, pointing, and as they bent to look, she pushed Sissy in, right in the deepest place, where the downpouring water beat her under like a pile driver. He showed us the spot. And while he stood, stunned, uncomprehending the disaster, the despairing woman threw the baby in also, a further sacrifice to the Moloch of human greed. But when she turned to him, he escaped her and fled up the rocks beside the fall with the

agility of terror. Then she laughed and jumped in herself.

"I suppose, Cusack, your friends the Financiers made considerable money out of their traffic in human hearts and hopes, but I'd rather stay poor as I am, Con, than be the one of them to meet that family quartette before the judgment seat."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Cusack pensively, "if the Thayosophists do be right, it will take a dale of hammerin', and rollin', and pulverizin', for some folks in the 'mills of the gods,' wherever they do be, to set that matther right. But," he added, rising to the occasion, "the responsibility does not rist with us, Colonel. It do be the Easterners themselves that manipulates the booms and gets their own townspeople into them. It's Eastern methods completely, Colonel, for all the West gets the credit av them.

"Well, I must be going. I hope yes will win yer case, Colonel; but I am a little afraid av it, under the headin' av thruth. The boys that sits on the juries these hard times is not there for their health intirely, Colonel. I think the other side has a little the best av ye wid that jury.

"Good mornin', Judge and Misther Crandall. Good luck to ye, Colonel."

Batterman Lindsay.

FOR A LOVING CUP

TODAY is ours,—this moment, all we know.

So quaff its cup of joy kind Fates bestow.

The sparkling bubbles sip with keen delight,

Leave Father Time the lees, and so — good-night.

Ella M. Sexton.



THE BELL BOYS.

A STUDY IN CALIFORNIA HOTEL MANAGEMENT

A LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES



THE February number of a leading New York magazine contained an article on the conduct of a great hotel, which revealed the marvelous system into which the running of a modern hostelry has developed. It occurred to me on reading it to wonder if any hotel in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast could approach in magnitude and system the unseen workings of this New

York establishment, and a consideration of the matter led to the choosing of a particular hotel as most likely to bear the comparison. A thorough inspection ver-

ified the impression that California, whose greatest boast has been her hospitality to visitors, had in this particular matter of hotel management much to be proud of. The result of this investigation is the present article, which in covering a field so similar to that of the paper mentioned must of necessity treat of much the same matter, but, it is hoped, with enough in the way of addition and expansion to make a place for itself even with those who have read the former article.

A well known local economist lately made the statement, that if the same business principles could be applied to the conduct of municipal affairs which govern the management of the best hotels, the tax rate could be lowered one half and the city receive a service not now dreamt of.



AUDITOR'S OFFICE.

I doubt in saying it whether he had anything more definite in mind, than a general protest against the carelessness and incompetence of public office holders. But the parallel had an exactness none the less striking because he failed to bring it out.

A grand hotel is really a government in itself. Its citizens are of every trade and profession, and its public officers as varied in character and as absolute in power as those of the larger municipality in which it stands. It is really not a small town, for in the busy season, counting guests and employees, there are often sixteen hundred people under its roof.

It is necessary to go beneath the surface, however, to find out these things, for even things easy to be seen are apt to escape notice. The pleased guest does not note that the place is immaculately clean; that the furnishings harmonize unobtrusively; that there is not a ravel of fringe or tear of fabric in the upholstery; and that the fire is lit and a conscious air of

comfort over everything. If it were wanting in any detail he would notice it in a minute. But perfection he accepts without a thought of the wonderful business judgment that has been exercised in rounding it into completeness. A man, for example, who loses a letter addressed to him at a hotel, or who fails to receive promptly a telegram, has a grievance against the management which he is apt to express pretty emphatically. He never thinks, however, when no such slip occurs of the infinite patience and constant thoughtfulness required, and constantly bestowed, to create that state of things. With a thousand rooms many of them occupied by inhabitants that change every day of two, and all of them receiving letters and telegrams continually, how many messengers, think you, must give their entire time to this special delivery in order that there may be no complaints? Telegrams, when the persons to whom they are sent are not in their rooms, are taken by a special page to each of the



The Chef.

Pen sketch by Boeringer.

THE CHEF ON DUTY.

public apartments of the hotel, where he calls the number of the room, and really makes a business of finding the owner of the dispatch. The mail is as much as that ordinarily handled in a city of some eight thousand people.

In order to be comfortable a man must either make a business of it himself, or hire someone to do it for him. Doing this for other people is the hotel man's stock in trade. No detail is too small, no

expense too great, if thereby he can add to the satisfaction of his patrons.

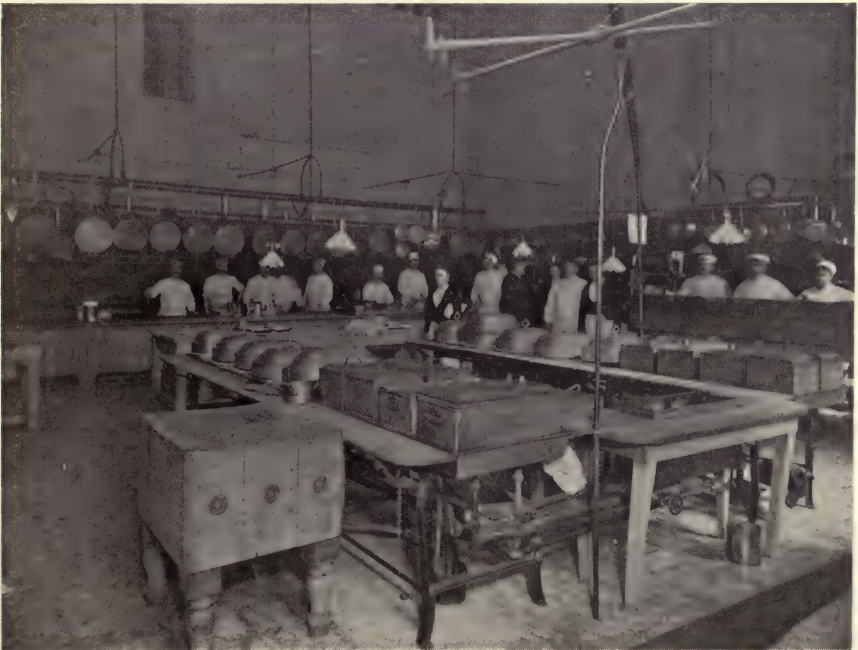
The guest who carries away with him simply the memory of never having found things wrong will always remain a friend of the hotel and will come back to it again if he is in the neighborhood. But the guest who has felt the attention of delicate and unexpected favors remembers them always and tells them to his friends who are coming to town so that



THE CHEF OFF DUTY.

they too may experience them. And therefore the managers are always on the *qui vive* to do these little things which cost so little and yet mean so much. Thus a guest finds even the bell boy in the halls saluting him by name, his habits seem understood by instinct and his clothes and toilet articles arrange themselves as he is wont to find them at home. In a thousand ways his self importance is awakened and he is titivated into believing that all this luxury was specially evolved for him.

These, however, are only surface indications of the perpetual struggle that goes on in a first class hotel to keep the service what it appears. The business end of the hotel is not in evidence to the guest, but it is there all the same. It is not too much to say, that the number of employees is often quite as large as the number of the guests. A multitude of servants come and go each in his place and without unnecessary bustle, and a master-business spirit controls the differ-



MAIN KITCHEN.



PASTRY KITCHEN.

ent groups, co-ordinating everything and getting from each its proper quota of service.

The system is an absolute despotism—that best of all governments when, as in this case, a beneficent despot is at the head. This is the manager who sits in the office, and by his genial air and general lack of worry impresses the sojourner with the idea that it is a mere bagatelle to conduct a hotel business. But every morning at ten o'clock there comes to him from the heads of all departments, a tabulated statement of the business of the last twenty-four hours. It is so arranged as to show at a glance all expenditures and receipts in and about the house. From the office comes the number of guests, and a short calculation serves to put him in possession of how much each guest has cost him to keep, and whether the business is running at a profit or a loss. This account is called the "temperature book." The profit or loss shows in percentage, and when there is a drop of two

degrees, or points, in the showing, the manager goes over the details of the expenditures in the different departments, finds the one in which the unusual outlay has occurred to bring down the temperature, touches a button on his desk, and summons the head of that department to account for the variation.

He is an absolute autocrat, this manager, but he is also a wide-a-wake business man. His system is to divide up the work into departments and give each a head as absolute in his field as the manager is over them all. These chiefs of departments hire their own help and manage as they choose—provided of course that their work is perfectly performed. If anything goes wrong in their particular line they, and not the subordinates, are responsible to the manager.

This principle carried throughout the whole work of the hotel gives a perfection of plan that could scarcely be improved upon.

How vast are the resources at command



WASHERS AND CENTRIFUGAL DRYER.



HAND IRONERS.



IRONING WITH MANGLE.

are can only be understood after an examination of the mysterious region known in the vernacular as "the back of the house."

The most important of these functions is perhaps the kitchen. The same systematic division of labor is noticeable there. There is the main kitchen and separate distributing kitchens for the grill room, the restaurant, the banquet halls, and the "dinners served in rooms." Each has its own equipment of dishes, pots, and pans, and is presided over by its own chief cook.

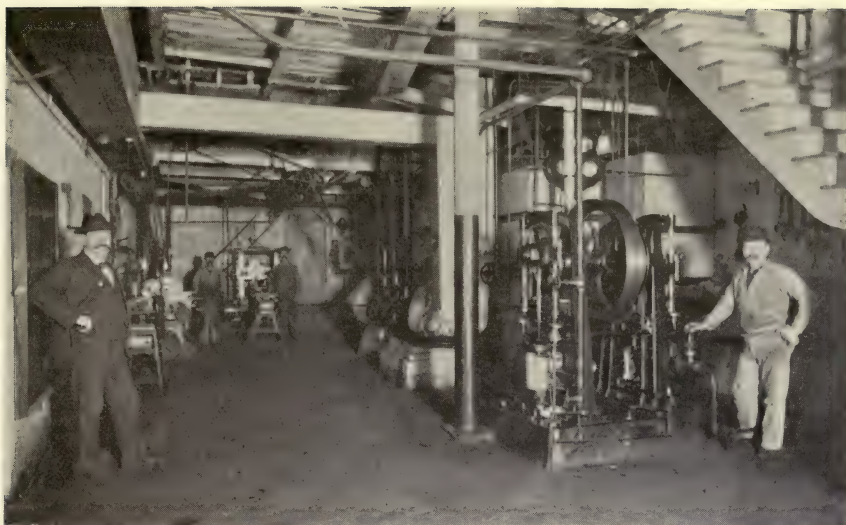
The chief of all the chiefs has a salary as large as that of the governor of the State. He works, however, with his head rather than his hands. All day long he is in evidence in the main kitchen, walking up and down, supervising the work of the hour, and placidly turning into its proper channels the boisterous tide of waiters who sweep like a torrent through the place.

On him falls the duty of making out

the daily bill of fare. This is a matter of much moment and calls for anxious thought. It is his custom to keep two days ahead with his *menus*, the finished



DEEP WELL PUMP.



REFRIGERATING ENGINE.

results in his hand writing being posted on a bulletin-board for reference by his force. By consulting this card the cooks find constant employment in getting ready the preliminaries for these future meals, when the present meals are ready.

The *chef* has an office filled with bills and reports and there he keeps his souvenir *menu* book, showing the courses and number of covers of famous banquets supplied by him in the past twenty years. At the head of each is the name of the

distinguished guest in whose honor it was given. One tells what Patti had to eat at a little supper given her by admiring friends. Another delicate spread marked the tribute his genius offered up to the "Divine Sarah." One page was without a title and the *chef* pointed to it with a sigh, "That," said he, "was for Oscar Wilde. But I have cut out the name!"

Some idea of the business done in this kitchen may be gathered from the number of the employees. The *chef* has under him twenty-two cooks, five pastry cooks, two bakers, and eight assistants; besides the small army of dish washers and special workers who prepare vegetables, open oysters, and conduct other minor lines.

Every department is arranged on the same 'great scale. The laundry is the largest in the city of San Francisco. The finer work is done by bare-armed, white-aproned French women, but the towels and sheets and all the coarser pieces are washed by machinery, dried by machinery, and ironed in the big iron mangle that looks like the printing press of a daily newspaper.



FIRE PUMPS.



WINE STORE ROOM.

The drying is done in a machine built like the cream separators used in dairies, and works on the same principle of centrifugal motion. The clothes are put inside and the machine revolved at so rapid a rate that the water flies out of the fabrics, leaving them practically dry. The last moisture is extracted by a bath of hot air. Forty minutes is about the time required, from the first plunge of the dirty linen into boiling water till its delivery from the laundry cleaned, starched, and ironed.

The water used in the laundry is from the city mains, on account of its superior softness. But the water supply for the hotel itself comes from two great artesian wells in the basement. These are 210 feet deep and yield an unfailing supply. Powerful engines are constantly pumping the fluid to tanks on the roof, where it is filtered and sterilized and made safe for drinking. Other engines provide the power for the elevators and ice machine, and the spent steam, led into a system of

convenient boilers, is sufficient to supply all the hot water necessary for heating rooms. There is a separate engine used exclusively for making ice cream.

The ice machine in this March weather does not need to turn out more than two and a half tons per day; but in summer double that amount is required. The process serves, however, to cool some four thousand feet of storage space.

The three largest refrigerators hold the meats. All meat is kept in the hotel at least eight days before use. In that time the moisture from it crystallizes on the pipes which contain the cooling mixture, on the sides and ceiling, forming a frost an inch in thickness and turning the vault into a veritable ice palace. There is enough of the meat juice in the ice, however, to cause it to sour after a time, and so once a fortnight when all the meat is used the frost is allowed to melt, so that it can be cleaned away before a new supply of meat is put in. As a result the air of the room is kept perfectly sweet.



PROVISION STORE ROOM.

Indeed, especially in this question of meats the hotel has no cause to fear comparison with any other in the world. Not even the roast beef of Old England and her Southdown mutton are more carefully chosen and handled, or more scientifically cooked. The prices, too, at which these viands are served, are much below those of any first class hotel in any Eastern city. Steak, for example, runs from thirty cents for a plain cut to two dollars for the special extra porterhouse, sufficient for at least four people.

It was the remark of each of the party which inspected the house in the preparation of this paper that there was not a single article of food in any stage of preparation that did not look appetizing. The result of trying even to taste all the tempting dishes we saw would have been disastrous.

In another vault is game stored up against the close season, and near by are the storage rooms for vegetables and fish. There is still another vault connected

with the wine cellar, divided into two compartments, one of which contains the wines drunk "cool," and the other such as might be suddenly ordered "frappée." The system of checks and accounts is so good here, that one could as easily steal twenty dollar pieces from the mint as a bottle of wine.

This basement-floor is a veritable bazaar; for here are also the grocery department, the vegetable room, the printing office, the upholstering shop, the coal bunkers, the electrical works, the paint and carpenter shops, the dining rooms for the "help," and many other departments of trade. Each is separate and distinct, keeps its separate set of books and is as independent of the rest of the departments as if it were a concern outside. The printing office is as large and well equipped as an ordinary job office. The printer in charge, who had been State printer of Nevada, says that more work is done in this hotel office in a year, than the State office turns out for the whole State



PRINTING OFFICE.

of Nevada. He prints the *menus* daily for the dining rooms and grill, turns out all the tags and check slips used in the various departments, — the grill room

alone uses a thousand of these tags in a day, — prints five hundred thousand letter heads and three hundred thousand envelopes in a year, and furnishes all the



SILVER ROOM.



HELP'S HALL (MALE).

announcements, bill heads, and other stationery, called for in the work. Two men are kept busy all the time and often more are required to meet the rush.

The buying for the hotel is in the hands of the steward, or buyer, and his methods are those of the wholesaler in general business. He buys each thing where it



HELP'S HALL (FEMALE).



CHECKING STAND.

is best made. His wines come direct from the growers. Famous French brands are imported direct from the vineyards, and almost every reputable California grower is represented on this list. A specialty is made, in fact, of California wines, and the hotel has done much toward popularizing the native vintages. Canned fruits and jellies are bought in season, special outputs being monopolized by the hotel. The management conducts a dairy at Burlingame that milks over a hundred cows. In addi-



PAINT SHOP.

tion to this, however, butter is bought on the outside. All the linen used in the house is made especially for it by a firm in Belfast, and is of a quality only found in two other hotels in the United States.

"It pays to get the best," said the steward, "and then it wears. See that table cloth. It is like satin, and has been in use constantly for over two years."

Maple syrup comes direct from New England, and the terrapin are kept in a pond on the roof, where they are carefully fed on meat to take away the natural fishy taste.

The foregoing has proved, I think, that San Francisco has not much to learn in hotel matters, even from Manhattan island. Without exceeding the truth it may be claimed that in many particulars she has gone a step in advance, while in the general result honors are at least "easy." And the Western city may claim a notable superiority in important

directions. The wide range of products in California enables her to bring together in perfection the delicacies of many climes, not withered by distance nor staled by long carriage. She can gather her strawberries ten months in the year, and her fresh vegetables all the time. She has no biting zero weather when the guest must perforce remain indoors or prepare for frost bite,—and no sweltering dog-day heat, when sleep and comfort are not to be had. The same pair of blankets of moderate thickness on the bed, keeps the occupant in comfort the year round. In the coldest weather he adds an additional woolen spread over the feet perhaps, and in the exceptionally hot nights throws off one blanket of the pair, but for nine nights out of ten the year round he makes no change. It is an old story, this "glorious climate" talk; but Californians think it right to keep it up until all the world has come to see.

Fred Warren Parks.

THE PILOT BILL

IN THE RECENT CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE



T CAME to pass" at Sacramento, this now famous pilot bill of 1897, with every reasonable argument in its favor, —but, by some unforeseen misfortune, it *did not* pass. It was good enough to pass; in fact, many said it was "too good." At any rate a good minority of good men were good enough to vote for it, but the controlling majority of the California Senate would not pass it. That is to say, twenty-one out of a total of forty members defeated a measure aimed at the most inexcusable

monopoly ever created and perpetuated by the law-givers of the Golden State;

and like many an effort at genuine reform espoused by sincere and honest men with an unswerving purpose to right a wrong, this attempt to overcome the influences of Mammon and selfishness has been laid to rest. There it will remain for a time, until courageous, incorruptible, and brave men once more determine to sacrifice anything but principle in a fresh endeavor to secure justice for our ocean commerce, and at the same time remove from our glorious State the stigma of maintaining an inexcusable piratical system by statute in the shape of a private monopoly, in plain defiance of the spirit, if not of the wording, of our State Constitution.

It will probably not long lie dormant, however, as will be recognized when it is remembered how it originated and of what material its advocates are made.

The effort to secure legislation that would in a small degree lighten the oppression under which our shipping by sea is being deprived of its life-blood, and prevent what is now looked upon by those who pay the enormous rates of compulsory pilotage at the harbor of San Francisco, and by everyone else who understands it, as unmitigated legalized robbery, was a commendable movement, and deserved better of a Legislature which is conceded to be more representative of the higher moral element of the commonwealth than its average predecessor.

The Committee on Commerce of the Assembly, Pohlman chairman, to whom it was referred, pigeon-holed the bill for several weeks and it never had a chance for proper consideration in the lower house.

The movement was originated and advocated, as already explained in the OVERLAND, by the San Francisco Committee on Commerce, an organization composed of business people representing the great commercial interests of the metropolis of the Pacific, comprehending therein vast business arteries that permeate the entire State. Many of these people, being engaged in banking, insurance, country produce commission, grain dealing, stationery and dry goods businesses, the lumber trade, clothing, planing mills, groceries, dealing in musical instruments, printing, and other pursuits not immediately connected with shipping, yet fully realizing the importance of water transportation as a means of assisting the general prosperity upon which the success of all legitimate enterprises depends, cheerfully united with the shipowners who are most directly interested in ridding themselves of this extortion, and contributed time and money that information might be disseminated throughout the State to enlighten the whole people on the subject. They were all anxious that every obstacle to the return of prosperous times should be removed, and fully understand the unholy alliance, the deception, fraud, and political subserviency, through which this vulture has been fed in the past at the expense of shipping to the tune of \$200,000 to \$350,000 per year, or a total of at least \$10,000,000 — and know that the business reputation of the port has suffered throughout the commer-

cial world by reason of the perpetuation and exactions of the scandalous pilot monopoly. They, the members of the San Francisco Committee on Commerce, have joined together for the definite purpose of exposing the perfidy of the law and of depositing the rich and defiant monopoly created by it, if it take ten years' time and even if it be necessary to carry the question through the courts, to the highest in the land, and test the right of a Legislature to defy the will of the people expressed in the fundamental law, the Constitution, by the creation and perpetuation of a private monopoly of private people through the thin guise of a public sinecure commission, appointed by the governor of the State, whereby his political patronage and influence are increased, and his sanction sought to be secured.

California is the only State in the Union, I believe, where such a monopoly exists, and if it is not unconstitutional the Constitution should be changed forthwith. But I contend that it is unconstitutional to create a commission of men who are authorized to appoint twenty other men, or less, as the only ones who shall be permitted to engage in a profitable business, that is just as legitimate a business of competition as railroading or anything else, and at the same time to prohibit other more capable men from engaging in that same business under a penalty of \$500 fine or any other penalty.

The dissemination of information previous to the convening of the Legislature bore good fruit. Many of the Senators and Assemblymen, having taken a lively interest in the matter, were prepared to vote right on any proposed pilotage law. Senator Gleaves, representing about one seventh of the State, who had made a study of matters pertaining to rivers and harbors, and incidentally of pilotage, came to the session ripe with knowledge and experience, and promptly introduced Senate Bill No. 416, which if adopted would strike a sledge-hammer blow in favor of the emancipation of ocean commerce from the pernicious exactions made possible by the law as it now stands.

This bill proposed:—

1st. To reduce the number of Pilot Commissioners from three to one; it being clearly demonstrated by experience, observation, and argument, that for the supervision of twenty men (the

pilots) whose occupation keeps them in actual service twenty-four days in each three months and who conduct their own private business pretty much in their own way, one political appointee should be sufficient, especially as he would have at least ninety-nine one hundredths of his time to devote to his own private affairs.

2d. To license (just as the British have done for forty-three years) masters and mates that are sufficiently familiar with the harbor to pass the requisite pilots' examination, so that they may not be compelled to pay half pilotage on their vessels when entering or leaving port, as they must now, when no pilot is required or employed.

3d. To exempt from the payment of pilotage masters of vessels that are in tow of a steam tug-boat for which they pay, and who therefore have no use for and do not employ a pilot,—the tug-boat captain being a capable pilot himself, licensed by the United States government. At present vessels, in addition to paying for the tug service to the owners of the tug-boats, must pay half rates to the pilot monopoly for doing nothing.

4th. To require the qualifications of both pilot commissioner and pilots (special or general) to be passed upon and certified to by the Board of Examiners of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco,—a very wise provision from a business standpoint, but strongly objected to by manipulators as interfering with the political machinery through which all appointments are now made. It is said that even the form of examination required by law is entirely ignored.

5th. To reduce pilotage rates about forty per cent, to a figure somewhere near the charges made at other ports of the world.

These are the salient features of the bill as amended and printed. After the bill was ordered printed, arrangements were made so that those who wished to be heard in argument could meet with the committee in each house to which it was referred.

A special committee of business men went from San Francisco to attend the Legislative committee meetings, where they received every possible courtesy of treatment and consideration. Such people as Hugh Craig, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Isaac Upham, Arthur A. Hooper, Captain W. F. Marston, E. J. Holt, J. W. Gage, George E. Plummer, Philip Teller, Captain J. Jensen, and Charles E. Naylor, composed the special San Francisco committee in advocacy of Senator Gleaves's most excellent bill.

The pilot monopoly was represented by a brilliant and expensive attorney and by several pilots, who appeared to be well supplied with time and money with which to oppose all legislation in any way antagonistic to the present exclusive privilege of collecting toll from people for pass-

ing over a great public highway, and as a prominent shipowner aptly puts it,—"using the money so collected in fighting those who protest against paying it."

The battle was a warm one in committee meetings, and ere long the movement came to be recognized as a genuine effort to secure honest legislation. The San Francisco *Chronicle* gave exhaustive and good reports of the discussions and took the question up editorially, presenting unanswerable arguments in favor of the proposed amendments to the law. The *Examiner* also advocated the bill *editorially*, as also the *Argonaut*. But experienced people, meeting the San Francisco committee on the streets of Sacramento, would slyly ask: "How much money did you bring up?" When told of an empty sack, and informed that the measure proposed would carry sufficient weight by its intrinsic merit, they smiled a knowing and sympathetic smile, and suggested an early departure for the insane asylum as the best means of retreat for any one who would attempt such an absurd thing as getting honest legislation without the use of a dishonest coin corruption fund.

"And especially," they said, "*a bill to regulate pilotage, when it is an open secret that the pilots have spent from \$10,000 to \$30,000 per session for many years to prevent being disturbed in their unparalleled soft snap.*"

But having an abiding faith in the ultimate honesty of men, the committee worked away on the lines of education and agitation, making legislators acquainted gradually with the inwardness of the situation and with the viciousness of the present system. Many curious happenings transpired and some startling facts were brought out during the discussions. Hugh Craig, president of the Chamber of Commerce, a clear-headed, tenacious, and aggressive business man, the foremost advocate of the Gleaves bill and the spokesman on most occasions for the San Francisco commercial bodies, turned on a search-light of inquiry that brought to the surface information which convinced the most skeptical that something should be done to remedy such a glaring evil. He was opposed by his own attorney, whom the pilots had shrewdly employed. Facts

and figures flew thick and fast, but the lawyer could make no headway in sound argument against the forceful Craig, and resorted to the childish plea of "sympathy for men engaged in a hazardous occupation," into which he deftly dovetailed that other ancient plea which poverty of material frequently suggests,— "immemorial usage."

From this same standpoint this plausible attorney could prove the claims of tallow dips over electric lights; the pony chaise over steam cars, and the pen over the typewriting machine. But of course the fact was patent to all that he was simply employed to talk and the other side could just as well have secured his services had such talent been required.

As there was some difference of opinion among the Senators, who honestly desired to improve the laws (all acknowledging the necessity thereof), as to the policy of trying to make such radical changes at this time as the Gleaves bill contemplated, Senators Gillette and Luchsinger, two sterling men, united on a substitute that only reduced rates about twenty per cent, and provided for a full record to be kept by the pilots, which should be open to inspection. This, they argued, would easily pass and would pave the way for securing more radical legislation in two years.

But the combination that had been formed to prevent any interference by the public with the private business of the pilot monopoly was too strong.

And so the substitute went under, and with it all hope of securing any relief from the 1897 Legislature, its chief opponent in debate on the floor of the Senate being Dickinson of Sausalito, who undertook to ridicule Gleaves and Gillette for proposing to regulate the affairs of San Francisco bay, when they represented snowsheds and cow pastures of the far north. He was promptly informed by those gentlemen, during their impassioned and eloquent defense of the proposed measures, that they represented *California*, and would advocate *any* legislation that they considered for the best interests of the whole people.

Those who voted with the pilots were said to have been misinformed, cajoled, deceived, or traded, into the false posi-

tion they were compelled to assume before their constituents in opposing such necessary legislation. It was asserted that the greatest influence in securing votes was exercised by "my friend" Murphy, sometimes called "Blinker," secretary of the Pilot Commission, and *Examiner* correspondent, who, it appeared, was constantly working in his smooth and artistic fashion to help out this Senator and then that one on some pet bill, thus placing them, *unintentionally* of course, under obligations to him and *unconsciously* securing their votes in opposition to a measure that he opposed while his paper, the *Examiner*, was vigorously advocating it in its editorial columns. Following is a sample editorial:—

CUT DOWN THE PILOT TAX.

The Legislature can do a good turn for San Francisco by reducing the pilot charges that help to make this one of the most expensive ports in the world. That the fees remain at their present preposterous figures is a monument to a long course of shameless corruption. A lobby has been maintained at every session of the Legislature, and the taxes that have been levied upon shipping have been materially larger than would have been needed to provide the sums that have finally been allowed to remain in the pilots' pockets.

The Legislature should go to work, without the pressure of corrupt influence, to place the pilot system on a business basis. San Francisco must be made as nearly as possible a free port, and this is one of the best places to begin. It is an absurd anomaly that a pilot, who is supposed to be the seaman's savior, should have come to be regarded by ship captains approaching San Francisco as a pirate, whom it is a piece of good luck to escape by a run into port through the cover of a fog.

During the discussions and investigations, the following facts were developed:—

1st. The existing pilot business created and fostered by legislative enactment is conducted by a powerful political monopoly (consisting of twenty men holding practically life appointments and their friends) that has hitherto defied its victim, Ocean Commerce, and legislatures as well.

2d. This monopoly collects from the shipping of San Francisco bay immense revenue every year without any service rendered; it rebates to, and in other ways favors, its political friends in the matter of rates.

3d. Nobody is asking that the monopoly be perpetuated except the beneficiaries who draw princely incomes therefrom for no service or unwelcome service and their well-paid, high-priced attorney.

4th. This monopoly has no counterpart on earth.

5th. The shipowners who are being fleeced ask for relief, and the other business men join them.

6th. The underwriters consider the pilot a superfluity at the safe port of San Francisco, and have so stated. They make no difference in rates of insurance and never ask whether a pilot will be employed or not.

7th. This is because San Francisco bay has the best possible steam-tug service and few dangers to encounter.

8th. Vessels usually tow in and out nowadays, unless the wind is just right, in preference to sailing with or without a pilot, but an experienced captain can sail his own vessel in or out of a harbor with which he is familiar better than any pilot who is a stranger to the vessel.

9th. Vessels must now pay pilotage whether they take a pilot or not, and the custom is to refuse a pilot and pay him for doing nothing because an unjust law requires it. It does not require them to *take* pilots, but to *pay* for them whether employed or not.

10th. Who knows better the needs in this respect, and who is more interested in the safety of ships and cargoes, and who would most promptly object to taking unnecessary risks than the owners and insurers? If they ask for a change, who has a better right to a respectful hearing?

11th. Surely not attorneys for pilot monopolies and legislators who are actuated by personal friendship for interested individual pilots; nor even the pilots who compose the monopoly and levy this unjust toll nor the sinecure Secretary of the sinecure Pilot Commission, who draws a good salary for political reasons.

12th. Compulsory pilotage (paying for nothing) at San Francisco bay was justified by the attorney for the monopoly, (but by no one else) solely on the plea of "immemorial usage" and sympathy for men engaged in a "dangerous calling."

13th. This "dangerous calling," by the way, is the same one for the privilege of engaging in which experienced and capable men are willing to and are said to have paid from \$4,000 to \$7,000, and which is protected by a fine of \$500 that is visited upon any other person who pilots a vessel in or out. The "immemorial usage" plea is too antiquated to convince thinking men of this age of any such a fallacy as it was used to demonstrate.

14th. The *dangerous* business of a pilot, as properly characterized by Senator Gleaves before the Assembly Committee on Commerce, "is a picnic" compared with many other occupations, and the sympathy plea is only a subterfuge to catch votes. In other words it is a fraud.

15th. Vessels are allowed by the Pilot Association (the monopoly) to take a pilot outward and pay only half rates, or as much as they would if no pilot were employed. Foreign owned vessels do this sometimes. This is done for the sole purpose of making a showing that pilots are employed. Pilots very seldom sail vessels out; the tug-boat doing the work, the pilot drawing pay, although only a passenger.

It is said that a very patient people, because of indifference to public matters,

are skeptical of attacks upon political systems and corruptions, fearing that they are made with selfish motives, but that they will awaken when convinced that a flagrant outrage is being perpetrated upon the rights of honorable, law-abiding business citizens and demand that it stop.

Before the Senate Committee on Commerce the pilots themselves asserted and the attorney employed to plead the cause of the monopoly stated and insisted that the bill introduced by Senator Gleaves, if passed, would absolutely destroy the present pilot monopoly ("system" he called it), "because," he said "under the provisions of this bill certain American vessels will carry specially licensed pilots in the persons of the masters or mates, and such vessels being exempt from compulsory pilotage will not employ a general pilot,"—nor pay for one when not needed or employed, as they must now. "Then all vessels that are in tow of a steam tug-boat are made exempt," (and why should they not be? no vessel needs both; a tug they must have, a pilot then is superfluous; he is in the way,) "and as every vessel not otherwise exempt will take a tug, there will be no employment for the pilot," he said. He is right, the "monopoly" *would* be destroyed, but ample pilot service would survive for all practical use. But could any argument be stronger in favor of the uselessness of what is termed "a pilot system," which is maintained for the sole purpose of sustaining a cinch monopoly, pure and simple, by which twenty men are authorized to levy an unwarranted tax of \$200,000 per year on the shipping of San Francisco harbor? If no vessels would take or pay for a pilot, not required nor employed, unless compelled to by law, the owners and insurance men being satisfied that a pilot is not a safeguard, as he assumes no financial responsibility, while the tug-boat owner does; and if the tug-boats can take care of the entire fleet, and much better care than any number of pilots could, who can give an honest reason for wanting to perpetuate a monopoly that has been a burden on the commerce of the State and a cause of public scandal at every session of the Legislature for many years?

As the *Chronicle* well says: "Compulsory pilotage may be and is a necessity at many dangerous ports very likely, but it is absolutely inexcusable in the year

1897 at the well provided and protected harbor of San Francisco," where the owners (with the full sanction and approval of the insurance companies), who of all people are interested in the safety of their vessel property and risks,—“will not employ or pay a pilot unless compelled to do so by law,” and who now as a rule do not employ a pilot, but prefer to take a steam tug, which assures safety and renders value for money paid, and at the same time pay the pilot half pilotage (or piratage) for remaining away from the vessel. Who can defend a law that fastens upon an industry so important as ocean commerce, a piracy system under the guise of public policy and a false solicitude for the safety of lives and property, when it is clearly shown to be an out-of-date method not at all suited to present conditions at San Francisco harbor? Modern inventions have properly supplanted customs of immemorial usage, and this thing which was practised for centuries before steam was discovered is rapidly giving place to the powerful tug-boat, which waits not for wind or weather, but always cruises far out to sea in quest of inward tows, and carries the outward going vessels beyond all coast dangers. Only the beneficiaries of the pilot monopoly favor its perpetuation.

Finally, I wish to quote British laws from which, I suppose, Senator Gleaves borrowed the idea of favoring our own shipping a little by licensing masters and mates so that they might pilot their own vessels in and out, and avoid paying pil-

otage to a monopoly for no services rendered.

The following extract, showing how the British favor their own vessels by legislation, is taken from the English Shipping Act of 1854, which was reaffirmed in 1889 with the additional clauses given below:—

The master or mate of any ship may upon giving due notice, and consenting to pay the usual expenses, apply to any pilotage authority to be examined as to his capacity to pilot the ship of which he is master or mate, or any one or more ships belonging to the same owner within any part of the district over which such pilotage authority has jurisdiction, and upon examination, if found competent, such master or mate shall have a certificate granted to him;—and such certificate shall enable the person therein named to pilot the ship or any of the ships therein specified of which he is acting as master, or mate within the limits therein described without incurring any penalties for the non-payment of a qualified pilot.

The said certificate may be renewed annually by endorsement of the Secretary of the Board.

The act of 1889, was as follows:—

The holder of such pilotage certificate shall be deemed to be a licensed pilot within the meaning of section 348 of the Act of 1854.

The ship upon which licensed master or mate is sailing must display a flag indicating said fact.

The Australian and New Zealand laws, I believe, permit the master of any ship who has entered a port three times to take an examination, and if found qualified, to receive a license exempting his vessel thereafter from compulsory pilotage. Pilotage collected goes, I understand, as in England, to the government, which pays the pilots moderate salaries. Rates are about one third to one half San Francisco rates.

Charles E. Naylor.





GUARD MOUNT AT UKIAH. THE SECOND ARTILLERY.

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF CALIFORNIA

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE DEFENDERS OF THE STATE.—I

WHEN the news of Bunker Hill reached Washington, that foremost patriot asked,—“Did the militia stand fire?” Assured that they did, and held their fire until the British regulars were within eight rods range, and then discharged their muskets, he proclaimed that the liberties of the country were safe.

This was a proper tribute to the citizen soldiery of the new land. But the war of the Revolution, from a military standpoint, was of secondary importance. It was a political struggle in which the oppressed were victorious. At that time the numerical strength of this country was only able to afford, in the aggregate, a little less than three hundred thousand of so-called regulars and militia during the entire war of nearly eight years. Those engaged were best qualified to perform military service to the land they loved, through devotion. There were none of the impassioned, impetuous, and destructive outbursts that other wars have produced. There was nothing particularly

grand, nor rapid, nor learned, in the way of military maneuvers, such as are characteristic of military genius in modern times. From a military view the war of the Revolution was insipid as compared with that of the Rebellion. In the latter there were ten times as many men engaged, and this circumstance brings out prominently the fact that our undivided country can, in an emergency, readily place itself upon a war footing, so far as numbers go, with almost any nation, and so far as volunteer service is concerned, far beyond any other.

During the Revolution many foreigners of military experience sought employment and position in the American army. Many were actuated by aims that were all selfish, and had no heart in the contest. On this account the perplexity of Washington knew no bounds, and he at last decided that none but Americans were to be placed on guard.

The war of the Rebellion demonstrated a different condition of affairs; for in the meanwhile military education had taken

the place of military ignorance. The various wars since the Revolution, including that with Mexico, had taught the people of the United States the importance of a militia, and when the Civil War broke out there were thousands of men comparatively well qualified to instruct in the school of the soldier, and drill in the manual of arms, the great armies that were enrolled North and South.

These qualifications, however, did not always include that essential feature, discipline. Discipline is more necessary than mere excellence in drill to an effective soldiery. The cultivation of this quality makes it possible to use a number of men as one man, and in the aggregate, an effective weapon. While the drill is of importance in the profession of arms, its perfection does not prevent a well drilled organization from being perfectly worthless in other military matters. Accuracy in drill is a necessary adjunct to well trained forces, and it is attained for the purpose of aiding that higher ingredient in the soldier, *obedience to orders*. An army without discipline would be as ineffectual as an armed mob, because



LIEUTENANT COLONEL VICTOR D. DUBOCE.



MAJOR WM. D. MCCARTHY.

discipline is the soul of an army, and in a mob there exists a soulless disregard for the rights of others.

There is of necessity a despotism connected with the military will. It is modified in the individual will of the commander, but the force itself knows no modification. Therefore any officer or soldier who opposes the orders of a superior given in his legitimate capacity, or fails to adhere to the laws and regulations governing a military force, not only injures its efficiency as a military weapon, but assists in rendering it worthless to the purposes for which it was organized, and for which the people pay to maintain it.

It is the desire of the National Guard of California to become as nearly assimilated in arms, uniform, equipment, drill, and discipline, to the regular army as possible, and these are commendable aspirations, but the question confronts every member, — "How can this be done under present conditions?" — "Is it the fable of the toad trying to assume the proportion of the ox?"

In round numbers the standing army of



COLONEL DOLPHES B. FAIRBANKS.

the United States embraces twenty-five thousand men, and this small force is scattered over a domain covering nearly three million square miles. One reason why such a small force is maintained is because the government knows it can, in an emergency, depend upon the National Guard of the country, the mustered force of which is nearly five times as great as that of the regular army. This large body could be placed in the field ready for active service in a brief time, provided it was properly armed and equipped, and measures looking to this end should be at once taken.

The whole number of men in the United States available for military duty amounts to nearly nine million. Of this number, California's quota is slightly more than two hundred thousand. The mustered strength of its National Guard is about four thousand, field and staff, line, and rank and file. If the entire available military force of the State were called into requisition, its present military complexion would not more than suffice to supply officers for additional organizations. The importance, therefore, of fostering

this nucleus of the great army of the country should inspire the law makers of the general government to appropriate liberally for the support and maintenance of its citizen soldiers. It is no more than just that this should be done. The Federal Constitution requires the National Guard to be subject to the orders of the President of the United States in case of a war of invasion. Then why should not the general government give liberal support to make its future defender more efficient in an emergency, by at least furnishing arms of a quality that would prove serviceable if needed? As the general government has on hand in its arsenals a large supply of the latest Springfield model, the National Guard should be equipped with it. The true soldier knows the value of a good gun, but arm him with a defective piece, and no matter how well he may have been trained, in an emergency he will prove to be as worthless as his weapon. By the adoption of the Lamont Bill this most desirable object will be attained, and the arming of the National Guard will no longer be subject to the whims of the Adjutant Generals of the various States.

The law of California requires that forty rounds of ammunition shall be in the cartridge boxes before the men leave the armory in case of being called upon for the performance of duty, but the cartridge boxes with which the men are at present supplied will not nearly contain that number of rounds. There is little use in a law if it is to be honored only in the breach. It may be urged that the present boxes are large enough for all practical purposes, but such is not the case.

To the thoughtless there seems to be no necessity for a National Guard, and excepting on days of parade or public holidays, that organization is of no utility. A well organized, drilled, armed, and equipped, and thoroughly disciplined military body is just as essential to the life and welfare of this government as the same is to any nation. It is necessary for the protection of life as well as of public and private property. Without a military establishment there would be no enforcement of our civil laws, for the lawless rabble in the country is powerful enough



Lieutenant Colonel Nerney.
Lieutenant Colonel Smith.

Colonel Sumner.

Major Pott.
Major General James.

Colonel Currier.

Lieutenant Colonel Miles.
Lieutenant Colonel Stone.

Colonel Galloway

Lieutenant Colonel Cluff.

The Division Commander and Staff.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. K. WHITTEN.

to overawe civil authority. It is the military backed by legal power, that is most feared by those whose tendency is to the commission of overt acts. Without a military force, nowhere in this country would the wares of the merchant or the money of the banker be safe. Less than three years ago a powerful organization of railroad employees went out on a strike, and with the determination to stop all traffic until their demands were acceded to, seized railroad property and temporarily

carried out their object. Their action was immediately felt in the enforced suspension of trade. The merchant could neither receive nor deliver his goods; travelers were halted upon their journeys; and even the United States mails were delayed. It was then that the power of the National Guard was felt, and the business men who had hitherto grumbled because they deemed the appropriations for the maintenance of that organization unnecessary, plainly saw the power it possessed for the accomplishment of great good. Trains were made up in the Oakland yards, and accompanied by armed members of our National Guard, were pushed forward in defiance of the strikers, up to and beyond the capital to the State line. The civil power of the government represented in the United States Marshal was impotent to do what our National Guard performed. Many sneered at these services and ridiculed our State soldiery, but without their presence to uphold the majesty of the law, there would have been sacrificed millions of property for which the tax payers of the State would have been responsible.



ON THE SKIRMISH LINE AT UKIAH. THE SECOND ARTILLERY.



MAJOR WILLIAM D. MCCARTHY IN CAMP AT UKIAH. THE SECOND ARTILLERY HOSPITAL CORPS.

Progression in military affairs is as greatly needed in California, as is almost anything appertaining to its future. Its long line of coast defenses make it peculiarly vulnerable to the powers that are an adjacent menace. During the rebellious period of 1861, when there was possible chance for the Pacific Coast to become a Western Empire, the care of the general government was exercised to prevent such a consummation. The government at Washington realized that swift as well as stringent measures were necessary, and so General Sumner was directed to proceed to the Department of the Pacific, under sealed orders, to take command. On his arrival in San Francisco, late in April of that year, he at once advised the Secretary of War regarding the state of affairs, and under President Lincoln's proclamation a requisition was issued July 24, 1861, which called for a regiment of infantry and five companies of cavalry from California. This force was promptly raised, and it was further augmented by subsequent calls made from the government at Washington, until the whole force from Cali-

fornia amounted to more than 16,000 officers and rank and file. Many of these were a contingent part of the then State militia, and they, like similar citizens of other States, cheerfully enrolled themselves and entered the service of our common country, thus making an immediate army purely of volunteers, numbering 75,000 at first, whose ranks were a few months after increased by 300,000 more.

There are those who incline to say that in an emergency our present military establishment cannot amply vindicate the grand science of war. It is probably true that a percentage of those now enrolled in the State forces would not respond to a National call, if made, but in such an event there would be enough to furnish an excellent quality of well-drilled young gentlemen, who are now in the ranks and well fitted to instruct those who might become a part of the rank and file.

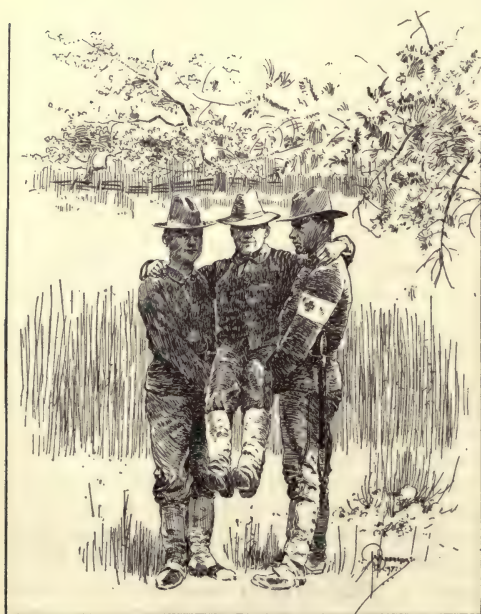
Those in the ranks obtain a knowledge of the soldier's needs, and the rules in this direction are simply based on the suggestions of common sense. Therefore in order to become a good officer,



PRACTISE DRILL OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS.

whether he be of the line or among the field or the staff, he should understand the leading principles and the application of those principles at the proper time. During the railroad strike of 1894, the officers who were entrusted with the subsistence of the First and Third Infantry regiments neglected a duty that was one of the first to be observed. A half thousand or more men, after a night's transportation in constrained quarters, were the next morning confronted with the painful evidence that no proper provision had been made for their breakfast. The fault for this was not alleged against the neglectful ones, whose duty at the

time was most forcibly enjoined by the peculiar exigencies of the service. Those in command were blamed for a dereliction that should not have attached to them, and the neglect at such an inopportune moment made an easy failure of what might have been an easy victory. In military affairs the way to go in is the way to win. First, a safe base for operation is needed, to keep up those communications in which you are interested, and if possible destroy those of your enemy. This axiom was not observed at Sacramento, probably because small sentiments in relation to the rights of rank or precedence somehow seem to af-



THE FIRST CARE OF THE WOUNDED. PRACTISE DRILL OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN H. DICKINSON.

fect the soldier almost more than anything else. The soldier that Shakspeare portrayed was "jealous in honor—sudden and quick in quarrel," but the generalship of modern times is to achieve results and reduce the possibility of blunders.

A vulnerable point of the strikers was found in the Oakland yards and it was seized at a most critical moment by the Second Artillery, aided by several companies of the Naval Reserve. The act was accentuated by a due regard for the welfare of those engaged. Careful pains had been taken to obtain everything that was necessary in the way of subsistence, and these troops the next morning were served with substantial rations,—thus making them more cheerful to perform their duty than were those at Sacramento. There is nothing of an invidious character here intended; the remark is really written to show how important it is to have troops well supplied with bread and meat. It is a natural law that everyone most cheerfully performs a duty when well fed, and for the same reason

a soldier will fight better when something besides his haversack is well filled. There was concentrated, so to say, at the Oakland yards, a more effective force than that at Sacramento. The movements of the former were of a successful character from the start, while in case of the latter the original move lacked that military spirit and proper direction so essential to success. The critical ten minutes, which, Napoleon used to say, generally decided the fate of battles, was lost—owing probably to the fact that there were too many Napoleons (?) on the field.

It is one of the deplorable features of our National Guard organization that it has not of late years possessed among its officers that spirit of discipline which is so important to the efficiency of any military body. It contains among its number those whose rank is of the line, yet who are rank enough in their importance to consider themselves necessary advisers to the general officers whenever any subject is presented. And it is



COLONEL WILLIAM MACDONALD.

even more deplorable that the general officers permit such a state of affairs.

A slight emergency arises for an order, and it is given over the telephone. Its execution may not be compatible with the views entertained by Captain Windy, and he immediately rushes off to present his objections to the highest authority he can reach. His influence is somewhat augmented by gaining a few other like officials to present also similar views, and the general (?), with a paucity of ideas and purpose, permits his original plans to be changed beyond recognition. The frequent recurrence of such instances has a demoralizing effect upon not only the officers, but becoming known to the rank and file, the latter lose confidence in their officer's ability and in consequence the organization is bound to become deficient through that lack of pride

which is one of the necessary ingredients of a soldier.

There is another feature respecting an officer's line of conduct, which is as indispensable as the commission which confers upon him his rank. All gentlemen can't be officers, but all officers should be gentlemen. An officer's promise should be as inviolable as an oath, and no one should, under any circumstances, accept the rank and honors that pertain to his position without knowing how to conduct himself properly on all occasions. When it is considered how frequently new crops of Colonels are turned out in California, it is not surprising that many never learn why they were selected, and if they do, no one else can understand the reason.

A most palpable exhibition of this character took place at one of the best camps,

where it was the writer's privilege to be present. An officer of the general staff in the magnificence of full uniform, under which was stored at least one bottle of champagne, called to pay his respects to the commanding officer. Just as he was about to enter the latter's quarters, a young officer wearing the straps of a Lieutenant was leaving the place, and seeing the gorgeous uniform and big spread eagles which denoted the staff officer's importance, promptly came to the proper position and gave the big Colonel a graceful military salutation. To his surprise there was no recognition on the part of the staff officer, who, entering the commander's quarters, surprised that officer, to whom he was well known, by telling of the salute just offered him and asking: "What the devil did the fellow mean by his familiarity? I don't know him."

A certain officer, who is pretty well known to look at everything from "the business end," but who likes to have it prominently known that he has military knowledge and training, and zeal in the discharge of his duty, not long ago plainly established the fact that in battalion movements he was a novice. He was in command of his regiment, which was "right in front." The position he wished to take would have twice compelled the movement "fours left," and on execution of the last to have either gone "on the right into line" in a somewhat prescribed space, or, "on the left into line, face to the rear." In his dilemma he inquired from several of his line officers, but they, poor fellows, knew even less than the commander, so the latter was forced to march his column by a round-about way so as to bring the right of his line where it should be.

This instance of an officer's inability to command—and it is only one of many that could be mentioned—shows that our system of electing officers, the field and line being now referred to, is one that is opposed to obtaining officers well qualified to make the rank and file what the latter should be. It is also predisposed against securing the services of such officers who, if called upon, would enforce every requirement of law; and what is said in this respect regarding the field and line is immeasurably worse regarding some of



MAJOR JOHN E. MILLAR.

the general officers and their staffs. These last mentioned, as well as some of those of the regimental staff, are frequently responsible for that lack of discipline which is calculated to make our organization absolutely worthless in an emergency. An Adjutant or an Adjutant General who cannot issue military orders in a comprehensible form; a Quartermaster who does not know how to obtain transportation; a Commissary whose knowledge about subsistence consists in the fact that when he is hungry he must eat, and if ordered out on a campaign would probably place an extra piece of pie in his pants; an Inspector who wears white kid gloves with which to test the cleanliness of a rifle; or an Ordnance Officer whose principal ammunition lies in his ability to shoot his mouth off, are all worthless adjuncts to an army. Fortunately we have officers of almost every rank and grade in the service who are intelligent and active—ready to subscribe to discipline and the orders of their superiors, and what is sometimes better than all, have a personal and official pride that gives them the carriage of officers and the aspect of gentlemen. What we



COLONEL H. P. BUSH.

want is an effective military organization if we would hold our own. It is not alone against the hostilities of jealous foreign powers that this is needed, but against those lawless elements in our midst that are constantly formenting discord with a view to bring about a disregard for government made by and for the people. If our National Guardsmen would aspire to make their condition compatible with the requirements of emergencies, then there is no doubt the tax payers would cheerfully afford all the means necessary to such an end. But so long as there are jealousies among the officers, and those of higher rank are at loggerheads, there will be no effective force, for there will be no discipline, and an army without discipline in this progressive age is absolutely worthless.

There is so much that is splendid in the way of material in our National Guard, that one often wonders why those who are deficient do not discover the character of the worthy ones and try to emulate them. The Division Staff has many officers that possess rare qualities. It would

be hard to find the superiors of Colonel John Gallwey, Surgeon ; Colonel Frank W. Sumner, Inspector ; Lieutenant Colonel George Stone, Engineer ; Lieutenant Colonel D. E. Miles, Signal Officer ; Lieutenant Colonel T. M. Cluff, Commissary ; Lieutenant Colonel T. A. Nerney, Inspector of Rifle Practise ; Lieutenant Colonel J. F. Smith, Judge Advocate ; Colonel J. C. Currier, A. A. G., and Major Fred. S. Pott, A. D. C.

The war service of George Stone gives him an advantage over the others in many ways, his five years' experience enables him to know what is required of an officer not only as a commander but in almost every staff department. His magnificent achievement as grand marshal of the grand McKinley parade in San Francisco on the Saturday afternoon prior to the election, proved him to be not only a natural commander, but an organizer of the highest ability as well. For two weeks he labored daily and far into the nights, the last three nights before that memorable Saturday, never taking off his clothing. The result of his efforts was presented in the largest and most perfectly organized body of citizens ever witnessed in procession on the streets of San Francisco. Over thirty thousand men followed the head of the column which started on the minute named, and covered a long marching distance without a halt of any duration or break of any kind. It was an army corps in numbers and contained the proper elements from which soldiers are produced. It was generalship in the highest degree that made it such a grand success, and to Stone belongs that honor. Such an officer as commander, would make the National Guard what it should be.

Colonel John Gallwey entered the service as Surgeon of the First Infantry early in 1891, and continued as such five years, when he resigned. During that period he created many marked improvements in the hospital and field hospital service. He freely gave his time to instructing members of the regiment how to act in emergencies towards comrades in distress from wounds or sickness, and his entertaining lectures were emphasized by practical illustrations that made them all the more impressive.

Ever since the Signal Service has been under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel D. E. Miles, it has been progressive. For nearly seven years he has been actively identified with this important branch of the service, most of the time as Signal Officer of the Second Brigade. The result of his labors are to be seen in the well trained and almost fully equipped corps over which he has executive control, and which has demonstrated its ability to flash messages correctly from one end of the State to the other if necessary. Colonel Miles has recently obtained some concessions from the authorities that will greatly benefit the entire corps, for which he deserves generous commendation.

There is every reason to believe that when the National Guard is called out for active service, it will be carefully supplied with subsistence. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas M. Cluff is an officer of ten years' experience in several staff departments, which makes him the more efficient in his present post as Division Commissary. He has been an Ordnance Officer, a Quartermaster, and an Inspector of Rifle Practise in the Guard, which, with his business training and natural ability, and his earnest devotion to every duty, makes him peculiarly well qualified for the position he holds.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Alexis Nerney, Inspector of Rifle Practise, possesses the pride of a soldier and the training of one. Before coming to California he served a term of three years in several of Ohio's crack organizations — first as an enlisted man and later as a First Lieutenant. On his arrival in San Diego he immediately enlisted in Company B, Seventh Infantry. Three years later, in 1888, he was made Captain, but in 1891 bid adieu to the military to become Lieutenant in command of Company A, Naval Battalion, which commission he subsequently resigned, and was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, Seventh Infantry, in January, 1896. This position he was compelled to resign, when he removed to San Francisco, where his superior abilities were recognized and he received the appointment as Division Inspector of Rifle practise.

The military law of the Division is represented in the ability of Lieutenant-Colonel James F. Smith, Judge Advocate.

From a legal point of view, he is well-qualified to perform the functions of his office, while from the military aspect he is more than equal. Nearly fourteen years ago he entered the ranks of Company F, Third Infantry, and after its disbanding and reorganization in 1883, he became its Second Lieutenant. Less than a year after he was promoted to the next grade, and in June, 1884, became Captain of the Company. After this, promotion was slow, for it was nine years before he became Major, but he was a good one, and his service in this grade made him Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. By the consolidation of his regiment with others he became an ordinary citizen, until, about a year ago, he was appointed Judge Advocate of the Division. The position requires instruction as well as cultivated notions of a military character, and these he possesses. While Battalion Major of the old Third Infantry he demonstrated the fact that he was well qualified to command a larger body, and it would be a surprise to none if he eventually reached a grade compatible with his ability to handle any force.

It is almost unnecessary to refer to Colonel Currier, Assistant Adjutant General. His long and arduous service during the War of the Rebellion and since then in the regular army speaks enough for him. In 1895 General Dimond invited him to become Division Inspector, when his excellent character as an officer was developed to such an extent that the present Division Commander selected him for his Chief of Staff.

Colonel Frank W. Sumner, Division Inspector, first saw light in the State of Maine, in 1849. He is of Revolutionary stock, and comes from the Massachusetts family of that name. His education was gained in the last named State, and in 1865 he came to California, entering upon a business career in San Francisco in 1872. In 1887 he was made Paymaster General on the staff of Governor Waterman, and continued as such until the end of Markham's administration. Having been placed on the retired list, he was for years privileged to perform the duties of a good citizen and this he did, until he was detailed to act in his present military capacity — a detail made because of ability.

His ardent military fancy comes from a service of more than a quarter of a century in Templar Masonry. As early as 1883 he organized the drill corps of Golden Gate Commandery, of which he has been Commander ever since. In 1885 he was Eminent Commander of Golden Gate, and in 1895 was elected Grand Commander of the State. In the interim he filled nearly every office of importance in the Grand and Subordinate bodies. Several years ago he was the means of having the American flag adopted as a part of the ceremonies in Golden Gate Commandery, since which time it has become a lawful feature in the various Asylums throughout this State. At present there is in press a work from the pen of Colonel Sumner on Templar Masonry, in which the law relating thereto is expounded, tactics are made plain, and the observance of ceremonies plainly presented.

Major Fred S. Pott, has had a peculiarly varied service, having been made Commissary of the Fifth Infantry with rank of First Lieutenant, June 30, 1890. Six months later he was made Inspector of Rifle Practise of the regiment with the same rank, and was promoted to be Captain and A. D. C., Second Brigade, March 11, 1892. In December, 1893, he received the appointment of Major and Quartermaster of the Brigade, and September 30, 1896, was made Major and A. D. C. on the Staff of General James. He is one of the young officers of the Guard, but his intelligent conception of duty and soldierly bearing make him an invaluable member of the Division Staff.

The law passed by the last legislature relating to the organization of a Sanitary Corps as an adjunct to the National Guard of this State will probably prove to be of the utmost importance. In the first place, it calls for men of intelligence as well as for medical officers of experience, who will be required to do their full duty. The last named will be required to undergo a rigid examination before a military Medical Board of Examiners, appointed by the Governor and Surgeon General. Their fitness thus assured will naturally create a pride, which it must be confessed has not always stimulated the regimental medical staff.

Those passed by the Examining Board will have authority to select men from the ranks who will be able to absorb and digest the instructions imparted by the surgeons over them, and thus they will be qualified to render relief to the distressed, sick, or wounded. The rules of the organization when perfected will not necessarily be confined to the camp or the field. In any great emergency its services could be obtained, and in an epidemic, or any great calamity in which a large number of injured might require aid, such a corps of well instructed men, supervised and directed by learned and experienced surgeons, would be of inestimable benefit. The new law will cause a better army hospital service, as the appropriation allowed will permit each regiment to equip itself with all the most modern paraphernalia known to medical and surgical service, and in addition thereto the sanitary conditions of camps will be closely looked after and every means taken to reduce to a minimum sickness from any cause. The application of these ideas will naturally have a tendency to broaden the desires of officers and men to aid the medical staff in their endeavors, and the effect will be to remove from camp life many objectionable features that have hitherto prevailed.

Probably no officer of the medical staff has taken a deeper interest in these subjects than Major William D. McCarthy, M. D., M. A., Surgeon of the First Infantry. He is the ranking regimental surgeon in the Guard, having entered the service in 1887 in the Second Artillery. He might be appropriately referred to as the father of the hospital drill, having nearly ten years ago begun to instruct his ambulance and hospital corps in the "stretcher drill," "first aid to the injured," etc.

In all matters pertaining to his official duties Major McCarthy has been one of the most enthusiastic in looking after the welfare of those entrusted to his medical and surgical skill. He is a member of the Military Association of Surgeons of the United States and from his attendance at the last session in Philadelphia, May, 1896, brought to California all the advanced theories and forms of practise in the art of aiding the sick and wounded.

In recognition of his eminent services

to the Second Artillery, the Board of Officers of that regiment presented Major McCarthy with a beautifully engrossed memorial, setting forth their sentiments for him as a brother officer and their gratitude for the care he has always taken of the health of his command. This souvenir is beautifully and appropriately embellished with emblematic designs and is a prize to be proud of.

It is the purpose of this article to bring prominence to the National Guard of California, to commend the many excellent qualities it possesses, and to present in detail many defects with which it is burdened. To do this will require much more space than the OVERLAND can devote in a single number.

In the May issue, with a number of interesting military pictures, will be published a discussion of the proposed disbursement of the large appropriation made by the recent legislature for military purposes, particularly that part appertaining to the purchase of new uniforms and equipments.

Circumstances of a local character permit brief reference to the several organizations forming the Second Brigade, and this will be followed by details in the coming number of the OVERLAND. The First Infantry, of San Francisco, is not only the largest regiment in the Guard, but it is the only one in the State which is concentrated at one point. It therefore possesses many advantages over those organizations that are geographically dispersed. It is at present in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Victor D. Duboce, whose service commenced in October, 1878, when he enlisted in Company F, Second Artillery,—then an infantry regiment. He served as Corporal and Sergeant in the same company for a period of six years, acquiring a knowledge of details that serve him well in his present place. In 1889 he was made an Aid-de-Camp on the staff of the Second Brigade commander, with rank of Captain, and after served as Quartermaster, Paymaster, and Inspector on the same staff with rank of Major until 1895, when he retired. January 31, 1896, he was elected to his present position. This office he has since filled with intelligence and zeal, and much of the time he has been in command of the regiment. He

has been at all times ready to respond to the call of duty, and by his indomitable spirit and example has brought about a most satisfactory and desirable condition of affairs in the regiment.

The Fifth Infantry, the other regiment of the Second Brigade, for seven years has rejoiced in having in Colonel D. B. Fairbanks, a commander whose attention to duty and ability to command has brought this regiment up to a very high standard. He has been the means of making the regiment more than ever proud of its old appellation—the "Dandy Fifth." Colonel Fairbanks commenced his military career as a youthful cadet at the California Academy in 1872, becoming in 1874 a Captain. In 1877 he became Captain of the University Cadets, and in 1882, well equipped, entered the National Guard service as Captain of Company B, Fifth Infantry. He was promoted in February, 1888, to be Major of the regiment. His advancement eighteen months later to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel was the natural consequence of ability, and when, in April, 1890, a vacancy occurred in the Colonelcy, he was selected for the place.

Lieutenant-Colonel Albert K. Whitten, also of the Fifth Regiment, enjoys the distinction of being the ranking officer of that grade in the service. He was born in San José, and that city has always been his home. There he enlisted in Company B, in March, 1882. Just before the close of the year he was made Second Lieutenant, and a year later, Captain. In October of 1889, he reached the majority and on the 26th of April, 1890, became Lieutenant-Colonel. He has an enviable record as a conscientious officer, well qualified in every way, and commands the respect of his superiors as well as of his subordinates.

In addition to the First and Fifth infantry regiments, there are also in the Second Brigade one Troop of Cavalry and a Signal Corps, the whole forming the largest Brigade in the State, a general history of which, together with other organizations will be given in another number.

There is something inexpressibly mean about the treatment which a retired officer receives nowadays from the State. It is true his name appears in an occasional

report issued from general headquarters, but it is not often that he gets a copy unless some former associate in arms has two. If a general order is issued he may possibly hear of it in a general way, but not by receiving a copy. This is neither just nor is it probably legal, for a retired officer has rights which even the biggest military Pooh Bah in our glorious California is bound to respect. The mere fact of an officer having been retired does not cause his military condition to have evaporated, for he is at any time, with those on the active list, liable to be called into active service if needed. Surely the officer who has rendered duty during the time required to secure retirement, could at least be rewarded by being kept supplied with the intellectual literature that is published for the guidance of those on the active list. There have been ample appropriations made for this purpose, and as there never seems to be any surplus, the inference is plain that the ample appropriations have been amply expended.

In the Adjutant General's biennial report for 1895-1896, there are a number of expenditures of a seemingly extravagant character. One in particular relates to the disbursement of such an unusual character to an officer in a court martial case, that the OVERLAND will take it up in another issue.

The State has not always taken into proper consideration the services of such an officer as Brigadier General John H. Dickinson, (retired,) who enlisted in Company B, First Infantry, twenty years ago. He was elected and re-elected Captain of that organization, and his sterling devotion to duty for three years in that capacity brought him so prominently to the attention of his fellow officers that in 1880, he was called to the command of the regiment and served as its Colonel for eleven years. During this period he brought the organization up to the highest standard of efficiency it had ever attained. Its various encampments were noted for excellence in appearance and discipline, and during the usual period they were held, there was a maximum of attendance with a marked effect in drill among officers and men. During his incumbency his regiment held the right of line for many years, and on street parades its appear-

ance was favorably remarked by competent military observers. When the regiment under his command competed for the trophy on the Presidio grounds, February 22, 1888, under the eyes of regular officers who were selected to decide, thousands of the best citizens thronged the hillsides to witness the battalion movements and the manual of arms through which Dickinson put his command, and at their conclusion there was a unanimous verdict that his troops moved with the precision of regulars. Promoted to be Brigadier General, February, 1891, he brought into service all his previous experience to further increase the efficiency of the Second Brigade, and during his career as its commander nothing occurred to cast a blot on his escutcheon until the mistakes of others which were perpetrated at Sacramento in 1893, made him the subject of much unjust criticism. His rank simply made him share in the unhappy lot which fell to those at loggerheads on that occasion.

Another officer who has rendered long and honorable service to the State in a military capacity is Colonel Wm. Macdonald, recently resigned and now on the retired list. It is nearly twenty years since he enlisted as a private in Company F, Second Artillery, and continued as such until the modest chevrons of a Corporal were earned and placed upon his sleeves two and a half years later. From November, 1880, until January 31, 1882, he was Captain and A. D. C. on the staff of the Second Brigade, when a change in commanders relegated him to private life for twenty-four hours, for on the following day, not too proud to do duty as a soldier, he enlisted in Light Battery A, Second Artillery. Three months later he again became a proud Corporal, and his ability and experience being recognized, in two months he was made Second Lieutenant of that organization. Less than a year later he became First Lieutenant and was frequently in command of his battery in camp and on parade. Four and a half years after he was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Artillery, and in eighteen months from this time attained to its Colonelcy. During the period he was its commander many marked improvements took place. It grew in numbers, its attendance at

drills increased, while in drill it became so much improved that the merest novice could not fail to observe the effect of a new head. Its splendid camps at Eureka and Ukiah were envied models, while its service in the Oakland yards during the great strike can never be sufficiently commended. Several years ago, when novices began to tinker at reorganization, the result was to consolidate the First and Third Infantry and the Second Artillery into one regiment, which was designated the First Infantry. Colonel Macdonald was the ranking officer by seniority in those three regiments, but this was ignored and under the law an election was ordered. Then commenced the most vigorous battle in which all concerned were ever engaged. Every influence and every power was invoked, and to the shame of some of the latter, schemes were put forward, which, in their immeasurable littleness, would have been a disgrace to even pot-house politicians. But as the unexpected so often happens, Macdonald came off victorious, much to the delight of a majority of the newly organized regiment,—much to the amusement of many who complacently said, “May the best man win,” and greatly to the disgust of others who could see no merit in any one but themselves.

Colonel H. P. Bush was placed on the retired list less than a year ago, having commanded the First Infantry for a single year. On the date of his retirement he had served the State a just quarter of a century less four years, and during that long period he was a most active and painstaking officer. Enlisting in Company H, June 3, 1870, in less than a month he was First Lieutenant, and two years after Captain. This position he held by various elections until 1884, and four years later again became Captain of the same company, holding the same until March, 1891, when he was elected Lieutenant Colonel. During his term as company commander he was particularly noted for the careful manner in which he inspected and compelled his men to care for the public property en-

trusted to them. By these means his company was nearly always more than abreast of other companies. He made his men give the strictest attention to their arms and accouterments and in this manner an inspection rarely failed to give Bush's company a percentage over others. Of uniforms and camp and garrison equipage, Company H seemed to always have enough and to spare.

He was elected Colonel of his regiment May 14, 1805, and was retired a year later by the act of consolidation. His activity and interest in military matters was probably best exhibited when during his Colonelcy the regiments of San Francisco were ordered to respond late one day to “an emergency call.” Colonel Bush had out by far the largest regiment, fully armed and equipped for active service. Everything necessary, so far as his regiment had been supplied by the State, was in place. Every little detail was attended to, and had there been an actual need for regimental service even at considerable distance from home, the officers and men would have fared comfortably, for camp and garrison equipage and a supply of subsistence were in wagons which formed a part of his regiment's response to the call. Although on the shelf, Colonel Bush retains the liveliest interest in the National Guard.

Major John F. Millar is one of those on the retired list whose services were once gladly recognized and held high. From an enlisted man in 1869, he became a First Lieutenant in Company D, First Cavalry Battalion. Mustered out of D, he enlisted in Company A, was made Sergeant Major and in 1880 received an exempt certificate. Six years afterward he entered the Third Infantry as Ordinance Officer with rank of First Lieutenant. In this position he was always prompt and efficient and in the absence of other staff officers frequently performed double duty. In 1892, he became Quartermaster of the Second Brigade and continued as such until retired in 1893. His interest in the Guard never lagged, and to this day he believes it to be the power that upholds the civil institutions of the State.

Frank Elliott Myers.

HUSTLETON

A STORY OF THE BOOM TIME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

I.



T'S a little too warm today for work," remarked rancher Chesley, as he seated himself in an old rocking chair on the front porch, and began filling his pipe.

"Warm!" exclaimed a voice through the open window. "You forget, Robert, that it is February."

"Never mind about the month, mother, the names of months do not count for much in Southern California. The sun fairly coaxed my coat off. Down on the bottom, by the creek, your peas are getting a fine start, and the rest of the garden stuff is coming on well. Soon have new potatoes, if this weather holds."

The woman paused in her ironing.

"Robert," she said, with a touch of sarcasm, "I'm afraid the potatoes would n't be so early, if I'd had to depend on you to do the planting. You should set George a better example. He's nearly twenty, and if he falls into your shiftless ways it will be his ruin. There's Kate, too, almost eighteen, and she's likely to lose all ambition, if you don't stop holding up your easy-going ideas. It's fortunate that the children have some of their mother's spirit."

The iron came down with a thump that her husband inwardly deplored, as a waste of nervous force.

She added, more gently: "You'll take cold, sitting there without your coat.

You know there's a chill in the shade at this season."

Mr. Chesley heaved a sigh of reluctance, as he arose and drew on his coat.

"No doubt, you are right about the children," he said soothingly, after a silence. "The truth is that I'm not much suited to this age. People are all too busy to enjoy life, even in California. If one does n't join in the chase of the dollar, he is set down as a poor-spirited chap. I'm past fifty — too old to change my ways. Some men were never cut out for business, and I suppose I am one of the so-called failures. You remember how things seemed always to go wrong in Ohio. And when we came out here in '77, ten years ago, if I had n't put into this little ranch what we had left, I'm inclined to think there would n't be much in sight now. But land is going up so fast that we could sell for a good sum, though we do get precious little out of the place as it is."

"And what would become of the money, I should like to know, if you did sell?"

"Well, mother, I have wondered less about the money than whether we should ever again be as happy as now. But I'm perfectly willing to be rich, so long as I don't have to put myself out for it. I doubt if any one of those new millionaires, down there in Los Angeles, is getting as much satisfaction out of California as I am. I'd sooner live up here in the hills, and be free from care."

"The lazy are always afraid of care," said the wife with emphasis.

"The air is so clear today," he resumed, ignoring her remark, "that I can see the ocean, over there at Santa Mon-

ica. It must be more than twenty miles away. And look at these rolling hills, all gay with wild flowers; and the San Gabriel valley — what would Moses have said about that kind of a promised land? And the mountains! How the snow glitters in the sunlight! That last storm whitened Old Baldy more than half way down to the orange orchards. Two miles high, and yet Grayback and San Jacinto, beyond there —”

“There you go again, Robert; just as though I could stop my ironing to gape at the mountains! It’s all very fine, but I’m not one of those that fold their hands and sit down to look at scenery, when there’s work to be done. Give me the money, and you may have the mountains.”

“Seems to me it’s high time for Kate to be home from school.”

“Here she comes, singing as usual,” said her father brightening.

“Look out, papa!” cried the girl, gayly, as she bounded upon the porch.

And before her placid parent could interpose a mild protest, a mass of something cold had struck his neck lightly and lodged under his collar. Her merry laugh rang out, as she threw her arms about him and gave him a kiss.

“O, you dear old papa. I wanted to give you a surprise, and make you think you were a boy again, back in Ohio.”

Her father smiled indulgently, nodded towards the window, but said nothing. Then he slyly slipped a little lump of snow down her back, and laughed at her violent start.

“That’s the way the boys do in Ohio.”

“You are both children,” protested the mother, stepping out upon the porch. “Kate, where on earth did you get that snow?”

“One of the boys was up on the mountains today. But look at the wild-flowers I have brought you.”

She pointed to an apronful of bright blossoms that she had dropped upon the porch at the moment of her arrival. There were golden poppies, larkspurs, bluebells, buttercups, lupins, and other brilliant beauties.

“That’s like California,” said Mr. Chesley, “snowballs and wildflowers in the same lap.”

His wife’s fondness for flowers was manifest, as she gathered up the many-hued heap.

“Did any one help you gather them?” she asked, with a quick glance at Kate.

The rich color deepened a little in the girl’s cheeks, as she answered,—

“Arthur picked most of them for me.”

“You should not speak of him in that way,” said the mother severely. “It is scarcely respectful. ‘Mr. Weyman’ would sound much better. You must remember that you are no longer a child, and that he has grown to be a man and your schoolmaster.”

“But, mamma, I’ve known him ever since he was eight years old. And George always calls him Arthur. You do yourself.”

This protest ended in a pretty pout, that quickly gave place to a smile, as Kate called after her mother:—

“Here they both come now, mamma. George said he would bring him to tea.”

Mrs. Chesley did not appear to be entirely pleased by this announcement, but she made no remark, and disappeared to make preparations for the evening meal.

As the two young men came up the path together, an observer would have noted that they were very unlike. George had the exuberant vitality and ceaseless flow of animal spirits that were characteristics of his sister. His gestures, as he talked earnestly to the teacher, were full of energy and animation. Arthur Weyman, on the other hand, was excessively slender, and delicate in ap-

pearance. His manner was reserved, but marked by a peculiar gentleness. Everybody liked him, but many criticised what they called a lack of force and ambition. He was a few years older than George, but they had been chums at school, and while of opposite tastes, had remained the closest of friends.

"Father," called out George excitedly, as the two drew near the house, "I have some news for you."

"What is it?" calmly inquired the elder Chesley, as he beamed pleasantly upon Arthur.

"The boom is about to strike us. General Hustler is coming out here tomorrow, to take a look around and talk business. Major Hornblower told me to tell you. He just drove down the road."

"And who is General Hustler?" the father asked, his tranquillity entirely undisturbed.

"Have n't you seen something about him in the papers? He is a great real estate operator, from Chicago. The Major says, 'The General has caught on to the boom, and is going to help make things hum.'"

"Well, 'I must confess I never heard of the General, but you know that military titles are very common. We'll see what he has to say tomorrow.'"

Hospitality was one of Mrs. Chesley's virtues. She was fond of company, and welcomed friend or stranger to her table. Guests never disturbed the even tenor of her domestic arrangements. What she had fit to serve was offered without apology that there was nothing better. She used to say that she had always a welcome, a clean table, and something to eat, for any one willing to take chances.

The family fare was ordinarily of a frugal sort. Mr. Chesley could scarcely be called a good farmer, and his habits of indolence and procrastination had left

the capabilities of his ranch almost untried. Most of it was dry upland, on which in favorable seasons a moderate yield of barley was obtained. But the crop was dependent on the uncertainties of the rainfall,—and the greater risk of Mr. Chesley's failing to get the plowing and sowing accomplished. The most productive part of the property was a wide strip of bottom land along the creek that emerged from the cañon a short distance away. This moist land, with little care, yielded heavily of alfalfa, corn, potatoes, and all other sorts of "garden truck." On this fertile soil, under his mother's direction, George had found time to do much useful work. A few cows, some acres of deciduous orchard, poultry, and a score or two of hives of bees, helped to furnish an income for the family. Thanks to Mrs. Chesley's good domestic management, they had kept out of debt; and having little to do and nothing to "bother" him, Mr. Chesley had found life on the place very much to his taste. It was but a few miles from Los Angeles, and the rapid growth of that city gave promise of wealth to all the landowners in its neighborhood.

The information that a real estate man was coming the next day to take a look at the ranch, and perhaps to make an offer for it, was of absorbing interest to Mrs. Chesley. She talked of nothing else, until the simple meal was finished. Both son and daughter were now hopeful of a favorable change in the circumstances of the family. Their mother had taken pains to make them ambitious, at least in a worldly way, and the lack of money had been to the young people a bar to many pleasures and social advantages. They had several times joined their mother in efforts to induce the father to put the ranch on the market, and though he had not positively refused to do so, he had never taken the initiative. But

now that somebody was coming with a view to buy, they felt that a change was near at hand. Their father, as they well knew, might be persuaded to sell, even against his inclination, but beyond a certain point it was a mistake to urge him.

After tea the growing boom was still the subject of discussion. Arthur had said little, and Mr. Chesley asked him what he thought about it.

"I fear that it will do more harm than good," said the young man. "It seems to me to be nothing more than gambling, and that never can help anybody in the long run. My belief is that every form of speculation is injurious to all concerned in it. What seem to be the benefits of the present craze all lie on the surface, but most of the evil is concealed. It appears to me that all this wild speculation intensifies what is said to be the American national vice—the haste to get rich, and at any sacrifice of things more valuable than money."

"You should have gone into the pulpit, Arthur Weyman," said Mrs. Chesley, with a shade of impatience. "We can have progress, and everything good along with it. This is an age of improvement, and money was never such a power as it is now. If people make a bad use of it, that's not the fault of wealth."

"But what has all that to do with the boom. You should stick to the point, mother," her husband smilingly remarked.

A familiar knock at the door interrupted the conversation.

"That's McNab," said Mr. Chesley.

"We were talking about the boom," he remarked, when his jocular old friend and neighbor had been ushered in. "Give us your idea of it."

"I think," said McNab, "that it is like any other fever. The only question is, how long will it last? This malaria of speculation that has fastened on Los An-

geles and San Diego seems to have a firm hold. It will take a good many doses of the quinine of common sense to knock it out. The medicine is unpalatable, and naturally, the newspapers don't like to administer it. Besides, the boom is a fine thing for the press, and keeps its wheels well oiled. But I don't blame the papers. The editor who would condemn the boom just now would be regarded as an idiot or a public enemy. And we must remember that the doctors do not give quinine when the fever is on. The time for wisdom and sober counsel will come with the first bad financial chill."

"For my part," spoke up Mrs. Chesley, "I think the boom is doing great good. I don't believe there will be any let-up in it until we have a million people in Southern California. There's plenty of room for millions more, gracious knows."

"Well, mother, said her husband, with one of his quiet smiles, "I'm glad to hear that you are so well satisfied with ranch life, I had never suspected it."

"It is n't the ranch life—I hate that," she retorted. "It's the sunshine that I love. I can keep cheerful so long as the sky is blue, but dark days make me gloomy. And I would n't object to living here in the country if we could afford to have plenty of help, and a fine house,—to keep a carriage, and go and come as we pleased. But I'd sooner live in Southern California, even as we are here, than go back to the East and be better off, so far as money is concerned. I agree with you that far, Robert. But don't you think, after all, Mr. McNab, that what is called the boom is based on merit?"

"No doubt," he rejoined, "this speculative fever rests upon the good showing that this country has made in the last ten or twelve years. Southern California has been making rapid progress in a quiet way. It has been demonstrated that this

part of the United States is a good place to grow the finest kinds of oranges and other fruits, and that on a little place under irrigation a family may make a comfortable living. This productive capacity, added to the charms and climatic advantages of the country, is what has given rise to the boom, which has taken the form, chiefly, of speculation in town lots. But this very speculation is due to the assumption that the country is to be developed, to sustain the new towns, and especially the cities of Los Angeles and San Diego. To my notion, the newcomers are beginning at the wrong end. They are scrambling for corner lots, instead of buying irrigable or irrigated land, which is sure to rise in actual value, as the country fills up and its resources become better known."

"You talk like an immigration agent," put in Mr. Chesley. "I think that fruit growing, like everything else, will be overdone. It's against all experience that any sort of farming or fruit growing can remain exceedingly profitable for many years. The tendency is towards equilization of profits in all callings. To my mind, there is more profit in setting out stakes for town lots, just now, than in any other sort of planting."

"Perhaps so," said McNab, laughing, "but will they take root? That's the question. Excuse me; I must be going."

II.

THE morning of General Hustler's visit to the Chesley place was one of the finest of the closing days of February. There had been at sunrise a slight frost on the low grounds, but on the slopes of the hills even the tenderest of growing plants had escaped injury. In the gardens the delicate heliotrope, as well as the more hardy rose, showed no trace of blight, and rows of callas in full bloom nodded in the gen-

tle breeze that sprang up with the appearance of the sun above the distant mountain tops. There was a soft air from the sea, and under the genial influence of the sunbeams, the temperature rose rapidly, so that as early as nine o'clock even the most feeble of invalids were tempted out of doors.

It was entirely too fine a morning for work, Mr. Chesley thought. Besides, he had business to engage his attention. So, after Kate had departed for school, he lounged about the dooryard, thoroughly comfortable, occasionally puffing a ring of smoke into the air, and watching it drift away towards the snow-capped ridges of the Sierra Madre.

A buggy drawn by a pair of quick-stepping roadsters came rattling up the winding hill-side road to the gateway. Two men alighted. One was tall and thin, with a military moustache and pointed beard, exceedingly pretentious and dignified in manner. This personage Mr. Chesley recognized as Major Hornblower, a gentleman who prided himself on his military record, but who was better known as a fighting editor from Montana, impecunious and convivial; a vigorous and enthusiastic writer, who had "started" more papers than any other man on the Pacific coast. His hair was quite gray, but his coal-black eyes retained the fire and brightness of their youth.

The Major's companion was a man who would attract attention anywhere. Not less than six feet in height, and with a somewhat portly figure, he yet was so well proportioned, and carried himself with an air so easy and jaunty, that he seemed much less heavy and ponderous than he was. Though scarcely less than fifty years of age, he had few gray hairs, and his thick-set blond moustache adorned a handsome, unwrinkled face, which still retained the ruddiness of youth. A pair

of keen blue eyes shone through the gold frames of his glasses, and a smile seemed ever to hover at the corners of his mouth. His lips were firm, however, and the countenance, as a whole, was expressive of an alert mind united to a sanguine temperament; of invincible determination and energy as well as of boundless good nature and love of pleasure. He was evidently a man whom no difficulties could daunt or misfortunes overcome; of a buoyancy so spontaneous, and hopefulness so unfailing, that reverses served to spur him on to fresh enterprises and new feats of audacity. A man without prejudices, without scruples, guided by no ambitions other than those of self-interest and enjoyment of life, he was yet, in the estimation of the friends of his own choosing, "the best fellow in the world." His generosity was unbounded, and if, in the way of business, he ruined a man, he would cheerfully loan him enough money for a fresh start in the world. Such was his rare tact and charm of manner that even those who had learned by sad experience how little faith could be placed in his sanguine assurances, were apt to remain his friends, consoling themselves with the idea that he had deceived himself as well as those whom he had led financially astray. He could lie with the appearance of such absolute candor, and look doubt so firmly in the eye, that it was difficult, even for those who knew him well, to suspect him of intentional deceit.

"Mr. Chesley," said the Major, as the pair met him half way to the house, "allow me to introduce General Hustler, late of Chicago. General, Mr. Chesley."

The General's face was radiant with good-will and his hand-clasp warm and magnetic, as he said with his most engaging heartiness, "Mr. Chesley, I am delighted to know you."

And then the latter responded that he

was pleased to meet the General, it was more than a mere civility. There were few persons, indeed, whom the General failed to captivate when introduced, — if it were worth his while. He was a good talker, but never tiresome, and sufficiently adroit to be a good listener when occasion served. Mr. Chesley was soon doing most of the talking, even to the exclusion of the voluble Major, and in a few minutes the General had learned all about the ranch that he cared to know, though he had not seemed to be asking for information.

Presently, at a sign from the General, the Major remarked to Mr. Chesley: "I am showing my friend something of the country, and hope to get him to cast his lot with us. Have you ever thought of selling this place?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the General, seemingly lost in admiration of the great snowy mountain that dominated the landscape to the eastward. "Excuse the interruption, but will you kindly tell me the name of that magnificent dome-shaped mass over there?"

"San Antonio, or Old Baldy; as you please," the Major answered.

The General's gaze remained fixed on the distant range, while Mr. Chesley, not heeding the interruption, slowly said, "Yes, I have sometimes thought I might be induced to sell."

"And what valuation do you place on the property, may I ask?" inquired the Major.

Mr. Chesley hesitated. He had meant to ask seventy-five dollars an acre, but the General's seeming indifference made him fearful of putting the price too high. At length he responded, "Sixty dollars an acre — thirty-six thousand for the six hundred acres."

"Pretty good price for dry hill land, even in these times," was the Major's comment.

The General turned suddenly, and pulled out his watch. "Past ten o'clock!" he exclaimed. "Major, we must be going; I have an engagement in Los Angeles. Mr. Chesley, I envy you this noble view, and wish I could linger with you a little longer this lovely morning, but time presses. Goodby!" And he extended his hand, with his most genial smile.

"Don't hurry," said Mr. Chesley, as his face fell into a lugubrious expression in spite of himself, while he mechanically pressed the proffered hand. "Have you any notion of buying such a place as this?"

He thought of what his wife would say, if he let the General slip through his fingers, without an effort to make a sale.

"I might," said the General frankly, "just for a turn. What is the acreage and the price?"

"Thirty-six thousand dollars for the six hundred acres."

There was a shade of anxiety in the answer, which the General instantly detected. He turned as if about to go, and Mr. Chesley added, with an eagerness that he could scarcely restrain:—

"I might make it a little less. The creek water-right alone is worth the price, if developed in the cañon. A little money would do it."

"Well," returned the General, with a slight yawn, which he seemingly tried to repress. "You might give me a ten-day's option, if you like, at thirty-five thousand dollars. Can you accommodate him with a blank, Major? I understand that a Los Angeles man is considered behind the times if he does n't carry with him a few printed options, ready for use." And the General laughed gayly, as he winked at Mr. Chesley.

"I don't know but what I might have one," said the Major, as he drew a handful of papers from an inside pocket of his coat. "Yes, as it happens, here is one." And he held out a printed form.

"I'll take it up to the house, and fill it out," said Mr. Chesley.

"Never mind," said the General. "Pencil will do. Fill it out for him, Major, and let's be off."

The Major lost no time in filling the blank, with the description and price, and Mr. Chesley signed it.

"All right," said the General affably, as he stowed away the document. "Goodby again, Mr. Chesley. I shall hope to see you some other day, before long." And with a gracious bow and wave of the hand he was gone.

Mr. Chesley went around the corner of the house, and there found his wife, who had been intently watching the visitors. He rubbed his hands gleefully.

"I gave him an option at thirty-five thousand dollars," he said, "and I hope he'll take the place."

"Could n't you have done better?" she asked eagerly.

"O Lord, no! It was touch and go at that. He does n't seem to care whether he buys anything or not."

"Well," remarked the good woman, as she heaved a long-drawn sigh, "the price is not so bad, seeing that you paid only five dollars an acre. But that was ten years ago. I hope to gracious he'll take it."

The General and the Major had gone a little way in silence, and had reached a turn in the road that hid them from view of the house.

"Now," said the Major, as he turned in his seat and looked hard at his companion, "what do you think of it?"

"It's a snap, at that figure, for a town-site," the General responded joyfully. "It should cut up into four thousand twenty-five-foot lots, allowing plenty of room for streets, squares, and all that. They ought to average \$250 to \$300 each; or a good deal more, after things get moving. There's a clear million of profit in it, I guess. And if the water-right is

worth developing, that may add another million. I was afraid to ask about the water, but it may be worth more than the land. Chesley is a dear old duffer,

and I fancy he is about the laziest man I ever came across. Let the horses go, Major. We'll have a cold bottle when we get into town."

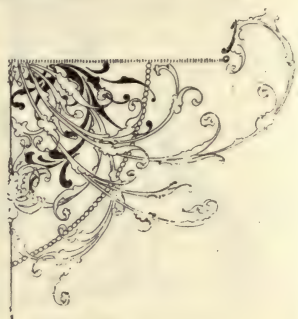
William A. Lawson.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]





THE MODERN CEMETERY



THE PERPETUAL CARE LAWN PLAN

“EVERY man of true feeling rejoices in the growing taste of the country in regard to cemeteries. A sentiment so sacred as the memory of the dead ought not to be merely cherished, it should be expressed, and society, as such, should have acknowledged forms of respecting its depths and tenderness.” So spoke Edward Everett Hale at the quarter centennial of Mount Auburn cemetery, in 1859, and the thought then uttered has gathered strength with the passing years.

The dead are not only ours personally, by virtue of those ties that carry the strength and beauty of immortality in them, but they retain a social value that a Christian community holds dear to its heart. The natural exhibition of this trait of moral refinement is in appropriate and beautiful places of sepulture; and in this way, cemeteries are types of public opinion, touching the dead.

The full pathos of any one grave is only felt by very few, and if it does not reach



VIEW IN SECTION "C."

our profoundest passions, appeal to our deepest feelings, it is something in favor of the higher estimate of humanity, for it to address itself to our gentler emotions and to fix its image of repose within our minds.

A cemetery where taste and scenery combine to heighten the effect, is the counterpart of life's busy multitude. It is a departed world where all are at rest in close proximity to the rush, stir, and

strife, of animated being; and while it links us with the dust beneath our feet, it makes that earth itself something more than a material sphere by the redeemed treasures locked in its bosom.

It could not be expected that cemeteries should at once conform to the truest and highest principles of Christian art; there had to be a period of change, of evolution, of emancipation from the mental thralldom of centuries before the rural cemetery of the present day could exist.

Undoubtedly the earliest form of burial was just a simple interment in the ground without any particular choice of location; afterward various other modes of sepulture were used, which reached their apogee hundreds and in some cases thousands of years ago. During all this time, by various races, by generation after generation the mere interring of the body of the deceased in the ground with more or less formality was practised, and while other modes of burial have reached the limit of their improvement, this is continually developing new beauties and



MAIN GATEWAY.



MORTUARY CHAPEL, VIEW OF APPROACH FROM
SOUTHERN BOUNDARY, OLD OAKEN BUCKET IN FOREGROUND.

attractions, until in the present day it presents the wonderful beauty of Greenwood, Mount Auburn, Spring Grove; Cypress Lawn, and other cemeteries in the United States, which are considered by those who know far to excel any in the countries of the old world.

This evolution of the present cemetery, however, was gradual; it is a far cry from a cemetery in semblance of a potters' field to a modern one conducted on the lawn plan. The former required only a few acres of ground encircled by wall or fence and subdivided to suit; the latter, having secured a tract of land made already beautiful by nature, calls to its aid as additional beautifiers the talents of the best engineers and landscape gardeners obtainable; the former with the majority of its plots unkempt and uncared for, the latter with its magnificent sweep of lawn broken only by clumps of shrubs and flowers, by mausoleum, cross, or shaft, indicate by comparison the ever increasing desire of the human race properly to honor its dead and to beautify and adorn their final resting place.

It was only in the third decade of this century that, the population of our cities

increasing rapidly, we were confronted with the problem that the older European cities had to grapple with years before. Our towns had become cities, burial places that had been on their out-



THE HANCOCK PERISTYLE.



IONA CROSS, ERECTED TO BISHOP KIP.

skirts had become almost their business centers, and were not only a menace to health but a hindrance to the business world and a virtual stoppage of the arteries of trade that would if not closed, flow through them, to the residence and business sections beyond. To be sure, in those times, prior to the advent of steam and electric communication, there were some good reasons for inter-mural burial places, the only method of travel being horse conveyance, while the streets and roads were bad at best. Thus nearness and easy access were almost absolute necessities.

Early in the thirties in a number of Eastern cities, associations were formed for the purpose of buying tracts of land considerably removed from their centers, which had some natural beauties and were as far as could possibly be foreseen out of the probable direction of the city's growth. The land thus acquired was to

be used for cemetery purposes in perpetuity, the plots in them were deeded to purchasers, who assumed their entire care, but the regulations were at first lax, there was a great lack of ensemble, and while they were a great advance on the city burial place, there was still much to be desired.

The credit for the origination or adoption of the lawn plan seems by universal consent to be given to Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, Ohio. The principal aim of the plan is to adapt the cemetery scheme to the natural topography of the land, strive to preserve the maiden beauties, hide all unpleasant and disturbing features, and develop the pleasant and good ones by the most natural and pleasing embellishments, avoiding the use of novelties and eccentricities not in accord with the natural conditions of the place. To accomplish this satisfactorily it was necessary that the entire work of improvement and adornment should be done by the Cemetery Association itself, that there should be no artificial fencings, copings, or irregularities, around the plots, that certain stringent rules and regulations should be adopted and observed, without which it would be impossible

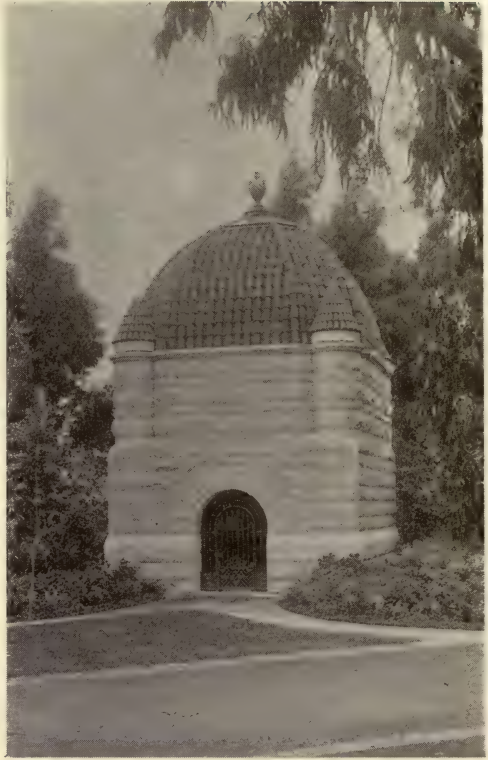


THE BRICKELL MONUMENT.

to make the cemetery an harmonious whole.

Then again a very strong argument in favor of the lawn plan is the very natural wish that one's own place of final repose should be ever decent and respectable, and a still stronger motive is added by our regard for the memory of others. It can hardly be imagined that the feeling which has prompted a costly purchase and construction should be unaccompanied with a desire that a spot on which so much has been expended should always be kept in neatness and good repair.

But lots and monuments will not take care of themselves. No pains or expense at the outset — no solidity of ma-



COLUMBARIUM.



PALM HOUSE.

terial, no thoroughness of workmanship — is proof against the perpetual tendency to dilapidation and decay. Trees, briars, shrubs, and weeds, fill a neglected lot with a tangled and squalid growth. Headstones and monuments are seldom placed so firmly as to defy forever the powerful forces of nature constantly at work to weaken and throw them down. Lot owners know that they cannot be always on the spot to watch the beginning and progress of decay, and should not forget that their own personal care, at best, can continue but a little while.

It is still less to be expected that those who come after them should do what they had failed to accom-



CATHOLIC CROSS, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF MARY A. SMALL
OF ST. BRIDGET'S PARISH.

plish. The lawn plan cemetery, with its feature of perpetual care under the immediate direction of the association, the cost of which is defrayed by the interest received from the investment of an additional amount equal to thirty-three and one third per cent of the cost of the lot, which is paid at the time of the purchase and is put into a separate fund managed by nine trustees elected for the purpose, stands as a guardian and care-taker in perpetuity, relieves the lot owner of any further care or expense, and guarantees not only that his plot shall always be kept in good repair, but also that nothing in its surroundings shall be unpleasant or incongruous, and when in the fullness of time the cemetery is entirely occupied, it will

form an extensive park, rich in foliage, flowers, mausoleums, statuary, and monuments, with funds ample for its perpetual care, a handsome memorial gift to posterity without a corresponding burden of tax.

In the year 1891 a number of prominent San Franciscans, realizing that while in nearly all branches of art and science our city by the Golden Gate was the peer of her Eastern sisters, it lacked the beautiful park like cemeteries of the East, determined to secure a site for a cemetery to be conducted on the lawn plan, to secure the best engineers and landscape gardeners, and in fine, to found an interment place where chaste art should assist nature and where for years to come should be interred the bodies of our loved and respected dead. In pursuance of this plan in the following year, the Cypress Lawn Cemetery Association was incorporated under the laws of the State of California, with a perpetual charter from the supervisors of San Mateo county, its object being the acquirement for cemetery purposes of a slightly tract of land situated in the north-part of San Mateo county and distant ten miles from San Francisco. The land purchased was about eighty acres in extent and from the foothills of the San Bruno mountains sloped in undulations gently westward to the main county road. The north and south boundaries are the Hills of Eternity and Holy Cross cemeteries,—an ideal spot for a rural place of interment and susceptible in the hands of a skilful landscape gardener, from its configuration and the many clumps of trees that dotted its expanse of an Aladdin lamp-like transformation into the Cypress Lawn of today.

The ordinary visitor, who sees only the completed work, the massive gateway, the pretty lake bordering the approach, the mortuary chapel, crematory,



THE THORNTON SHAFT.

and columbarium, the sunken, well-kept gravel driveways, the closely cropped lawns, the clumps of shrubs and borders of flowers, must realize that these were not built in a day, and were made to last many, but he cannot fully understand the immense amount of preliminary work before anything beautiful appeared. After the purchase of the site, the first necessary work of surveying or plotting being finished, an elaborate system of sewers was constructed, a pumping station erected with pipes radiating to all parts of the tract, the main driveways built with macadam foundations (these latter are all sunken and do not destroy the lawn-like effect of the cemetery), a green house and nursery established where were grown thousands of shrubs and plants, to be scattered through the grounds by the landscape gardener,—whose work was next in order and who had the charge of adorning them, form-

ing the lake, and selecting the sites for the buildings. The beauty of the cemetery soon attracted the attention of the best people of San Francisco, who approved of the perpetual care plan, and at once secured plots. The board of trustees being entirely non-sectarian, all denominations were represented. A great number of lots were secured by lot-owners in city cemeteries, who removed the remains of their deceased relatives, and while the cemetery is yet young, it will make history in years to come. Already the splendid mausoleums of the Pope, Kohl, and Hobart families, the Hancock peristyle, the Brickell boulder, the Scobie, Watson, Felton, Small, Booth, and other fine monuments, have been erected. The Thornton-Creswell shaft, which stood for thirty-five years in Laurel Hill, has been removed from there and re-erected, and in the center of Iona churchyard, the Iona cross in memory of William Ingraham Kip, the first Episcopal Bishop of California. And the end is not yet.

The crematory, from an architectural as well as a scientific standpoint, is considered the finest in the country, and unlike other Coast crematories, the incin-



SAN MATEO ELECTRIC RAILROAD FUNERAL CAR.



AWAITING THE FUNERAL CORTEGE.

erating flames do not come in contact with the body. The columbarium—the only one on the Pacific Coast—which is designed to hold the ashes of the cremated dead, is also a noble building; the niches in its interior for the reception of the ashes are carved in solid rock.

Carrying out to the fullest extent their idea of a beautiful cemetery, the Cypress Lawn management pays particular regard to all minutiae that may tend to lessen the grief of mourning friends. The attendants are neatly and decorously uniformed, the earth mound by the

grave-side covered by evergreens and flowers, and the coffin receptacle heavily padded, making the earth fall noiseless. Seats are provided for the mourners and matting is spread around the grave. Everything is done that humanity and experience can suggest to spare the feelings of the bereaved ones, that the last sad offices for the dead may be performed with due solemnity and honor.

Alfred Farmar.¹

¹I am indebted to the writings of Messrs. Adolph Strauch and F. Eurich for valuable material for this article, also to Mr. J. D. Allen, the local manager of Messrs. Jones Brothers & Company, workers in granite, who have designed and manufactured a majority of the monuments at Cypress Lawn.





A Reformer and Student.

ion forces was so complete at a time when the rest of the nation expressed by its ballot a radical difference of opinion.

Governor Rogers has an advantage over the usual run of reformers, in that he does not believe in enacting or enforcing laws before a practical unanimity of public opinion demands such change.

He was born in Brunswick, Maine, September 4th, 1838, and was educated in his native town. He followed the drug trade in Boston, and for some years thereafter in Mississippi and again in Maine. He taught school in Illinois, and finally bought a farm. He afterwards removed to Kansas, where he entered politics, and held several minor offices. He established and was editor for three years of the *Kansas Commoner*, now published at Wichita. He moved to the State of Washington in 1890, locating in Puyallup, where he resided when elected Governor. He is the author of several pamphlets on sociological and economical subjects, most of which have been published since he came to Washington. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1895.

Overland and the Schools.

IT IS needless to say that the OVERLAND is proud of the fact that it is the official organ of the schools of California. It received its designation as such from the State Board of Education, which was composed of Governor Budd, State Superintendent Black, President Kellogg, Dr. Brown, and Professors Pennel, Pierce, and Childs. For six months it has furnished the magazine and sixteen additional pages of technical educational matter, edited by Mr. A. B Coffey, to the 3,341 schools

of the State for the sum of twelve and one half cents a month to each district.

It has no apologies to make. It has done its level best to give satisfaction and believes it has succeeded. Still in the last session of the legislature a bill was introduced (S. B. 407) by one Smith, of "Coyote Bill" fame, to abolish the official organ, blacken the name of the OVERLAND, and deprive the County Boards of Education of their constitutional rights. The bill was lost by a vote of twenty-two to six, but not until its introducer had delivered himself of a speech against the magazine and its proprietors that was as false as it was shameful. Yet coming as it did from the father of this gigantic Coyote steal (Smith of Bakersfield, — we shall have more to say of him at the proper time), it met with the rebuke it deserved. In the vote of the Senate and the scores of letters of commendation and appreciation from teachers and trustees from all over the State the magazine and the official organ received an endorsement that was both generous and encouraging. It is our aim to make the OVERLAND a power for good, and we are sincerely thankful that the spite and envy of no one man can come between us and that aim. We wish our friends to know that we are thankful for their kindness and good words.

California's Diplomatic Desires.

ALTHOUGH we believe in the Jacksonian doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, still President McKinley is to be commended for not turning the entire government upside down in the first fortnight of his administration. Four years ago President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham had within three weeks made fully two thirds of their consular and diplomatic appointments, and the other branches of the government were not far behind. The consequence was that the papers were full of scandals about unsavory appointees, and in a number of cases appointments that were made in haste were recalled. This show of caution is

most commendable in the case of diplomatic and consular appointments. In them we have some one besides ourselves to consider, and the President should exercise his matured judgment in regard to every man that he asks a foreign power to accept as a guest for a space of years. Our own State has not been backward in asking for diplomatic and consular favors. In fact it has requested more appointments than would belong to all the States west of Kansas if the appointments were awarded according to population and relative importance. For example, we ask for the appointment of an Ambassador to Italy, when there are but four Ambassadors for the entire United States. It is an appointment that outranks a Cabinet appointment and yet we ask it, although it would take the combined population of California, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, Texas, South and North Dakota, and Montana, to equal the population of New York alone. California has had a member of Cabinet and is asking for the Assistant Secretaryship of War. Next we apply for four first class Ministerships, —viz., Japan, Brazil, Greater Republic of Central America, and Hawaii, out of twenty-five all told, forgetting the fact that there are fifty sister States and Territories to be provided for. And this is not all; we should like, while the President has his hand in, three first class consulships, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Nagasaki, for the present, with a later claim on half a dozen more. The *Record-Union* thus sums up the situation editorially:—

If the Congressional Delegation and the Chairman of the State Central Committee had intended to punish men for their importunate office seeking, they could not have chosen a better method than the one they have apparently adopted. They have asked for too much; and this species of asking is about as good a way to plead oneself out of court as can be found.

This hits the nail squarely on the head. California went for McKinley, but so did other parts of the Union who are not begging for Ambassadorships, members of Cabinets, etc., etc.

As was said in the March OVERLAND, if California receives for its share of the diplomatic "spoils" the appointment of Speaker Coombs to Japan, an appointment asked for not only by the Congressional delegation but by a unanimous resolution of the Assembly, and possibly one or two consular berths, it would seem that we had received all that we are entitled to within reason, and under an equal distribution.

Governor Rogers on Land Questions.¹

THE agrarian question is the stumbling block of nations and has uniformly led to their decay and destruction. So long as the quantity of free and uncultivated land is large in proportion to population there is work and sustenance for all, but even in the immense territory of the United States the time is fast approaching, if not now at hand, when the destitute are practically separated from the source of life. The result is the creation of millionaires and tramps. It is refreshing and hopeful to find the Governor of one of the younger States discussing the vital question from this fundamental standpoint. No Eastern Governor would dare to do it. But Governor Rogers says that it must be clear that if man possesses the right to life, as stated in that glorious declaration which all good Americans believe to be the truth, he must also have the right to whatever nature has provided as absolutely essential to the preservation of that life. In no case must he be dependent upon fellow mortals for the free gift of God. Otherwise his right to life is gradually destroyed by the persistent inhumanity of man to man. With the opportunities of applying his labor to the land man cannot be utterly crushed and absolute want becomes impossible. Labor and land are capable of supplying every need. Without labor no one has the right to live, without land no destitute person has the opportunity. Governor Rogers brings to the consideration of this vital question a deep study of history and of the opinions of the most thoughtful men, a practical experience in government and a profound acquaintance with the conditions of his State. He will no doubt secure a full discussion of the remedy he proposes and whether or not his object be attained by the means suggested, but once let the question be seriously considered by the masses of the people and some effective solution will assuredly be found.

Governor Rogers proposes that real estate or land and all usual improvements to the value of a sum not to exceed \$2,500 held, used, and occupied in good faith as a homestead by any usual and private family, the head of which shall be a citizen of the United States and the State of Washington, shall be forever exempted from all taxation. This exemption does not apply to restricted areas in towns and cities. The objections to this proposal are obvious and real. It is a form of special legislation for the special bene-

¹ Homes for the Homeless. Free Land the Remedy for Involuntary Poverty, Social Unrest, and the Woes of Labor. By John R. Rogers, Governor of Washington: The Allen Printing Co.: Seattle, Washington.

fit of a comparatively small class, the limitation of which is not accurately defined, but open to fraudulent returns. But its greatest objection arises from the fact that the foundation of the evil is not reached.

It provides no means of living for the absolutely destitute, who can never hope to get a homestead without a start and a chance to succeed by his own efforts.

Governor Rogers would do well to study the land system of New Zealand, which is certainly more advanced than any other and affords to the poorest laborer the best hope of work. If not a single tax in name it is so in principle; for nearly four fifths of the public revenue is derived the taxation of land value only. Improvements are altogether free, the laborer therefore enjoys an absolute right to everything he makes. Land is also free up to a certain point and the number of landowners is six times greater than the number taxed. The principle involved is that of State ownership of the soil, with perpetual tenancy in the occupier. Most of the crown lands are disposed of for terms of 999 years. The rentals are fixed and the management carries with it the power of sale, sublease, mortgage, or disposition by will.

Under this land tax system, many large landowners who had acquired their holdings for speculative purposes have availed themselves of their right to return their lands to government at the price of their assessment, and one large estate of 84,000 acres has been taken back by the government and redistributed in leases, whereby the population and comfort of the people have been increased. Great advantages are thus given to the poor man, who, with little more capital than his strong right arm, is enabled to make a home for himself. The industrious settler on the land is also helped to borrow money at a reasonable rate of interest from a special fund provided by the government and he is thus enabled to carry on his work and to overcome temporary embarrassment.

J. H. Stallard.

Communication.

ST. HELENA, CAL., Feb. 3, 1897.

MR. W. B. FARWELL,—Dear Sir:—Reading your article in the February number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY (which magazine is a credit to California) recalls many incidents of yester-olden time, especially "The Banner."

"The thoughts of other days come rushing on,"—and the pleasant task I assumed to raise money to purchase a flag for the Society of California Pioneers.

As I was about to start out with a subscription paper, I met at the door (the house still standing southeast corner of Broadway and Powell streets) a friend. I told her of my errand, and in course of conversation she remarked that a mutual friend had said there were no ladies in California till her family arrived in 1849. I was somewhat surprised as we had been on intimate terms. Taking that for my text, I had no difficulty in raising all the money necessary.

Mr. D. Norcross made the flag and engraved the pole at a cost of \$350.

Then came the question, Who will present it? I proposed Miss Elizabeth Branham of San José, a school girl whose parents crossed the plains in 1846. Mr. Branham (one of God's noblemen) had old-fashioned ideas of girls speaking in public. However, he consented. Miss Branham came to San Francisco as our guest. Mr. Grayson drilled her, and she delivered the following address:—

Mr. President and members of the Pioneer Association:—

Before you enter upon the ceremonies which you have devised to commemorate the day which welcomed our State into the Union, the ladies of your families desire to pay some tribute to the sagacity, enterprise, and love of independence, which have led to your organization under the proud title of "Pioneers of California."

They recollect with sympathy your toilsome marches across the dreary plains and rugged mountains, your tedious voyage around Cape Horn, and the perilous transit across the unhealthy Isthmus. They acknowledge with pride, as the result of these toils and hardships, the foundation of our new State, already rivaling her elder sisters in the worth and intelligence of her citizens, the magnificence of her cities, the fertility of her farms, and the comforts of her domestic firesides. Already the newly arrived immigrant as he views the present greatness of California and contemplates her future grandeur, seeks to know who were the pioneers—the founders of this sudden empire. In future years the question will be asked with greater reverence and gratitude and it will be an honor to your children to boast descent from the Pioneers of California. Such is your proud distinction, Mr. President and gentlemen, members of the Association. We, whose sex forbade our further participation in the toils which led to its accomplishment than being your companions, desire to testify our sympathy and approbation by the presentation of this flag.

It is the emblem of our country, which some of you once fancied to wave a last adieu to you as you sought this then foreign shore. We can conceive of no more appropriate testimonial, believing that none are more worthy to receive it and able to guard it, than the Pioneers of California.

Samuel Brannan was the President of the Society and received the flag.

Your paper says that Judge Edwin Bryant came in 1842,—no doubt a typographical error. He crossed the plains in our company, in 1846. As you will see in his book, "What I saw in California," he mentions the Grayson and Branham families.

Mistakes will occur,—for example Swasey's "Early Days" sketch of Andrew J. Grayson says, "Full length portrait of himself, wife, and child, appear in the celebrated painting of emigrants crossing the plains called 'Westward Ho' now in the capitol at Washington." The Grayson family picture hangs in my drawing-room, and will eventually belong to the Society of Pioneers.

I did not intend to write so much, but at my age—seventy-three last December—it is natural to live over the past. I do not know whether you will care to use any of this in your future articles; if so, use it as your own. I am interested in anything and everything belonging to California.

Yours truly,

Mrs. F. Grayson Crane.

"And the World Wags On."

AND the world wags on in a jolly sort of way;
In the genial fresh warmth of a balmy spring day,
All nature seems to smile. The very rocks are glad.
There is joy in the trees, happy flowers, humming bees,—

And the jovial breeze that passes seems to say,—
"Come, lads and lasses,
Laugh with me in merry glee, for the May-day of youth is no time to be sad,"—
And the world wags on.

And the world jogs on in a sober sort of way;
And the scene is too hot for either work or play;
So we sit in the shade, looking far, far ahead.
The flowers of youth are fading; weird doubts
our hopes invading;
And the hot wind passing slowly, tells the leaves
in accents lowly:—

"The spring-time has gone, the summer has come.

When next I pass by you'll be withered and dead,"—

And the world wags on.

And the world drags on in a weary, aimless way,
And we look far back to our youth so light and gay.

The evening shadows fall; night is drifting in apace.

Shattered dreams that once we cherished, like
our hopes have long since perished,

The cold blasts of winter are shivering round.
In place of the flowers there is snow on the ground.

Life is but sorrow; we will rest on the morrow;
We are willing to go,—we have finished the race;

And the world drags on.

A. Duncan.



Hugo's Toilers of the Sea.¹

NO AMERICAN library is complete without a first class edition of Victor Hugo. In recognizing this and in offering an edition that is every thing that makes a translation acceptable, Little, Brown & Company have placed thousands of readers and admirers of the great Frenchman under a lasting debt of gratitude.

¹Toilers of the Sea. By Victor Hugo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: 2 vols.

Readers of Hugo should not feel that they know him thoroughly because they are familiar with "Les Miserables" and "Notre Dame." In his wonderful *Toilers of the Sea*, he has painted a picture that for strength, ruggedness, and fire, deserves a place by their side. Déruchette, Gilliatte, Sieur Clubin, and Mess Lethierry are characters that will live as long as fiction is read. The edition under review is printed on the best paper from large, clear type, bound in blue cloth,

and illustrated with numerous full-page etchings. It is uniform with the set which has been fully dwelt upon in previous numbers. We particularly commend this edition to our school libraries.

Bryce's American Commonwealth.¹

THE enthusiastic reception by the American public of Professor James Bryce's study of our institutions, written primarily for the English people, has led to the republication of *The American Commonwealth* in more convenient form, both as regards size and price.

It is not a mere condensation of the larger work in two volumes, but has been practically rewritten with a view to its special use as a text-book. Every page has had the advantage of Mr. Bryce's own revision, as well as the assistance given by Jesse Macy, Professor of Constitutional History and Political Economy in Iowa College.

It is conceded that a knowledge of Mr. Bryce's great work is essential to any one who would make an adequate study of American institutions, politics, etc., and only the bulk and scope of the two-volume edition has prevented its very wide use as a text-book. In spite of these objections it has been so used in many of the larger universities and colleges as being practically indispensable.

The Mighty Atom.²

MARIE CORELLI is not afraid of the novel-with-a-purpose. *The Mighty Atom* is definitely of that sort. It is the story of a child brought up by his parents on strictly atheistic principles. The father is an unbeliever of the scientific and intellectual kind. Severe and studious himself, he takes pride only in the intellectual precocity of his son, and puts him to grinding study under hard tutors. The mother, also without religious principle, is too pleasure-loving to be happy in the cold atmosphere of her husband's house, and elopes to escape it.

The child, overworked, and oppressed by his mother's shame, commits suicide, and the author strives to make it appear as the logical result of the boy's lack of faith.

The thesis so presented is open to several valid demurrers. Not every man who does not believe in religion is so possessed with intellectual vanity and so blind to evident physiological facts as to insist that his children shall overwork themselves

at tender ages over Latin and Greek, in spite of remonstrances from physicians, tutors, and indeed all that know the facts. Not every woman, though absolutely without spirituality, allows herself to be repressed by her husband until she must burst all moral and social ties to get at the freedom necessary to her happiness. It has been the experience of most people, we fancy, to note that irreligious people are apt to be rather too lax, too indulgent with their children, and too much inclined to pursue pleasure themselves, to over-restrain anybody. On the other hand, the repression and over-government of children is not without examples in the most orthodox families. Mr. Ingersoll is said to be the result of such a training. Now, without at all denying or wishing to deny that religious training is good,—yes, essential,—in the case of any child, it is equally certain that *The Mighty Atom* does not prove it. The book is none the less interesting, for it contains many good pictures of quiet English country and seaside villages, and some pretty studies in child life and child thought and talk. The gentle and noble character of the little central figure in the story will linger long in the reader's memory with the other Holy Innocents of literature.

The Poetry of Bohemia.³

THE poetry of Bohemia has its ardent admirers. Those who can read it in the original and love it passionately, must suffer when they see it rendered into such halting, prosaic, and often ungrammatical English as in the volume of *Bohemian Legends* by Mrs. F. P. Kopta. She is capable of a stanza like this:—

In her wedding dress I saw her,
With the myrtle wreath;
But her eyes were closed in slumber,
She had drank of lethe.
"Take the ring off from my finger—
Wherefor, lover, dost thou linger?"

Here is a more favorable example:—

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

HE—Now they lead my loved one to the church
door;
Now then you are mine, beloved,
Now you are mine.
SHE—Not yet am I yours, beloved, not yet;
I am still my mother's own.
HE—Now they lead my loved one to the altar;
Now then you are mine, beloved,
Now you are mine.
SHE—Not yet am I yours, beloved, not yet;
I am still my mother's own.

¹The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce, M. P. New York: The Macmillan Company: 1896, \$1.75. For sale by Emporium Book Department, San Francisco.

²The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia. The J. B. Lippincott Company: 1896.

³Bohemian Legends and Other Poems. By F. P. Kopta. New York: William R. Jenkins: 1896.

HE — Now I lead my loved one from the altar;
Now then you are mine, beloved,
Now you are mine.

SHE — Now then I am yours, beloved, alone;
Now I am no more mamma's.

The book was such a literary curiosity that the reviewer referred it to a bright young woman of Bohemian blood for an opinion from that standpoint. Parts of the resulting letter follow:—

Mrs. Kopta's "poems" and translations afforded me much amusement. They are indeed a remarkable mixture of patriotism and bad verse — the most glorious and the worst possible thing on earth, if you will allow me to be so extravagant in expression. I read the rather mixed-up preface with interest, and was particularly struck with her expression "My poor little book," an expression for which she seems to have an especial fondness. I am afraid she does not realize how poor a book it is in reality. She makes a strange statement in the preface, she speaks of Bohemian literature being poor. While it is true that during the Thirty Years War, innumerable works were totally destroyed, yet enough were preserved, and enough have been written since, to make Bohemia acknowledged as taking the lead in literature among Slavonian nations, not excepting Russia. Her statement must of course be ascribed to her ignorance.

I found the rhyme of *lethe* and *wreath*. That is indeed bad! But after all, is it as bad as the halting rhythm which characterizes her verses? Take for instance these lines from "Kryspek's Goblet"—pronouncing *Bila Hora* with an accent on each syllable:—

When the Bílá Hora battle,
Spite of all valor had been lost
And the poor Bohemian country,
Had to give itself up for lost."

Can the woman really believe that to be poetry?

The little poem he has entitled "Are not, are not!" perhaps illustrates as well as anything her ignorance of both Bohemian and English. In the Bohemian, as in many other languages, it is possible to use the verb alone, the subject being understood in the ending. To translate it without its subject into the English is laughable, to say the least. Perhaps it is even worse than halting rhythm and faulty rhyme.

About the literalness,—*that* was my last hope. But alas, like all my others it was doomed to disappointment. I chose a stanza at random and without consulting her version, translated it hastily, but as nearly literally as possible. This, from "Happiness and Misery," was the stanza:—

Kolik vzdechů srdce kruší
nez mu horkost povysusí;
Kolik slzí uplyne
Nezli se v nich rozplyne.

My translation:—

How many sighs must rend the heart,
Before Life's bitterness is past;
How many tears must flow and fall,
Before the soul finds peace at last.

This lacks the strength of the original, but surely there is nothing ridiculous about it. Perhaps as much cannot be said of her lines:—

Oh, how many, how many
The heart that must ache,
At hopes unattainable,
And at last must break.

(I wonder if she meant *heart* to be singular!)

But perhaps this odd translation is to preserve the verse and meter? But no. in the original there are four feet, and the verse is trochaic. I have in my own hasty translation, unconsciously preserved the same number of feet at least. She has neither. So really I cannot understand why she gives us these strange lines. Perhaps I fell upon an extreme case, but I do not think so. If I am right, I should say in general of her translated poems, that the thought of the originals is given in the main, but given robbed of its vitality, and given in verse so poor that those of us who know the original shudder at anyone daring so to give it.

What a pity that each country has not its Carmen Sylva! It is all Bohemia needs to make her poems as much admired as those of Roumania. And then, these—these—No wonder they made me angry!

I translate a few more stanzas—chosen also at random—that you may judge better in regard to how far Mrs. Kopta's are literal. Here is an almost literal translation of the last stanza in the poem entitled "Sweet Death":—

But should I, amidst the battle,
Also be of those who fall,
Do not weep, my dearest mother,
But remember, evermore,
That a Czech who dies for country,
Meets the sweetest death of all.

Mrs. Kopta's version of same:—

But should I, in battle sinking,
Ne'er come home again,
Then remember, mother dearest,
No Bohemian ever fearest
For his land to die,
For his land to die.

The thought here is changed but slightly.

Let me try another; here is something better. One of Mrs. Kopta's translations is that of a poem by Jos. V. Sládek, entitled by her "Violets Bloom in Spring," it is one of her very best. This is the second stanza:—

I'd give her half my homestead,
And many a silver dime,
But roses prick the bachelor,
That would pluck them out of time,
For violets flower in spring,
And the heath in autumn gray,
I mocked the girls in my youth,
They laugh at me today.

Mr. Sládek has translated this poem himself, and I have just had the good fortune to find his version. I copy the whole:—

THE VIOLETS IN SPRING-TIME BLOOM.

The violets in spring-time bloom,
The heather in autumn gray,
Tomorrow 't will be late to love,
If thou lovest not today,
The world 's full of maidens sweet,
Like poppies fair to see —
If only one of them were mine
How happy would I be!

I 'd give her half of my broad fields,
And all my yellow gold;
But roses plucks the stalwart youth
The basket bears who 's old —
For violets in spring-time bloom,
The heather in autumn gray; —
I mocked the maidens but yesterday,
They laugh at me today.

I am sorry I cannot find the original of "At the Church Door" — the song which relates how long the girl was "her mother's own."

Some day I am going to take time to annotate the book carefully. My letter will show you that it did not fail to interest me.

Clara Vostrovsky.

Balzac's An Historical Mystery.¹

An Historical Mystery belongs to the division of "The Comedy of Human Life" known as "Scenes from Political Life." It should be read before "The Deputy of Arcis," but those who have read that novel will recognize many of the family names and the scenery that has been so carefully depicted there. The novel is more purely a story than any other and the action takes place during the time of Napoleon. It is really a valuable part of the vast amount of Napoleonic literature of the day. Napoleon and his great Minister of Police, Fouché, appear in the development of the mystery. The *motif* of the story is the struggles of the royalist *émigrés* against the overwhelming mastery of Napoleon and the confiscation of their estates by the adherents of the Empire. While Balzac's sympathies are all with Napoleon and the new order of things, he paints in sympathetic colors the trials and heartburnings of his old families, the Cinq-Cygnés and Si-meuses. Neither does he spare the parvenu Bonapartist, Malin, who uses the power of the government for personal ends. The book is an admirable portrayal of a peculiar phase of the politics of the time. It is translated by Miss Wormeley.

¹ *An Historical Mystery.* By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Bros.: \$1.50.

The Joy of Life.²

The Joy of Life is worth reading. It is pleasing, entertaining, full of high ideals, and leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. To mention the fact that its author, Miss Emma Wolf, is a Californian may tempt some to read it that otherwise would not, and their curiosity will be well repaid. Not but that the book has its faults — it strains after big words and affects involved sentences, but this is the fault of a young writer who has not as yet mastered what may be styled the "professional swing." The character of Antony Trent is strong, masterful, and well sustained. The scene, although supposedly laid in a Southern California seaboard town, reminds one of Massachusetts bay. In fact there is little in the novel that suggests California. It rather depends upon the working out of its plot to hold the reader's attention, which is something of a change from our usual California writers, who are apt to make much of scenery and climate.

Briefer Notice.

FRANK WALDO,³ late Junior Professor in the United States Signal Service, has given us a text-book of what is essentially a modern science. Within our time great advance has been made in the study and observation of atmospheric phenomena. Meteorology has become an applied science of great importance. Its usefulness is seen in numerous and constantly increasing applications in the arts and sciences, in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation, etc. Notwithstanding the world-wide acknowledgment of its importance, the study of meteorology has been strangely neglected in American schools. This is explainable on two grounds, first, the science is of but recent development; and second, there has been no suitable elementary text-book.

Dr. Waldo's book is the only one so far published that fills the demand for a high-school text-book of meteorology. The author's experience as a practical meteorologist and teacher of the science has given him unusual qualifications. As befits the text-book of a new and progressive science, his work is modern in method and treatment. Its subjects are so clearly presented and simplified that what has been commonly regarded as an occult science, to be studied only by a few scientists and experts, has been made as simple, as easy, and as comprehensible, as any other science.

² *The Joy of Life.* By Emma Wolf. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.: 1896.

³ *Elementary Meteorology.* For High Schools and Colleges. By Frank Waldo, Ph. D. American Book Company: New York: 1897. \$1.50.

The book is interesting to the general reader who desires to be informed concerning the latest results and applications of this new and progressive science.

The mechanical execution and illustrations are all that could be desired.

IN Guerber's *Story of the Chosen People*,¹ the tale of the Hebrews is told in the same objective manner as the story of the Greeks and of the Romans by the same author. As in those companion volumes of the Eclectic School Readings, the great characters and events of history are described in the form of interesting stories which cannot fail to attract the attention and impress the minds of young readers. The nature of the subjects in this book gives it a peculiar interest. Beginning with the creation, it gives in a connected series of stories, an outline of the most important events in the history of the Chosen People, down to the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus. While these stories are derived from the Bible, they are told as stories, without any reference to their doctrinal or religious significance. The book is well adapted for supplement-

¹The Story of the Chosen People. By H. A. Guerber. American Book Company: 1897. 60c.

ary reading in schools, the narrative being easily within the comprehension of pupils in the third and fourth reader grades. It is beautifully illustrated by reproductions of celebrated paintings, by numerous small cuts, and by sketch maps of Jerusalem and the Holy Land.

IT IS usually safe to assume that anything put forth from the establishment of W. K. Vickery will be dainty in its conception and wrought out with painstaking attention to good taste in every detail. *Under Three Flags*² is no exception. It is a series of halftone reproductions of fine photographs of Monterey. They are on India paper, mounted on cards, and accompanied by explanatory letter press. The cards are enclosed in a portfolio or box, cloth covered and stamped in several colors with an intricate and beautiful design in arabesque by Gelett Burgess. The half tones are by the Union Engraving Company, and are of the highest quality. Altogether this souvenir of Monterey, under Spanish, Mexican, and American rule, is most charming with its quaint adobes, its famous mission, its splendid Hotel Del Monte, its noble trees, and its grand surf effects.

²Under Three Flags. W. K. Vickery: San Francisco: 1896.



A WRITER in the *Wasp* of February 20th, sends out an inquiry that may receive an answer. Should it, and the fair typesetter be discovered, her account of the now famous episode which did as much toward speeding Bret Harte's name on to fame as the story she objected to would be perused with amusement and interest by the entire novel reading world: He says:—

I wonder if that fair proofreader, whose cheeks were incarnadined when she read Bret Harte's early story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," is yet alive. If she be, why should she not come forward and give her reminiscence of the struggle that was made to avert the publication of that

noted tale in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*? Having lately re-perused Bret Harte's graceful and fluent account of the affair, I would be thankful if some keen newspaper scribe would find the lady, who may now be a matron, fat and fifty, and obtain her statement.

Of this episode in his Californian career, Bret Harte has written: "Across the chasm of years and distance the author stretches forth the hand of sympathy and forgiveness [to the conscientious church-going printer] not forgetting that chaste and unknown nymph, whose mantling cheeks and downcast eyes gave the first indications of warning." The nymph's version of the incident might prove entertaining gossip concerning California's famed writer. Who is she?

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is glad of the opportunity afforded by the appointment of State Senator P. L. Henderson as Port Warden of San Francisco to join with its congratulations its sincere thanks for the many kindnesses received at his hands during the session of the late legislature. Senator Henderson and the San Francisco delegation, it is unjust to name one without naming them all, stood between the magazine and the shameful attacks made upon it by Smith (of Coyote Bill fame) and others. Favors or threats failed to move them, and the time may come when the OVERLAND will be in a position to show its appreciation. In appointing Senator Henderson Governor Budd has done a graceful act, and one that will meet with nothing but commendation.

THAT cycle racing on the Pacific Coast can be made a success was proved by splendid work done at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, during the first day's events in the three-week indoor tournament, Saturday evening, March 20th.

The fastest track riders of the West have all entered for the various evenings, and like the speediest men from the East, have found that the California winter is the ideal climate for training, and many of them, including Eaton and Starbuck, the indoor champions, and Becker, the great five-mile racer, are to compete during the tournament.

ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, lectured before the Sacramento Lecture Association last evening (March 22), at the Congregational Church to a good audience on "Malaya and the Sultan of Johore." Mr. Wildman's official residence at Singapore as the representative of the United States government, gave him superior opportunities to study Malayan character and society and the customs and manners of so much of the Orient as is clustered about the Malayan Archipelago.

Mr. Wildman spoke in an easy, conversational manner, without any effort at oratory. It was the pleasant and graphic recital of a cultured gentleman talking to his friends of strange lands. . . . The lecture was extremely interesting, was full of useful information, was ornate, scholarly, and made an altogether charming entertainment. *Record Union*, (Sacramento, Cal.)

L. PRANG & CO. send for our notice a selection of their Easter novelties. Every year for long time each Christmas and Easter has witnessed the issuing of a fresh and beautiful series of cards, booklets, and other souvenirs of the sacred season. They are wrought out with great taste, with much elaboration, and always represent the very best work in chromo lithography that the world can show. It is a pleasure to get them and to be able to claim that in design and execution they are purely American.



"THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS."—AFTER THE PAINTING BY THOMAS JONES BARKER. (See Sanctum.)



Courtesy California Photo-Engraving Company.

California Beauties.

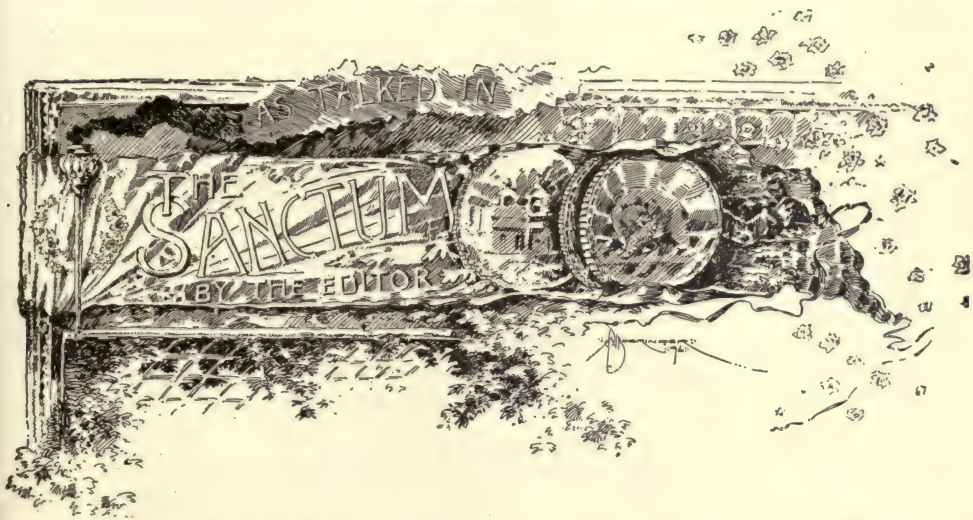


Natural Arch, Farallone Islands, off the Golden Gate,
California.

Overland Monthly

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APR 30 1897
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THE Poet came into the Sanctum and carefully closed the door in the Office Boy's face. The Contributor's feet sought the floor. There was something in the Poet's eyes that demanded attention. He turned sharply on the Reviewer.

The Poet. "As a poet and a protector of poets it occurs to me that there is an apology due from the writer of this paragraph in the March OVERLAND to a brother poet and a member of the journalist fraternity. Listen to an unkind review:—

"It is hard to tell whether the author of *The Hermit of Siskiyou* meant his mixture of bad grammar, bad rhyme, and bad meter, to be heroic or simply amusing,—and it is not worth while to solve the problem,—in spite of the fact that the verse is written,—

'With all the amplitude
Of one who in earnest strives
To be well understood.'

"Now, before a word is said, I wish further to place on record the protest of the author, exactly as it appears in his sterling journal, *The Crescent City News*, of March 12th, and then I will call your attention to the beauties and *motif* of the book itself. It is a duty I owe to my profession; to you, and to California. If the OVERLAND means to live up to its motto, "Devoted to the Development of the Country," now is the time to place itself right before the public."

WOULD SOAR IF THEY HAD WINGS.

It is sometimes interestingly disgusting to note the bigoted self assurance of a blatant ignoramus when he attempts to make himself appear brilliant by the lampooning of others. Such individuals ought to learn the lesson set forth in the old apathetgm respecting the casting of dangerous missiles from a frailty constructed habitation. In fact he who would assume the role of critic — delighting himself by talking or writing flippantly and petulantly of bad grammar — ought first to fortify his position with a little personal acquaintance with that science.

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Commercial Publishing Company, S. F.

These remarks are made pertinent by reason of a so-called review of a little work published from the NEWS office some months since, and of which we — with seeming misfortune — were the author, entitled the "Hermit of Siskiyou." The said "review" emanated from the pen of a scribbler for the Overland Monthly, who doubtless imagines that his drivelings are the soul and essence of literary genius, and who was possibly nonplused by reason of not having received a few dollars as a perquisite of his slovenly filled position. . . .

Perhaps the Overland critic would excuse his absurd rhetoric by pleading a slip of the pen or a typographical error — and we would gladly avail ourself of a like apology — but presumably, we are to be held accountable for an inverted letter, or a tailless comma, or a rhyme that lacks the fastidiously required jingle to soothe and soften the highly wrought sensibilities of a reviewer. He that is disposed to be so hypercritical might very consistently direct his trenchant wit toward a more shining mark than the unpretentious "Hermit of Siskiyou." The best authors the world has ever known might be made to feel restless in their honored graves by a slap at their master productions from the clumsy paw of the Overland bear. . . .

We have been assailed by the pesky little critic before, and it would be an unfairness did we not acknowledge that the Overland critic is sustained in his estimate of the Hermit of Siskiyou by a no less dignitary than the individual who occupies a similar position in the office of the San Francisco Chronicle. The latter had to write only a few sentences in order to show himself more of a scurrilous fault finder than a critical examiner of literary works, and along with numerous misrepresentations and mis-quotations, he included a gross pleonasm,

The purport of which is plainly that
He does n't quite know just "where he's at."

In his unfaithful account of the "Hermit" he says: "When old in years," etc.

The expression, in the connection as used by the critic, admits of no interpretation other than as an unpardonable rotundity and of consequence, a standing rebuke of his pedantic smartness.

The burden of complaint, however, . . . seems to be a certain grave manner in which the "Hermit" was disposed to mention a female Piute. The individual experiences that must have influenced this freak of sentiment are not stated, but suffice it to say that all men are not so afflicted. The peculiar quaintness referred to, is indeed a distinguishing feature of the "Hermit's" story, and the one that signalized it as a mark for the one-lobed thinking apparatus of a would-be-critic."

The Chronicle needs a story added to its already towering office building to accommodate the wonderful aspirations of its astute reviewer, and the Overland bear doubtless should be provided with a new pen. (sty.)

The Reviewer arose excitedly and walked rapidly to the window. The Sanctum silently expressed its sympathy for the terrible but righteous castigation he had received from the outraged poet.

The Reviewer. "My brothers, I am ruined. No apology I can make will undo the awful force of that philippic. I am branded among men."

The Poet. "Do not despair. You can yet make some amends. Let me now make clear the strong points of the work, then you will see that the time is not far distant when the land will ring with the name of this new Californian poet. In the first place, the book is of small size and will easily fit in a modest pocket, thus becoming an inseparable companion on excursions into the mountains or on the sea, where a volume as large as Longfellow's poems — which in its narrative form it suggests — would be an impossibility, — mark the forethought in this. Its cover is light greenish blue, which is resting to the eyes, and its paper is the best coated. Then again, the story is divided into eleven parts, embracing an Introduction and an Appendix. It is fortunate, too, in the number of its pages, which is eighty-one. Had there been another page, there is no telling what might have occurred. It is always a commendable thing to know when to stop.

"A brief sketch of the engrossing story contained within the fascinating covers is as follows:—

"A party of miners were near Mount Shasta in search of a 'Lost Cabin,' whose location would reveal a fabled gold mine, rich beyond compare. It was night and as they talked of their quest,

"A campfire's cheerful, ruddy ray
Consumed the waning light of day. . . .

"Then came without any nonsensical clash of cymbals,—

"Through mingled light of fire and sun
Was purpled on the horizon,
A Form so grand and marked with age
A reverence to at once engage.

"It was the 'Hermit of Siskiyou.' They invited him to 'A rude repast, of plenary,'—in payment for which he told his thrilling life story. It seems that he, the Hermit, had lived two lives, having been born in fair Maryland before King George's War. As to his name he musically admitted,—

"Then, if to me you deign to call,
I answer to the name of Paul;
But those would of favor gain
Address me as Sir Paul De Payne.'

"He married sweet Lena Ray and fought gallantly against the French and Indians until his home was attacked by the red skins. He was captured,—

"To savage warfare and the torch,
Of which my flesh was made to scorch.'

"And (note the truly classic self restraint),—

"Of savages, with fiendish laugh,
Thrust in the flames my better-half.'

"Fortunately, however, he broke his thongs and escaped to the river, where he found a canoe,—

"Replete with all equipments stored,' [which]
'No scruples had I to possess.'

"And sailed sedately through,—

"The dense nocturnal atmosphere,

"Until he reached the Mississippi. While floating on its bosom,—

"Then was I of a vision had,
At least, within my own attest,
The voice that counseled me: "Go West."'

"He acted upon the injunction, and after numerous startling adventures, arrived at an Indian encampment and became the brother of the chief, who,—

"Me introduced to his household,
And thus of duties did assign:
His daughter, teacher — pupil, mine.'

"The thought of the maiden's charms overcomes him and he begs his auditors' indulgence.

"Here, friends, forgive me of the pause,
For language fails me when of squaws
I would for charms invoke the muse.'

"Later after the 'Interlude' he continues his thrilling elegy :—

"Seated on one hide, to suit
She studied French and I, Piute.'

"With the usual result to those who dally with 'Cupid's aimless dart,'

"As of a stricken, helpless dove,
Perceived I of the artless love
That fettered Lolacondis's heart.'

"He acknowledges that his heart was also touched, but the thought of his lost Lena Ray made him regret her coy advances.

"Yet did I learn, to my regret —
Nor of consent from me to get —
That soon should be our wedding day.'

"Sir Paul De Payne decided to flee from his fair captor, and taking the Chief's valuable talismanic stone, he invented an 'artful dodge' and journeyed on, 'As course of empire takes its way,' arriving in good time in Siskiyou. Time went by and he became very old and feeble. Rather than be devoured by the wolves he decided to cremate himself. Before setting fire to the funeral pyre he, fortunately for the story, went to the spring to slake his thirst. As he drank he regained his youth.

"As youth inclines to sportiveness,
'T was then my feelings to possess,
And, lest decorum should forget
And strive to turn a summerset,
My Bible opened I, to read.
Surprise! no glasses were in need.'

"The talisman had fallen into the spring and changed it into a fountain that would have made old Ponce De Leon a young blade between sunrise and sunset, or the fortune of a modern summer resort.

"Discovery made — I had a tooth. . . .

"I'd laugh and skip and run and jump,
And play at "blindman" with a stump.'

"Next he discovered a gold mine, and well laden with its spoils, he sailed from San Francisco for his old Maryland home, where he became a philanthropic Rip Van Winkle. All the girls went wild over his good looks and riches, among others, 'Adaline McCune.' At first he responded but as with the Indian maiden. His heart was still true to the lost Lena Ray, and he was constrained to inform her of his true feelings.

"I told her of my purpose changed
And of affections disarranged. . . .
Surprise to me! — her unsurprise. . . .
And thus she meekly answered me:
"How well our thoughts always agree."'

"So the dream ended, and Mr. De Payne went on his way doing good. His reward came in discovering in a 'lonely widow, aged and poor' his long lost Lena, who had escaped by the good offices of one of the braves from the burning house. Naturally Lena longed to be as young as the 'renascent' Paul. So they started for distant California to drink of the fountain of life. On the way they ran across the faithful 'Lolacondi, then most blind,' and took her with them.

" ' Again arriving at the spring,
I found unchanged most everything
And straightway, of its magic weal,
My patients there I sought to heal ;
And counsel gave, lest of excess
They'd drink to childish helplessness.' "

" But they neglected his advice, and on his return from a prospecting trip,—

" ' I saw a child there, in a swing,
And swinging whom was Lena Ray,
As I saw her on our wedding day. . . .
" But, Lena," said I, " whence the child ?
And where the woman ? " Then she smiled
And answering said, " The twain are one.
And, oh ! — we had the rarest fun
At romping, and at everything,
Till Lola tumbled in the spring. " "

" After regaining their youth they returned to Maryland just as the second war with England broke out. Mr. Payne became a Commodore and went to sea, 'to gain heroic name.' But they were unfortunate. The ship was wrecked, and all were lost save the narrator. He in the course of years, old and shattered, wandered back to Siskiyou in a vain search for the enchanted spring.

" As he finished the tragic tale he took the talisman from his pocket to show to his new friends, and lo, and behold ! —

" And purple scintillations threw
That pointed toward the western sea ;
Then said the hermit, ' Follow me.'
And straightway to the spring he led. . . .

Then drank he till no longer old.
And two mules laden with the gold —
One fastened to the other's tail —
He drove them tandem on the trail.

" Not profiting by his good example, the others of the party, who had previously unkindly remarked, ' I think he's giving us a fill,' and ' The old man has wheels in his head,' foolishly remained.

" They frolicked in the pleasant glade
And quaffed elixir from the spring,
And laughed and joked, 'bout everything;
And, next — the saddest of regrets —
A fondness showed for cigarettes.

Contriving, then, of ball and bat,
 They played the game 'three-cornered-cat,
 And climbed the trees, the spring around
 Robbing bird's nests therein found —
 Till tired, at length, there, of the play,
 With sticks, for horses, rode away.

"Thus rapidly I have sketched the story of the poem. The few verses that I have recited in the narrative hardly do justice to the full beauty and grace of the poem as a whole. It abounds, as you will discover when you give it careful attention, in striking metaphors, epigrammatic sentences, sparkling wit, tender sentiments, feeling, pathos, and lines that for strength and power stand alone and are worthy of the great mountain which they describe.

"As an example, chosen without malice, to show the beauty of his diction and reveal his power of presenting a picture clearly and without obscurity of expression, — a fault of Browning's, — let me read from the vision of De Payne while floating down the Mississippi, already mentioned.

" 'The past and future, to my mind,
 Were, with the present, then combined;
 I saw cliff-dwellers on the shore,
 And mound-builders, as of yore;
 And, on the dark and turbid flow,
 Forms bent o'er the dead De Soto;
 And then beneath the darkling wave,
 Beheld De Soto's humid grave;
 When, of a sudden changing sheen,
 I met the maid Evangeline,
 Who once sought there, with hopeful spell,
 Again to find her Gabriel.' "

The Reviewer. "Enough! I see my fault. It is worthy of Joaquin Miller, and yet even he would never have arisen so manfully to the occasion. In the graphic words of Sir Paul De Payne, I feel,—

"Against me every hand,
 As was, of old, with Adam's Cain."

The Contributor. "One of the historic blunders of this coast has been in not recognizing home-made talent. Mr. Musick and 'The Hermit of Siskiyou' belong to us. Let us claim him before it is too late. The effete East will recognize his genius, and then he will leave us as did Bret Harte, and we can only point with sorrow to the spot where he once threw in type on the *Crescent City News* and composed the stately Alexandrines of the 'Hermit of Siskiyou,' and say in his own glorious dithyrambics,—

"Whereof the gladness to recall
 That Eden had before the fall."

The Office Boy. "Proof."



SKIRMISH FIRING, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CADET CORPS.

THE MILITARY SCHOOLS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

TO WHICH ARMY OFFICERS ARE DETAILED

BY LIEUTENANT HAMILTON, UNITED STATES ARMY



IN KNOWLEDGE there is power, is an old saw that must be considerably revised in these utilitarian days, when applied to our young men and women. Undoubtedly the greatest factor of individual greatness, is knowledge and wisdom,—that is, knowledge of art, science, law, and religion, and wisdom as to how best apply such knowledge. But with the youth of today, to produce great and lasting conditions, there must be placed restraining influences on the use of knowledge. He is practically self-taught, and where two or three generations ago, the young man required

many years of study to attain eminence, he now jumps and reaches it with a single bound from boyhood to manhood, at a time of life when he was formerly considered to be still in leading strings. Too often, alas! his great and easily learned knowledge makes him cynical, shiftless, lawless, and irreverent. His ideas of duty, of respect and obedience to old age, are too often a bar to what he calls his independence and liberty. As he reaches man's estate with this feeling, liberty is distorted by him into license, and independence into lawlessness. This is not his fault, but rather the fault of the age, and the consequent necessity he feels under of being, or seeming to be, a little more than his fellows, as well as to the fewer bonds and restraining influences thrown around him in his home.

To attain the best and highest types of

manhood, knowledge alone is not sufficient. When knowledge becomes power, it is because it has been attained only through hardship and discipline, and the discipline is necessary to teach the youth that freedom from prejudice, that unselfishness, honor, integrity, self-reliance, and energy, are all conditions to the full attainment of manhood. It is because of the lack of directing influences to mold the proper conditions of discipline, both of mind and body, that the majority of college young men, do not attain that height in after life, that they have so confidently expected while young. On the other hand, there is a startling proof of the excellence of those schools that enforce the discipline by dint of constant hammering and continued working, to instil into the mind of its youth the conditions just named,—by the fact that the majority of young men coming to the front of the lines in the world's battle, are the very ones who have worked and fought hard in these so-called disciplinary academies. The manifold benefits accruing to the young men as well as the country at

large, by such methods, is the cause of the great increase in the number of military schools throughout the United States, in the past ten years.

The military schools of the country may be divided into three classes, as follows: 1. The National schools, as West Point Military Academy, Annapolis Naval Academy, and the Schools of Application at Forts Monroe, Leavenworth, and Riley and Willett's Point, and the Naval War college; 2. The State schools and public chartered institutions; 3. Private institutions.

On the Pacific coast the second and third classes of military schools exist in a greater number and higher degree of excellence than is generally known by the inhabitants of the Western States who support these very schools, and far beyond what the people of the East have any idea of. With the first class of military schools this paper has nothing to do.

Taking up the second class, those established by the States, we find an exceedingly interesting history, and the most valuable results of military education.



Photo, Philip R. Thayer.



OFFICERS' CORPS OF CADETS, WASHINGTON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, 1895-96.

Never is the necessity for universal training in the profession of arms so clearly recognized as during a great conflict, and never do vast educational movements take such forward steps, as at the end of such conflicts. It was almost immediately after the war of the Revolution that the West Point Academy was established, and it was in 1862 that the Morrill bill was passed by Congress, establishing agricultural colleges and requiring military departments to be established in such colleges. During the war little was accomplished through the Morrill act, but in 1866, the Lynch bill passed both houses, providing definitely for military instruction in all land grant colleges which came under the scope of the Morrill bill. This bill read as follows:—

That for the purpose of promoting knowledge of military science among the young men of the United States, the President may, upon the application of any established college or university within the United States with sufficient capacity

to educate at one time not less than one hundred and fifty male students, detail an officer of the Army to act as president, superintendent, or professor, of such college or university; that the number of officers so detailed shall not exceed twenty at any time, and they shall be apportioned throughout the United States as nearly as practicable according to population, and shall be governed by general rules to be prescribed from time to time by the President.

This bill was followed by the Schenck bill of 1870, authorizing the loan of guns, cannon, and equipments, and increasing the number of officers to be allowed on detail, and from that time to this, scarcely a session of Congress has occurred that did not modify in some way, for the better, the condition of military colleges. Today one hundred officers of the active list of the Army are detailed on college duty, also ten officers of the Navy, while the number of retired Army officers that may be detailed is not limited. On the Pacific coast the State universities that are required to maintain military depart-

ments, and which have the detail of an officer, are the University of California at Berkeley, the University of Nevada at Reno, the State Agricultural college of Oregon at Corvallis, the University of Washington at Seattle, the Washington Agricultural college at Pullman, Washington, the Mount Tamalpais Military Academy at San Rafael, California, and the Bishop Scott Academy at Portland, Oregon. The two last named, though not State institutions, are nevertheless public chartered institutions, and though without land grants from Congress, come within the scope of the law so far as obtaining details of officers and loan of arms, equipments, etc.

Easily at the head of all these military departments stands that of the University of California, particularly on account of the large number of students in it and the unusual assistance given to the department and facilities afforded it by the State and University. From various Federal sources the University receives an annual income of \$80,000.00, in addition to the large amounts appropriated by the State. In accordance with the act of Congress the military feature of the University was incorporated in its original State charter, and provides for the organization of its male students into a body of University cadets. The officers of this body are commissioned by the governor upon the recommendation of the head of the department, with the assent of the president of the University, and are retired upon graduation, and their names borne on the rolls in the adjutant-general's office. They are subject to service at the call of the governor in time of war, insurrection, or rebellion. By the terms of the charter, discipline is in the hands of the faculties of the various colleges composing the University. All able-bodied male students attending such of the colleges as are in Berkeley are required to attend instruction in practical military drill for three years, and in military science (theory) for one year. Two hours a week are given to the drill and one hour to the theoretical work. Merits of credit are allowed for the course, and count in graduation as in other departments. Tuition is free, but all cadets are required to purchase their uniforms. Officers are selected from the senior class, sergeants from the junior,

and corporals from the sophomore classes, — all by competitions in practical work and examinations in drill regulations.

A most important factor in the development of the students generally, and a strong ally to the military department, is the department of physical culture, whereby instruction is required for three times a week during the freshman and sophomore years.

A well appointed gymnasium was donated the University some years ago by the Hon. A. K. P. Harmon of Oakland, which for a time was used as a drill hall during inclement weather. The cadet corps has, however, so outgrown the capacity of the hall that not one half can be drilled and exercised with profit there at once. Perhaps there is no greater need today for the University of California than a well appointed and large gymnasium and drill-hall. There are altogether in the University of California Cadet Corps at the present time a total number of over 640 cadets. The corps is organized into a regiment of two battalions of four companies each, with a signal detachment and platoon of artillery. The commandant is First Lieutenant F. L. Winn, 1st United States Infantry, and it is not going beyond the truth to say that the present excellent condition and standing of this corps, of which California may well be proud, is due principally to that excellent and deserving officer.

The commandant is assisted by a cadet staff, consisting of an adjutant and quartermaster, each with rank of captain, and a suitable non-commissioned staff. There is a band of twenty pieces, made up from among the cadets, while the artillery have two of the new 3.2 inch breech-loading field pieces for drills. The present commandant has an admirable arrangement for drills and practical work. Thus the freshmen devote their time to setting-up exercises and company drills. The sophomore completes the infantry drill; the juniors, if not sergeants, are assigned to signal and artillery detachments, target practise, etc., and to some extent, instruction in advance and rear guard duty, outpost duty, and reconnoissance. The target practise is held on the National Guard range at Shell Mound park, close to the college, and the cadets qualifying receive medals from the State authorities.



COMMANDANT, OFFICERS, AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA CADET CORPS.

In competitions held in May, 1896, with Cornell University, New York, and the University of Illinois, the Berkeley cadet corps were victorious. It is very probable that this move on the part of Berkeley will result in bringing around among the State colleges an annual competition. The cadet corps has been frequently complimented by distinguished military and civilian visitors, although it has seldom been off its drill ground, as a corps. The few times it has, as notably during the Midwinter fair, when it marched to Golden Gate park, have excited universal admiration and well deserved praise from all beholders. Taken altogether, the cadet corps is an institution of which the

State of California may well be proud, and which certainly it ought to lend every assistance and encouragement.

The following is the list or roster of officers of the present organization :—

Commandant, First Lieutenant F. L. Winn, United States Army;
 Adjutant and Captain, Norris K. Davies;
 Quartermaster and Captain, J. B. Metcalfe.
 Company A, Captain, R. A. Kinzie; First Lieutenant, W. W. Everett.
 Company B, Captain, J. H. Mee; First Lieutenant, L. H. Earle.
 Company C, Captain, B. P. Miller; First Lieutenant, F. Lowell.
 Company D, Captain, G. W. Bauer; First Lieutenant, E. S. Sadler.
 Company E, Captain, F. P. Taylor; First Lieutenant,—

Company F, Captain, O. S. Case; First Lieutenant, S. W. Cartwright.

Company G, Captain, N. G. Starr; First Lieutenant, G. F. Reinhardt.

Company H, Captain, C. A. Son; First Lieutenant, J. Hatch.

Signal Detachment, Captain, W. C. Jurgens; First Lieutenant, C. Heise.

Artillery Detachment, Captain, F. M. McNutt.

Sergeant-Major, J. Bailey. Quartermaster,

Sergeant, H. F. Watson.

The sister State of Washington, although the youngest of the Pacific constellation, has made most wonderful strides in her educational institutions. Instead of having her various State col-

\$22,000, while from grants of public lands amounting to 74,500 acres, its future funds are not calculable. These lands at present are worth over a million dollars, and increase in value each year. There are other funds also, as for instance, tuition derived from students who live outside the State. All male students are required to attend daily drills and have at Pullman a gymnasium and armory building twenty-eight by sixty feet, while at Seattle the drill hall is eighty by one hundred and twenty feet.

The cadet corps at Pullman consists of a battalion of two companies of infantry, and a section of artillery. There are about one hundred and twenty students or cadets in the corps, which is presided over by Lieutenant G. E. Stockle, 10th United States Cavalry, as commandant, under the president of the College, Doctor Enoch A.



MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY BUILDINGS.

leges grouped in one University, as at Berkeley, she has the Washington Agricultural College, located at Pullman, while the University proper is in Seattle, the principal city of the State.

Pullman is a flourishing town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is situated in Palouse valley, in Whitman county. The college is on an elevation directly east of and overlooking the town. It was practically born in 1890, when the new State took active measures for educating its youth. In the charters of both Agricultural college and University, it was provided that all male students shall be trained in military tactics. From the State the Agricultural college derives an appropriation of over \$60,000 a year; from the Hatch fund it has this year,

Bryan. The commandant is assisted by a cadet adjutant, quarter-master, and sergeant-major, while each company has one captain, one first and one second lieutenant, three sergeants, four corporals, and a musician, and from thirty-five to fifty-five privates. From drill only male students physically disqualified are exempted. The uniform is cadet gray, costing about fifteen dollars per cadet, and is worn at both drill and school. Each cadet furnishes his own.



MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY OFFICER,
FULL DRESS.

Although the present buildings, grounds, and fittings, of the University of Washington, are new, being established and built in 1895, the University itself, is older than the College at Pullman. It was first established by the territorial legislature in 1855 and definitely located at Seattle in 1861. The site chosen was a ten acre piece of ground which is now in the very heart of Seattle, a city of nearly seventy thousand people. The rapid growth of the town necessitated the removal and the putting up of new buildings, which were commenced in 1893, and finished in 1895. The president of the University is the Hon. Mark W. Harrington. The endowment funds and maintenance supplies are from the same sources as those of Pullman, but the University has in addition, 320 acres of valuable land close to Tacoma, ten acres in the heart of Seattle, and three thousand acres of valuable lands granted by the Territory in 1855. The State appropriates about \$20,000 a year for maintenance. The present site con-

sists of 355 acres of fine land overlooking Lake Union and between it and Lake Washington. The buildings for a new State are exceptionally fine. The commandant is Lieutenant John S. Wholley, United States Army, and the corps consists of three companies of from thirty-six to forty cadets each. The following is the present roster of officers:—

Commandant, Lieutenant J. S. Wholley, United States Army;
First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Alderson;
First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, McCowan;

Sergeant-Major, Edwards;
Quartermaster-Sergeant, Harrais;
Armorer, Haan.

Company A, Captain, Moss; First Lieutenant, Wheeler; Second Lieutenant, F. E. Smith.

Company B, Captain, G. Allen; First Lieutenant, H. F. Giles; Second Lieutenant, A. Burrows.

Company C, Captain, Gould; First Lieutenant, T. J. Ludlow; Second Lieutenant, Becholdt.

The commandant at Washington University has possibly more authority over his corps, in the matter of time and number of drills, than at most State Universities. The uniform is cadet gray, in



MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY PRIVATE
FATIGUE.



HEADMASTER CROSBY,
MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY.

fact is modeled exactly after the West Point cadet fatigue uniform. It is required to be worn at all times in a soldierly manner. The general scheme of military instruction is similar to that given for Berkeley. The cadet corps, like everything else undertaken in Washington, presents a fine appearance and is well thought of and much praised by the citizens of the State and especially of Seattle.

The principal military school of Oregon

is the Agricultural College at Corvallis. It was established as an outgrowth of the Congressional Act of 1862, and by it received ninety thousand acres of land, the sale of which made a perpetual endowment for the college. In addition, it receives \$22,000 from the Hatch fund, while the State appropriates over \$35,000 annually. With such means, there is every reason to believe that soon this college will take a leading position on the Pacific coast. The military drill is required of all students, five times a week. The uniform is blue and costs about sixteen dollars. Cadet officers are selected for proficiency in soldierly attainments, good deportment, and scholarship, while at the Washington colleges, military proficiency alone is considered. The corps is organized into a battalion of four companies, and a band of thirteen pieces. The following is the present roster:—

Commandant, First Lieutenant, C. E. Dentler, 11th United States Infantry;
First Lieutenant and Adjutant, E. A. Buchanan;
Sergeant-Major, P. E. Alger;
Chief Musician and Lieutenant, Martin Spangler;
Company A, Captain, C. L. Owsley; First



MOUNT TAMALPAIS FROM SAN ANSELMO.



ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE CADETS OF MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY, SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.

Lieutenant, Lee Beall; Second Lieutenant, H. McAllister.

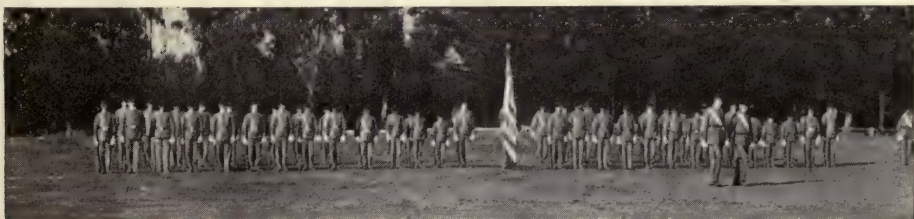
Company B, Captain C. Phillips; First Lieutenant, C. G. Porter; Second Lieutenant, J. C. Smith.

Company C, Captain, F. E. Edwards; First Lieutenant, J. Adamson; Second Lieutenant, H. Friendly.

Company D, Captain, A. Morrison; First Lieutenant, H. W. Kelley; Second Lieutenant, C. K. Porter.

At this college experience has shown that the drill furnishes excellent physical culture, insures regular and healthful exercise, secures a graceful carriage and dignified bearing, and cultivates the habits of prompt obedience, self-control, and the power to command. The general scheme of instruction includes infantry drills in schools of soldier, squad, company, and battalion, and in all ceremonies; artillery drill in school of the piece; military signaling, and target practise. Also theoretical work by recitations. The cadets take a great interest in their work and are a remarkably well set up body of young men, and the State has every right to be proud of them.

But it is to the weakest of all the Western States, Nevada, that we must turn for a cadet corps that is a model in many respects. The University of Nevada, founded early in the eighties at Elko, Nevada, led a struggling existence, till 1890, when it was removed to Reno, on the western border. Its endowment from public lands, and from the Hatch funds are practically about all the support it has; for, liberal beyond its power, like the hearty old miners of 1874 on the Comstock, the University allows all its students whether they live in the State or not, to come free of any charge for tuition, and even boards them well, at the lowest rates. Under the able presidency of J. E. Stubbs, the University has increased in three years from a little over two hundred to nearly four hundred students. The cadet corps includes all male students over fifteen years of age, whether they are physically disqualified or not. This insures to all male students the same wearing apparel, the uniform, and the necessity of all abiding under the same rules and regulations. The uniform



GUARD MOUNT ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL.



ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL.

is like the undress or fatigue uniform of United States Artillery. Cadets drill four times a week throughout the year, for a handsome and commodious brick armory, sixty by one hundred and twenty feet, gives the means for working indoors when the weather is inclement. The corps is organized into a battalion of two infantry companies, with a platoon of artillery and a signal detachment. Cripples and other students physically disqualified from drill, are placed in the signal corps, or utilized as quartermaster sergeants, clerks, orderlies, etc. The equipment consists of Springfield cadet rifles, with belts, cartridge-boxes, and

bayonets; two 3-inch rifled cannon, with limbers; a full outfit of signal flags, etc. Great interest is taken in the military work, and the uniform, costing about twenty-one dollars, insures a handsome suit and excellent fit to every cadet. The uniform is required to be worn at all times on college grounds, and whenever it is worn off the grounds it must be done in a soldierly way,—that is, with no civilian clothing mixed up with it, coats must be buttoned up, and clothes well brushed. The cadets go into annual encampments of eight days, obtaining tents and camp equipage from the State. They are also required to take frequent prac-



COMMANDANT, STAFF, AND COLORS ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL.



OFFICERS OF STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CORVALLIS, OREGON.

tise marches in the latter months of spring. The cadet corps has already made its impress on the State, and the entire population is proud of it and takes an unusual interest in its welfare. When it is considered that there are about forty-five thousand people only, in the entire State, and that upon them comes the burden of maintaining a full State government, sixteen county governments, and various State institutions, it will be readily granted that the annual appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars a year is an exceptionally liberal one to the State University.

The roster of the cadet corps is for 1896-97, as follows:—

Commandant, First Lieutenant, W. R. Hamilton, 5th United States Artillery;

Cadet Major, G. R. Bliss;

Cadet Captains, R. B. Brambila, J. H. McGill;

Cadet First Lieutenants, J. R. Higgins, M. Feeny;

Cadet Second Lieutenants, R. Ede, J. H. Evans;

Cadet Second Lieutenant and Adjutant, D. A. Finlayson;

Cadet Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster, J. R. Thompson;



MILITARY DRILL, STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CORVALLIS, OREGON.



BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY.

Cadet Second Lieutenant and Signal Officer,
Guy Waltz ;
Cadet Sergeant-Major, Samuel Doten ;
Cadet Quartermaster Sergeant, John R. Sullivan.

The total number of cadets comprising the corps is 135.

The second class of military schools also comprises those institutions that though not supported by the State, are still public chartered institutions, and have the detail of an army officer. On the Pacific coast there are two such schools, and both of them are markedly praiseworthy institutions. They are the Mount Tamalpais Military Academy at San Rafael, California, and the Bishop Scott Military Academy at Portland, Oregon.

Californians do not need to be told that San Rafael is one of the most beautiful and healthful spots in all the great land of health, sunshine, and flowers. Situated as it is, at the foot of Mount Tamalpais, yet close to the sea, it possesses a charm of its own, which cannot be found elsewhere. The air is soft, mild, and full of health, while the trade winds which on the coast proper are harsh and bring discomfort in fogs and mists, are here broken and dissipated by the mountains which stand between the town and the sea. In this ideal location, the Mount Tamalpais Military Academy was founded in 1890, and with the beautiful and inspiring scenery, the unsurpassed climate, the vicinity to the great city of the Pacific coast, it may be held as a perfect one for instilling into boys, love of country, of manliness, truth, and all noble and enduring characteristics of the self-reliant and manly American. The school is a growing institution, and the very able head of it is the Reverend Arthur Crosby of San Rafael. Under his guidance, what was established as an experiment has proved a marked success. What Phillips Andover Academy is to the great colleges of the Atlantic coast, so is Mount Tamalpais to those of the Pacific. It is of marked interest that in establishing this school, military training and drill were held necessary to instil



VIEWS ABOUT THE BISHOP SCOTT MILITARY ACADEMY, PORTLAND, OREGON.



OFFICERS IN GROUP AT ENTRANCE TO MAIN BUILDING, BISHOP SCOTT MILITARY ACADEMY, PORTLAND, OREGON

in boys those habits which alone insure success in whatever walk of life they may wander. The constant aim of the head-master and his assistants is to form strong and reliable character in the cadets, and all arrangements of classroom and academy life are to that end. It is held that the purpose of military training is not necessarily to create a desire for army life, but to develop habits of obedience, promptness, neatness, and subordination, and at the same time to develop physically a good carriage, an erect figure, and strong muscles. The constant contact with an officer of the army detailed as military instructor inculcates those habits of self-respect, truth, manliness, and courage, which the army training gives the officer. The school is a preparatory one to both the University of California and Leland Stanford, Jr. colleges. The cost of tuition, uniform, board, etc. is not great as compared with like schools in the Eastern States. The cadets have both a full-dress and a fatigue uniform. They are organized into a battalion of two infantry companies, and drill in addition at artillery, having two 3-inch rifle guns with limbers. Target practise and instruction in military signaling is also given to a lim-

ited extent. An annual encampment, lasting about a week is held on the northern slope of Mount Tamalpais, about eight miles from San Rafael. The commandant states that more frequent military drills and exercises are carried out during this encampment than through the remainder of the school year. Drills in school are held four times a week. The cadets manifest an exceeding great interest in their military work and seem as a corps to have imbibed the spirit of military honor. This is due to the untiring efforts of the head master, Doctor Crosby, and the commandant, Lieutenant George E. Sage, United States Army. The following is the present roster of the Corps:—

Commandant, First Lieutenant, George E. Sage, 5th United States Artillery;
 Cadet Lieutenant and Adjutant, George Guerraz;
 Cadet Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Douglas H. Cornell;
 Cadet Sergeant-Major, Samuel M. Wilson;
 Company A, Captain, William A. Foster; First Lieutenant, H. Penhallow; Second Lieutenant, N. T. Messer;
 Company B, Captain, Paul A. Dinsmore; First Lieutenant, W. Sipary; Second Lieutenant, J. Sims;
 Cadet Sergeants, Company A, C. Treadwell, H. Chase, G. Sharon;

Cadet Sergeants, Company B, A. H. Burns, P. Dunbar, H. R. Mann;

Cadet Corporals, Company A, H. Schmidt, A. Bard; Company B, J. Temple, F. Dutton.

There are from twenty-five to thirty privates in each company. Mount Tamalpais Academy is an institution that is destined to grow in importance and become as great a pride to Californians as other more pretentious and richer institutions.

Turning to the sister school, the Bishop Scott Academy in Portland, Oregon, we find another academy very similar to Mount Tamalpais, and equally worthy of pride by the people of the sister State. Indeed, it may be stated with entire truth that in some respects, the Bishop Scott Academy is the most military of all schools on the Pacific coast. Originally established as a church school in territorial days, in 1853, it had its ups and downs, more particularly the latter, till in 1887 it was changed into a military academy. It derives its name from Bishop Scott, its original founder and worker, of 1853. The Bishop died in 1863, and in 1866 the property was sold. But with the appearance of the present Bishop Morris in Portland, in 1868, steps were at once taken towards the resuscitation of the school. A new life under his vigorous leadership carried with it the usual rewards, and the school took an upward turn, until in 1873 the present head master, Doctor J. M. Hill, then a young graduate of Yale college, was installed in his present position. With faith, perseverance, and energy, he at once took hold and from that day has never ceased his untiring efforts to better the school. Impressed with the special benefits of military training for boys as a means for developing to the fullest extent all the manly qualities that make life successful, he was instrumental in bringing about in 1887 the change to a military school. A large gymnasium and armory was erected; dormitory and class room facilities, increased; and the detail of an army officer secured. The academy is more than a preparatory school; for it fits young men for the various callings of life, and go where you will throughout the Northwest, you will find graduates of this school filling with honor the highest positions of trust and responsibility in

the power of corporations or communities to give. They are known all over as loyal, true, and intelligent men. This is primarily due to the instruction and influence of Doctor Hill. Eastern colleges as well as those on the Pacific slope number its graduates, while West Point Military Academy, has three at the present time, standing high among the nation's young defenders. The Academy, the head-master, and the cadets and faculty, are all deserving in the highest measure of the patronage of the State, and indeed the State views with just pride all connected with the worthy institution. The routine of military work at the school carries with it a reveillé roll call, tattoo, taps, and a dress parade. Drills are held on all recitation days. The drill hall, fifty by one hundred, gives ample opportunity for indoor drill in inclement weather. The drills and military regulations are similar to those of all colleges and schools spoken of in this article, but carried out probably a little more rigorously. The armament consists of one hundred and fifty Springfield cadet rifles, and two 3-inch rifle guns with limbers. A retired surgeon of the army is attached as surgeon of the school. Though military drill and duties are given prominence, yet it is not unduly so, and nothing is allowed to interfere with study hours and recitations. The cadet corps is divided into a battalion of three infantry companies. Officers are selected according to military knowledge and capacity; these being equal, scholarship and general good conduct are the final test. Seniority is only considered when cadets interested are equally eligible on account of efficiency. No cadet is exempt from military drill, except for physical disability, while every boy holds his position only by careful performance of duty and good conduct. The smaller boys are organized into two companies, D and E. The uniform costs from \$25.00 to \$35.00, except for D and E companies, where the cost is from \$12.00 to \$15.00. This uniform has to be worn at all times within college grounds. Cadet officers at all times are required to assist the faculty in the enforcement of rules and regulations, and in so doing a high sense of personal honor and splendid esprit de corps are generated, which causes all to act for the good of the whole, as though it were

for each and every particular benefit of the individual. The present roster of the cadet corps is:—

Commandant, Captain W. A. Kimball, United States Army;

Cadet Major, H. C. Briggs;

Cadet First Lieutenant and Adjutant, C. N. McArthur;

Cadet First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, E. W. Garren;

Extra Second Lieutenant, E. W. Ordway;

Sergeant-Major, Joseph Steiner;

Cadet Quartermaster Sergeant, J. A. Briggs.

Company A, A. J. Brazee, Captain; R. W. Troup, First Lieutenant; H. W. Jones, Second Lieutenant.

Company B, B. Trenkman, Captain; F. J. Sladen, First Lieutenant; Jay Humes, Second Lieutenant.

Company C, A. Jenkins, Captain; F. W. Watson, First Lieutenant; F. J. West, Second Lieutenant.

Color Guard Sergeant, J. C. Cumming; Bugler, Jos. Allard; Drummer, Westley Hanthorn.

Sergeants, Company A, W. Mattson, H. M. Josephi, G. W. Eastman, W. L. Ford;

Corporals, Company A, C. E. Houston, Fred Walch, Fred Basche;

Sergeants, Company B, S. Humes, S. Adolph, G. E. Dickinson, W. Hanthorn;

Corporals, Company B, H. Spaulding, Jos. Adolph, F. W. Hacheney;

Sergeants, Company C, J. A. Hill, A. L. Naas, W. Henderson, C. O. Naas;

Corporals Company C, S. Heilner, Lloyd Bates, B. Grondahl, Merton Wisdom.

The third class of military schools are those incorporated institutions, either public or private, which have not the benefit of a military detail, and if it occurs to worthy parents at first thought that such schools are inferior in military instruction to those having the benefit of army details, let them know that several of the best and most famous schools of the country are of this class. Thus the famous Berkeley school of New York City, the Columbia school of New York City, Cheltenham Academy of Pennsylvania, and many more may be mentioned, where military drill and discipline are carried on hand in hand with mental and moral training and with as great success as at the most favored institutions. Indeed, for the purely private schools, greater praise is due, where such a standing has been obtained, and it may be taken for granted that only the best and most conscientious work could have brought about such results. The one instance worthy of mention in this class of

schools on the Pacific Coast, is St. Matthew's Military Academy of San Mateo, California. It was founded thirty-one years ago and is located about two miles outside of the beautiful town of San Mateo. Up to Easter, 1892, the school occupied buildings immediately adjacent to the town, but larger accommodations for the school became necessary and the town itself grew rapidly, which necessitated the purchase of the present grounds of eighty acres, and the erection of the present buildings. As these were built entirely for military school purposes, they are undoubtedly the most convenient, and best arranged military school buildings west of the Mississippi river. They are placed on three sides of a quadrangle, and both exterior and interior are handsome and exceedingly pleasing to the eye. While the character of the scenery surrounding San Mateo is different from that of San Rafael, nevertheless the situation may well be called ideal. Being at the mountain's foot, the warmth of climate and soil make the place a garden fit for young men about entering the portal of manhood. Military discipline and drill are not carried out with quite the rigor of Bishop Scott Academy, for instance, but are used in a modified form sufficient to inculcate habits of obedience, subordination, promptness, and neatness, and to develop the figure and give erect carriage. The school, though not possessing the detail of an army officer, nevertheless is fully supplied with cadet Springfield rifles, and a Parrott field gun and equipments. The cadets drill four times a week throughout the school year, and cover the entire school of company and battalion, ceremonies, and to a limited extent, the school of the piece in artillery. Target practise at one, two, and three hundred yards, saber drills, and military signaling, are all in the course, and an annual encampment in May, lasting for five or six days, has been instituted by the present commandant. The camp is held at Pacific Grove, and proves a great success, and of great value to cadets. In camp, special attention is paid to extended order drills and to guard duty, and as a rule the cadets so enjoy their camp, though hard work is required, that they wish—like Oliver Twist—"for more." All the work of the school is



done in a military manner. Thus the cadets march to and from meals, classrooms, dormitories, chapel, etc. The uniform is worn at all times and is like the West Point cadet uniform, except that the National Guard button of California is worn instead of the West Point button. The organization consists of two companies with a band of fourteen pieces. The church has also a right to claim this excellent academy as her creation. The head master is the Reverend Alfred L. Brewer, and he is as zealous a disciplinarian, and as great a lover of all correct things military, as he is a true soldier of the cross. The present commandant is Andrew Kirk, major of the California National Guard. A thorough disciplinarian, a fine soldier, and cultivated officer, Major Kirk possesses the respect and confidence of the cadets as well as all connected with the school. Under the guidance of these two gentlemen, the school is bound to grow and increase and become year by year a greater and greater source of pride and deep interest to the people of San Mateo and all California.

There is projected another school at Stockton, of the same class as St. Matthew's, but it is as yet still on paper, but if the present plans are carried out, it will prove a worthy rival to St. Matthew's and Mount Tamalpais. There are quite a number of so-called military schools in other parts of California, but the only military thing about them lies in their

names and the uniforms, half worn in a slovenly and unsoldierly manner by their students. It has not been thought worth while to give a description of such institutions, as the sooner they are eradicated the better for the communities they are in. The kind of discipline inculcated by such schools is of a bad and injurious nature.

Good schools are undoubtedly the highest mark of a community's culture and wisdom. But when such schools teach the attributes of a soldier and inculcate true discipline, they are doing the highest possible good to their fellows, since they are thus molding sentiment and forming habits in youth, of the men that are to guide the destinies of the nation. They should be supported to the full extent of the appreciation and sympathy of a generous and wise people, and were the State to recognize such in an official way,—as well as the general government,—it would result in building up the strongest bulwarks of strong and loyal minds against all enemies of the Republic. There is nothing that appeals to the true American like the beautiful "Old Glory," and when its story is told in the only true way — by medium of military drill and discipline — there is awakened in the minds and hearts of Young America a sentiment and love for the glorious flag, that trembles and waxes in unison with the wave and rhythm of the Stars and Stripes as they float to the breezes, over the land of the free.

William R. Hamilton.



AN IDYL OF A CHICKEN RANCH

A NEW LONDON ROMANCE

INTERNATIONAL MATCHMAKING



THE stage pulled up with a jerk that threw the leaders on their haunches, and the mail bag went flying into Sawyer's porch.

"Hurry up, will you, Sawyer. I'm late," called Len Rogers, the driver.

As the bag was handed back, he remarked: "Got a telegram for you. Thought I'd let you fix up the mail first," and was off before Sawyer had time to protest.

Mr. Sawyer hastily tore open the envelope:—

LONDON, SEPT. 1.

Am sending Tom to Freeman's.

Harris.

"What in thunder does it mean?" And he hurried to the house to find Mrs. Sawyer who was on the porch peeling peaches.

"Mary, just read this! What does Harris mean by shipping Tom out here? Can't be to go into business, for he's going to stay at Freeman's, and there's not a thing he can do in the valley. I never heard of his having poor health."

"Why, Jack, dear, that is awfully odd. I wonder—could it be a love affair? Tom's just out of Oxford. Perhaps he's fallen in love with some impossible girl."

"Trust you, little woman, to guess out things. A pretty mess we'll have of it, looking after a blighted being."

"And Jack, is n't it funny he'd send Tom to you? I wonder if he's forgotten our romance."

"I have not forgotten," and Sawyer proved that his memory was good by a

kiss, "but my dear, look at that child." And Mr. Sawyer went back to the store, leaving the young mother to extract the baby from the pan of peeled peaches.

"Oh baby, you sweet, dirty, sticky, naughty little boy! Will you ever grow up and have an impossible sweetheart?"

THE stage had crawled slowly up the long grade, and entered a little valley surrounded on all sides by gently-rolling hills covered with golden wild oats, and dotted here and there with live oaks. Ragged, rocky ranges rose behind the soft outlines of the wooded slopes, and still farther in the distance, on the right, lay the forest-covered Cuyamacas; while to the left, on the long slope of the Old Vulcan, a golden glory of wild oats lost itself among the somber pines. Along the road which stretched its dusty length through the valley, were two or three dwelling houses surrounded by orchards, a little church anchored by strong wires, like guyropes, against the east wind, and a school-house.

"Well, here you are in New London, sir. That there white house up the valley is Freeman's, and this is Sawyer's," said Len, as he drew up in front of a long, unpainted building.

The young man beside him looked curiously at the weatherbeaten store, its porch covered with Indians in the picturesque abandon of complete repose; at the shaggy, tired looking cayuses, tied by hair riatas to the hitching rail; at the big freight wagon with its ten panting mules resting beside the watering trough. His eyes fell on the pleasant, broad-porch cottage, and the familiar face of

Sawyer framed in by clambering passion vines.

"Thanks," he drawled, "just drop my boxes at Freeman's, will you? I'll stop here." And he swung himself down, somewhat stiff from forty-five miles of staging.

Although thickly covered with dust, his English traveling suit had a trim look, and as he came up the path with an easy, swinging gait, he did not at all coincide with Mr. Sawyer's preconceived notions of a blighted being.

"Well, well, Tom, glad to see you! I never expected to find you this far away from civilization." And he gave him a cordial grasp of the hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Sawyer? By Jove, I'm glad to get here. You have planted yourself in the wilderness, rather."

"Yes, it is n't exactly London, old fellow, and staging's no joke, if you don't go in for that sort of thing much. Come in and cool off."

Tom sighed contentedly as he settled himself behind the vines.

"This is luxury. Awfully hot and dusty on the road, you know."

"When did you leave home?"

"Just three weeks ago. It was so rough coming across. I had n't recovered when I got into New York, so I came straight through to get the whole trip done with. Jove, this is a big country you've got here! Don't see how you ever found this little corner of it. Home folks?—O, they're all well, and bearing up bravely under the loss of the pride of the family. Father is at the bank just the same as ever, and mother still goes in for her parish school. She's looking after some free reading rooms, too, now. Herb has his commission at last and sailed for India a month ago."

"And how about Tom?"

"Tom? Well, Tom has come to Cal-

ifornia for his health, don't you know." And he laughed under his mustache, as he rose to meet Mrs. Sawyer.

"Why, Tom, I'm very glad to see you. Yes,"—following the look in his eyes,— "they all belong to me. This is baby,—bless his dirty little face,—this is Reginald, this James, this Francis, and the rest are out in the orchard."

"All named with expectations, I see, Mrs. Sawyer," he commented, with a twinkle in his eye.

"You are too clever by half. I shall punish you with a cup of tea."

"Thank you, but I must toddle up to Freeman's and look after my boxes. I saw your mother just before I left, and she sent a lot of things to you. I had hard work convincing the customs-officers I was in the habit of wearing aprons and number six gloves."

"Jack, dear," she said, as Tom disappeared down the road, "it can't be a sweetheart, can it? He's too jolly and—and neat."

"Does n't seem much like it, little woman. Maybe you were wrong for once."

"It will really be very pleasant to have him here, and since there are no young ladies but the entirely too impossible ones, I fancy he's safe. O, yes, quite so."

IF TOM Harris had been disappointed in love, he was extremely philosophical, and accepted his fate cheerfully. The country life fascinated him. He liked to sit in Sawyer's store to watch the country people, and listen to their talk, in which miner's slang, stray Spanish phrases, and Western barbarisms, jostled each other familiarly. He found much quiet amusement in the Indians, lounging on the porch, silent, lazy, and contented; in the squaws exchanging their money, earned by washing for the white

people, for bright calicoes, chocolate, sardines, and tobacco. He made friends with the vaqueros from the neighboring stock ranches, who dashed up to the store with much jingling of spur and flapping of tapidero. He rode over the country, gradually losing his English high-rising trot, and galloping true vaquero fashion, horse, saddle, and rider, all parts of one. He visited the rancherías, sketching the Indians and their huts of tule and adobe, collecting baskets and picking up bits of Spanish.

His habit of sitting for hours on the porch at Freeman's, smoking, and looking off at the mountains and the clouds, was really the only symptom which indicated a "blighted being," and that, as Mrs. Freeman remarked, "might be only laziness."

THAT this sketch is marked by a monotony of stage coming and goings, is not the fault of the writer. There are clocks in New London, used as accessories for the regulation of such minor details as meals and rising hours, but the real event of the day, to which everything points, and according to which everything is timed, is the arrival of the stage. On it hinge all the important issues of life; for the stage is the messenger between the isolated little colony and the great world outside. It brings the letters from the far off East and from England, with their varying messages of joy and sorrow, from the town, the papers and express packages, and on one evening in October, it brought, in addition to these important burdens, a stranger to Freeman's. Tom was on the porch as she alighted, and the tall, lithe figure in ulster and traveling cap attracted him in spite of the dust and general disrepair resulting from a day of staging.

"By Jove," he reflected as he dressed for dinner rather more carefully than

usual, "six weeks in America, and to meet the American girl for the first time, tonight! Rather odd she came alone. That's the way these Americans do, though, I believe. Thorough lady, anyhow, — tell that by the way she carries herself. Don't screech, either, — heard her speak to the driver. Now if she is n't one of those awfully clever girls, who go in for all sorts of ologies, and make a fellow feel all sorts of an idiot when he —" The dinner bell interrupted, and giving his tie a final touch, he went down.

As they all gathered around the table in the homelike little dining-room, which made Freeman's so attractive, Mrs. Freeman said: "Miss Rowan, you have met all our family now, except Mr. Harris. Allow me to present him."

Miss Rowan smiled a pleasant recognition, as Tom took the seat opposite. The sun had flushed her cheeks, and burned a line around her throat which contrasted strongly with the whiteness revealed by the slightly rounded bodice. Her features were attractive, and her brown eyes sparkled as she repeated some of Len's characteristic remarks.

In the course of the evening the young Englishman ventured a remark.

"Miss Rowan, you are the first American young lady I have had the pleasure of meeting."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Harris. How I must shatter all your ideals of the American girl! But, really, I never chew gum, I don't carry a revolver, and all my slang is too mild to be picturesque."

"Pardon me, I did n't quite expect that, but if you will permit me to say so, we don't expect Americans to be up to the English women. The country is too new. But really you are —"

"Pray don't visit the shortcomings of my countrywomen on me," she retorted, leaving him red and uncomfortable.

But Miss Rowan was kind-hearted. "Is n't this a charming place? I feel as if I had found a bit of England set down in the valley. The scenery, however, soon dispels that illusion. England, has, I imagine, few such rugged mountains."

Tom took heart. He told her of beautiful views, interesting rides, and the other varied attractions of the valley, and finally, went up stairs thinking that after all, the American girl was "rather fetching, by Jove."

He lounged down to his breakfast next morning just as Miss Rowan left the house with a book under her arm.

"The American girl sketches, evidently. Wonder what her work's like."

An hour later, as was his custom, he went down to the Sawyer's. Escaping from the children, who insisted on dragging him to the barn to see the new burro, he went into the house. Mrs. Sawyer was baking a cake, and Tom sat on the corner of the table and watched the operation.

"I can't get used to seeing you do that sort of thing. It's so different from — from what one expects, you know. And there's Sawyer in the store, and Freeman, an innkeeper. America's a queer place, and it's all right, here, I suppose, but, in England, you know, yourself, you would n't like to be classed with shopkeepers and that sort of people."

Mrs. Sawyer understood.

"Nonsense. Is n't it much better to be working here for ourselves, instead of waiting at home for a legacy?"

"Well, of course there is something in that. But when you first came, did n't you get awfully homesick?"

"It was our honeymoon, you know. And then, the freedom of the place appealed to me from the very first. I was very glad to get back after a visit home. It's much better for the children, too. You need n't smile. I'd rather have my

sturdy, healthy, noisy boys, than a family of nice little fellows who never tear their trousers or rumple their hair. Jack and I are contented so — oh baby!" And Mrs. Sawyer ended her lecture to fish the baby out of the milk pan.

"You're pretty thoroughly Americanized. But, you see, I can't appreciate all that yet. Have n't been here long enough. By the way, there's a new boarder at Freeman's. Met my first American girl last night. I saw her leave the house this morning with a sketch book. Nice girl. You ought to know her."

"O, I do know her. She's our teacher. I suppose it was a register, and not a sketch book you saw."

"What, a school-mistress? She's a lady."

"Yes! Tom, you will have to learn a great deal, and forget much if you live in America."

TOM felt he had been imposed upon, and for the next two days treated Miss Rowan coolly. But she certainly was bright, Freeman's was rather lonesome, and besides, "she did n't seem to care a rap about him, and it sort of roughed a fellow, you know." He gradually thawed out and was really rather cordial.

Miss Rowan found him interesting. His supercilious treatment of things American amused her, and his condescension toward herself, far from offending, was a constant joke; that is, while it lasted, for Tom's attitude was short-lived.

Miss Rowan was a clever artist, and Tom took pleasure in hunting up picturesque bits for her pencil, introducing her to the neighboring rancheria, and persuading the shy old Indians to sit for her. On Saturdays, they rode over the country, now to a "round up" at the Mesa Chiquita; now to a *fiesta* at the Mesa Grande; more often to no objective

point, but simply galloping for the pleasure there is in youth, companionship, and freedom.

Then the winter came, and the long rainy evenings. They read before the blazing fireplace, while Freeman smoked and read his London papers, and Mrs. Freeman wrote home the letters neglected during the busy summertime, when the house was full of boarders. But, somehow, the books always led to discussions of heaven and earth, "Shakspeare and the musical glasses." They went down to the very bottom of things, as young people are wont to do.

Miss Rowan's optimistic views of life in general, and her cheerful, vigorous way of applying these views to her own life in particular, formed such a contrast to Tom's blasé indifference that they opened up a new world of thought to him. Her busy life put to shame his idle "remittance man" existence, and it was largely due to her unconsciously exerted influence that he began to wish for something to do — a very hopeful indication of real awakening. Clerking in a country store may not seem a very elevating occupation, yet Tom's friends were delighted at his acceptance of the position when Mr. Sawyer offered it to him. Although he spent his days measuring off calico and weighing sugar, his sketch-book, his horse, the mountains, and most of all, Miss Rowan's companionship, kept him from the narrow trivial existence, so often the city clerks substitute for life.

"HOW shall I amuse the children, Jack, dear?" said Mrs. Sawyer one rainy day in March. "They fairly howl for something to do. Is n't it inconvenient to have a rainy vacation?"

"O, turn them loose in the barn and let them howl. They are not the only ones who find the vacation inconvenient

Tom was remarking this morning that Freeman's is awfully lonesome these wet nights."

Tom tramped through the rain up to Sawyer's every night during the vacation, much to the amusement of that worthy pair.

"Sawyer," he said one evening as they sat smoking before the big fireplace, and listening to the drip of the rain on the porch roof, "it seems to me a fellow ought to begin thinking about doing something for himself when he gets to be my age. I can't go on clerking all my life."

Sawyer smiled to himself, puffed a cloud of fragrant smoke to the ceiling, and waited for further revelations.

"Yes," continued Tom, staring at the glowing oakwood, "I suppose father would be glad to have me in the bank again, since — well, hang it, since Mabel married that old duffer, but somehow I'd rather not go back again. No, it's not on Mabel's account. I think father might have saved himself some trouble if he'd let things take their own course. No, I like the life here. Never could understand your liking it till I tried it myself; but I've been thinking if father would advance me a few hundred, I'd go into business here."

"Not thinking of setting up an opposition store, I hope?"

"No, of course not. The Captain has been talking to me about going into the chicken business with him. I think there's a lot of money in chicken ranching if it's carried on scientifically. I suppose I'll furnish most of the capital, and the Captain'll put up the land and the experience. He's got some chickens to start with, too. We'll fence off all that little cañon back of the Captain's. There's plenty of brush and things the hens could make their nests of."

Sawyer nodded gravely, and Tom, warming up to his subject, continued.

"Then of course we 'd have to buy one of those machines for hatching the eggs. What do you call them?"

"Incubators?"

That 's it. They 're awfully dear, but I suppose they 'd pay in the time they 'd save."

"Time?"

"Yes, hatch the chickens a lot quicker, you know."

Sawyer exploded, "That 's right, my boy. Raise a second crop while the hens are still fussing over the first."

Tom looked surprised at Sawyer's merriment, laughed with him a bit doubtfully, and went on, "Of course I don't know much about 'em, yet, but I mean to study poultry books a lot this spring."

"In the spring a young man's fancy

Lightly turns to thoughts of —

chickens. I don't know but it's a good plan, Tom. Study it up well before you begin. Let me know if I can help you. I might lend you the money for that incubator."

"Thanks. You're generous as usual, but I think the governor will advance it. I'm going home this summer and I'll talk him into it then." And carefully knocking the ashes out of his briar-wood, Tom reached for his mackintosh. "Awfully nasty weather. I'll be glad when the rain 's over."

"Or the vacation," suggested Sawyer.

"JACK dear," said Mrs. Sawyer one night in May, as they sat on the porch watching the moon through a fretwork of locust blossoms, "is n't it interesting to watch a love story?"

"Now, my dear, dynamite has never been considered a safe plaything, and matchmaking —"

"What a horrid word! I have only watched. I have n't assisted at all. But it is interesting. I think it will be very, very nice. I want Tom to marry an American girl."

"Oh, Tom?"

"Yes, of course Tom. Who else could I have meant?"

"I thought you referred to José's frequent visits to the kitchen." And Mr. Sawyer laughed. "But seriously, Mary, I should be sorry to see Miss Rowan marry Tom. He lacks backbone. He 's clever and entertaining, but I doubt if he will ever be able to make a living. His intentions are good enough, but — well there, we 've no right to discuss the affair till we 're asked to."

"Mr. Sawyer," said Tom next day, "is it thirty day's notice you require?"

"Notice? What's the matter? Going to quit? Why, I can't get along without you."

"Well, it's this way, Mr. Sawyer; Miss Rowan — I — er — well, to cut it short, Miss Rowan has promised to marry me, and I've got to go home to make arrangements about it. Can't explain that sort of thing in letters, you know." And Tom beamed happily, though conscious that his explanation was rather bungled.

"I congratulate you, old man. Miss Rowan is a fine girl. You're a lucky dog. Oh, if necessary I can let you go on fifteen day's notice."

TWO weeks later, Tom was in Monterey, on what he called dress parade inspection, with Mrs. Rowan as reviewing officer. Tom found her a charming woman, and after a day or two of probation, she quite approved of him, and made his visit a delightful one. Mrs. Rowan knew every nook of the sleepy old town dozing peacefully on the beautiful curved shore of the bay, and through their walks here and there, Tom caught many glimpses of the old Spanish days, of the life which Elsie — he called her that now — had described to him. He sketched the picturesque fishing village, the Mission, the quaint old Spanish houses, while Mrs. Rowan sat beside him, and in her

soft voice, every accent of which reminded him of Elsie, repeated the beautiful legends which cluster around the historic town.

When Tom arrived in London, his father and mother were delighted with the big brown fellow. The note of independence in his voice, his firm carriage, and, most of all, the happy light in his eyes, astonished them. Alas for Tom when he explained the happy light!

"But, my dear boy, an American school mistress! You must be mad." And nothing Tom could say to her would convince his mother that Miss Rowan was n't a designing young woman who had deliberately entrapped her boy.

His father stormed. "What did I send you out there for, sir, if it was n't to avoid just this sort of thing? You've got to marry money. It's the only thing you can do. The vicar's daughter was bad enough, but this is worse. A chicken ranch, indeed! You're a fool!"

After several such scenes, Tom began to believe he was a fool, and that perhaps he had made a mistake. Separated from his sweetheart, the life they had planned together in New London did not seem so idyllic nor practicable. The New London chicken ranch did look a bit ridiculous, viewed from an Old London standpoint. It was certain he could not bring his wife home, and moreover, his father threatened to cut him off with a shilling.

Tom's letters to Elsie began to lose their cheerful tone. Nevertheless he prepared for a return.

When Mrs. Harris saw that Tom meant to go back, and that he could not honorably break his engagement, her heart softened, and she took pleasure in buying china and linen for the little country home.

"I'm going to get them here, for of course you can't get anything like proper linen over there," she said. She even advanced him the money for his new bus-

iness venture, and said to him as he left: "I'm sorry, my boy, you can't do as your father wishes, but perhaps you are right. I hope your father will grow reconciled after a while, and then you must bring your wife to see us."

Once on the ocean, away from home, his spirits began to rise. The thought of seeing Elsie again made him very happy.

"Dear little girl, I'll be awfully glad to see her. I suppose we can manage someway, though it is kind of hard on a fellow. I wonder why I've had no letters lately. By Jove, I'm afraid some of the last ones I wrote her were not very cheerful." And the more he thought about it the worse he felt.

In New York he found a letter and flushed with pleasure as he recognized Elsie's writing.

Dear Mr. Harris,

From your letter, which has just come to me, it is evident you did not receive my last one. I am very sorry, for it would have prevented, or rather relieved you of the return to America. This will be too late to do more than meet you in New York. From the tone of your last letters, I can see that the future is causing you great anxiety. I cannot consent to impose a lifelong burden upon you, so I write to release you from the engagement.

Very Sincerely,

ELSIE ROWAN.

Monterey, July 25.

If Tom had received this letter before he left England, he would probably have been very miserable for a few days, considering himself much abused. Then, after writing Miss Rowan a scathing reply, he would have settled back into his old life, rather relieved than otherwise. Now, however, away from home and its influences, having come back prepared to take up again the New London life, the flickering flame of affection for Elsie having been fanned to a brighter light, he felt she had treated him unfairly.

"Confound it, I don't understand it at

all. Perhaps my letters were a bit blue, but does she expect me always to be cheerful? What am I going to do about it?"

The envelope at which this volley of questions was fired, seemed to yield no satisfactory reply, so he lighted a cigar and watched the blue smoke curl upward.

"I wonder what I can write her. I remember my letters were rather nasty, but I never meant her to take them that way. Somehow things looked different there. 'Cannot consent to impose a life-long burden.' By Jove, I like her spirit. Catch her writing 'Dear Tommy, what is the matter with you?' letters! A burden! Just as if she was n't the one who made me rake up the little bit of independence I have, by her own example. What a beastly cad I must have been to write such rot! Well, if I can help it, I'm not going to take that for final."

He seized his hat, rushed out of his room, and ringing viciously for the elevator, bounded down stairs without waiting, hurried into the office, and wrote this telegram:—

Must see you. Can't accept decision as final. Telegraph at once.

"Sounds rather peremptory." He wrote a "please" before the "telegram" and handed it to the operator, who grinned as he saw the address and the inserted word.

Monterey is a small town, and aside from the telegrams which arrive for the summer guests, the messages received are matters of personal interest. So when Mr. Thomas, station-agent and telegraph operator, received the message for Miss Rowan, he reflected a bit.

"Harris—that's the man Miss Rowan is engaged to. Must be something important. It's a shame to keep him in suspense." Then he clicked back:—

Mrs. Rowan and daughter in Alaska. Left no address. Back last of September.

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Tom, raging inwardly, started for New London. When he arrived there, he offered no explanation of the unusually handsome gifts of china and linen he brought to Mrs. Sawyer, but that wise lady, having in her capacity as school clerk written an affirmative reply to Miss Rowan's unexpected application for the school, packed them safely away, remarking to Mr. Sawyer, who was assisting:—

"The idea of Tom's pretending this was meant for me. Those silly children have quarreled. I know Elsie does n't dream Tom is here, and I shall take particular pains that she does n't find it out. She thinks he's gone back to England, or stayed there, perhaps. I've not told a soul who the new teacher is to be. The other trustees have promised not to; Freeman and the Captain, you know. They're just as much interested as I am. We just pretend we have n't decided."

"Well," answering Mr. Sawyer's quizzical look, "I suppose it is n't exactly honest, but we're not going to have our love story spoiled by any premature disclosures."

"From the frantic way in which Tom's gone to work on that chicken ranch, it's evident he is trying work as a panacea. I did n't believe he had it in him to stick to anything as he has to that. He's coming out wonderfully. Should n't wonder if Miss Rowan's made a mistake, after all."

"Of course she has. They both have. That is the reason I want them to try it again."

TOM worked away at his chickens in a desperate sort of way. He would prove to himself and to Elsie that he was n't a coward. When September came, and he knew she must be in Monterey, he waited anxiously for an answer to his telegram.

"I can't write her till she acknowledges it. Wonder if—" and then, because it was extremely distasteful to wonder, he fell to working harder than ever.

One afternoon, early in October, he came down to Sawyer's to see Len about a case of eggs to be sent on the stage next day. Clad in overalls and jumper, a big sombrero on his head, he presented quite a different appearance from the indolent, well-dressed young man who used to be so much in evidence on Freeman's porch. He rode up, just as Len stopped at the store.

"Len, can you—"

Len never heard the rest of that question, for as he reached down for the mail-bag, Tom saw the passenger by his side. The look of blank astonishment on the faces of two young people was too much for Mr. Sawyer, who had just stepped to the door. He disappeared precipitately.

"Why, Miss Rowan, I—"

Though her face betrayed conflicting emotions, with remarkable self-control, and the most disconcerting friendliness, Miss Rowan said, "How do you do, Mr. Harris?" and shook hands in a matter of fact way.

Then Sawyer came to the rescue and carried her off to the house, while Tom rather disconnectedly finished his arrangement with Len.

Knowing Miss Rowan was too loyal to tell tales, and wishing to relieve her of a trying position, Tom told the whole story to Mr. Sawyer, with much vituperation of what he was pleased to call his beastly letters, and downright cowardice.

"I've had no word from her since I telegraphed, so I don't know what to do about it. I—I—well, confound it, I've gone on thinking more of her every day. I've been working like the dickens, trying to forget, or at least, that is what I thought I was doing, but all along I had

a sneaking hope that I might prove to her some day that I was n't altogether a cad. Then, when I did n't hear from her, after she got back from Alaska, and I knew she must be in Monterey, I concluded it was all up. Now she's here, I don't see how I can stay, and yet—I don't want to go, either. Of course it's just as embarrassing for her, and if it will relieve her, I'll go. Odd she did n't know I was here."

This in the store, and in the house, this: "O, Mrs. Sawyer, why did n't you tell me he was here? Why I wrote to him after I got his telegram, and sent the letter to England. No, we're not engaged. I can't explain it to you. But how can I stay here, and go on just as if we were strangers? I'll never forgive you for not letting me know." And to prove her indignation, she threw her arms around Mrs. Sawyer's neck and wept.

"Why, my dear, you wrote me no explanation. Tom said not a word. When you applied for the school, I supposed you knew what you wanted. How should I have known about it?"

What salve Mrs. Sawyer applied to her injured conscience after this clever speech, she has never explained.

"Can't you be just on friendly terms with Mr. Harris? You'll see little of him anyway, for he's working like mad on his ranch. Jack says it's remarkable the way he goes at it. I've hardly seen him since he came back."

"JACK, dear," said Mrs. Sawyer one night in May, as they sat on the porch, watching the moon through a fretwork of locust blossoms, "it *is* interesting to watch a love story, is n't it?"

"Did n't you make that same remark just about a year ago, my dear?"

"Yes, and you said horrid things about dynamite."

"I retract them all, and the things I said about Tom, too. His backbone has stiffened wonderfully. I'm glad Miss Rowan has rewarded his devotion—to the chickens."

"I'm glad he's out of it now. Store-keeping must be better than fussing over incubators, and peepy little chickens that get the gapes. Did he actually get enough out of that old ranch to pay for his interest in the store?"

"My dear, perhaps you did n't know

of a very opportune remittance he got from home, along with his father's letter of congratulation?"

"Oh Jack, you dear old hypocrite! You've been matchmaking too!"

Just then two figures appeared in the moonlight under the locust trees, and Mrs. Sawyer called,—

"If you infants can leave the moon long enough, I'd like to show Elsie some awfully pretty china I've been saving for her all winter."

Blanche M. Boring.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY J. H. STALLARD, M. B., LONDON, FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE METRO-
POLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD, LONDON, ENGLAND, ONE OF THE SAN-
ITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE LONDON "LANCET," AND
NOW FOR SOME YEARS A CITIZEN OF CALIFORNIA.

V.



HE *problem of municipal government* is now ready for discussion, and in accepting the conclusion that the election of a council with undivided authority constitutes the one essential condition of success, it by no means follows that

American cities should blindly copy the English or Italian systems as regards the franchise, the method of election, the form of the council, or the powers and duties entrusted to it. European institutions, although in some respects more democratic than our own, nevertheless do not conform to the ideal of democratic government. They are too closely connected with the central power, whose sanction replaces that which belongs to the citizens themselves. The citizens have no inherent power either to expand or contract the operations of their government. Every new duty requires an extension of their charter. Their methods of election are not truly representative, many of the councilors being elected by a minority of votes. And lastly, the

councils are not entrusted with some of the essential functions of a "home rule" government. Between the cities of America and the federal government there is no such close relationship, and their subordination to the State legislature has been clearly demonstrated to be an unmitigated evil. There is, therefore, no obstacle to prevent the city from being placed on an equal footing with the State in all things pertaining to its own self-government, all enactments being subject only to the veto of the governor, with the usual limitation of a two thirds vote by referendum to the people. San Francisco wants no patched up charter, requiring constant mending by successive legislatures, but a government based upon the votes and wishes of her citizens, in fact a constitution permitting them to create their own form of government, to alter it when and as they please, a government by the citizens in the interest of the citizens. Without such a government there can be no genuine home rule, — and as yet, there is no large city in America which can boast of having it.

Nor ought there to be any great difficulty in obtaining such a constitution from the

citizens of California or the State legislature. As far as they go together their interests are identical and are controlled by the State legislature, and in their relation to San Francisco the State interests are safest in the hands of the citizens, because their personal and local interests are involved also. The good government of San Francisco is quite as essential to the welfare of the State as to that of the citizens themselves. It is all but impossible that their interests should clash and the line which separates the local from the State interests may be safely left to the discretion of the governor or the decision of the courts. A government that cannot be trusted to fix the salaries of its employees is not worth having, and even the power to create debt ought not to be controlled by State authority, but by referendum to the citizens. Under such a constitution a council could be elected on the soundest method of representation and given the fullest power of control. The city would assuredly secure the services of the best and most honorable citizens. The government would enjoy the complete confidence of the people. All commissioners would be relieved of the duties now imposed upon them, the harbor, police, and health departments would be administered by such a council, which would be trusted to take the entire management of all utilities and of every present and prospective duty of a city government.

This radical reform is far more reasonable and far more hopeful of success than any attempt to patch up an unsuccessful system by empirical devices for the limitation of fraud, by complicated charters and restrictive legislation by the State, by gerrymandering the city districts, by increasing the power of the mayor, by the appointment of more commissioners endowed with discretionary spending powers, and by the adoption of civil service rules. Such a constitution would assuredly place San Francisco in the van of progress and constitute a model for every other large city in the United States.

Before collating the conclusions to be drawn from the foregoing pages it is necessary to draw the attention of the citizens to three requirements of the first importance, none of which are as yet included in the scope of local government, but

which nevertheless lie at the foundation of political and social progress and of successful city government. The first is the right of the citizens through the instrumentality of their own elected government to control the amount and incidence of their own taxation, and it must be evident that neither of these functions can be entrusted to a mayor. It is an axiom of American liberty that taxation and representation must be indissolubly bound together. But in the cities of America they are steadily parting company, and the citizens are everywhere called upon to pay taxes over the expenditure of which their representatives have practically no control.

In San Francisco the amount of taxes for which the board of supervisors is nominally responsible, is in reality determined by the demands of the police commissioners, the board of health, the board of education, the county clerk, the State legislature, and other authorities over whom the Supervisors have no direct and positive control, and whose expenditures they have little or no power to regulate. Under such conditions it is impossible to prevent extravagance, waste, and inefficiency. A real city government must have power to control expenditures in order to determine the amount to be raised by taxes,—without this power, better have no government at all.

In the next place, as regards the method or the incidence of taxation, the citizens of San Francisco, as in many other cities, are bound hand and foot by the constitution of the State, which was constructed in 1879 by men who were totally ignorant of the principles of sound taxation, and who, perhaps unwittingly, put the main burdens on the weakest shoulders. No one will now deny that the taxation of personal property and improvements is illogical, unequal, unjust, and a grievous failure. More than eighty per cent of personal property escapes taxation altogether. Only those pay taxes who are unable to place their property beyond the reach of the assessor. In fact, the amount of assessment depends, with some exceptions, more on the wile, craft, conscience (or want of conscience), of the party assessed than upon the law or its enforcement. Everywhere it is found that the most honest returns of property are made by the

poorer classes and the most inadequate by millionaires. It seems scarcely credible that, whilst thus letting the rich go free, a great civilized free State, professing to treat every class alike, should condescend to the meanness of imposing an annual tax upon a working man for carrying a small portion of his own labor in his own pocket for his own exclusive use and convenience, and only lets him off payment by the swearing of a lie.

Practically the general property tax is beyond all peradventure the worst tax known in the civilized world. It fails to reach intangible property. It debases public morals by putting a premium on dishonesty. It is regressive and presses hardest upon those relatively least able to pay. No words can be too strong to express the iniquities of this tax.¹

Neither individual nor collective industry is promoted by taxing the result, indeed the rightful protection of every form of industry depends on the inviolability of the result obtained. This immunity is the greatest incentive to productive industry which the people can bestow. Whilst the products of home industry are taxed by home authorities for the benefit of millionaires, protection from foreign competition is a farce. Nor are taxes on improvements more defensible, as they tend to divert capital and enterprise from their most obvious and natural employment. Warehouses, stores, factories, and machinery, are necessary for the employment of the people, the accommodation of trade, the extension of commerce, the promotion of transportation, and the increase of wealth, and their construction is not encouraged by taxation so crooked that no one can exactly tell where its incidence will fall.

A railroad builds a new depot for the accommodation of the public, and taxes are immediately imposed, which the public will have certainly to pay. Thus illogically we are perpetually raising taxes which we pay back again in rates. In all such transactions the people are the only sufferers.

But the most unjust feature of the system is that persons who have had nothing whatever to do with the making of improvements are permitted to appropriate the benefit and escape taxation. The octopus of land, like the octopus of mon-

opoly, seizes and holds fast everything within its reach and puts upon industry all the burden it will bear. The citizens of Glasgow naturally expected to reap the benefits of clean, well paved, and well lighted streets, cheap water, and reduced car fares. But they find they are mistaken; for everywhere the land octopus is demanding for every improvement an increased rent. Instead of paying car fares they are paying rent. So the land octopus of San Francisco benefits by new car lines and encourages the erection of affiliated colleges and the opening of a boulevard by an army of unemployed at the cost of charity, because by such improvements his desert sand dunes will eventually be converted into a residential park. The octopus is baiting the public with a sprat to catch a whale. The increased increment of value which attaches to land in the center of a growing city is not due to the energy or enterprise of any single individual, but is the creation of the collective efforts of the entire population. The "betterment fund" belongs to the body of the citizens, and is therefore a truly legitimate source for supplying public wants, and its alienation from public use acts as an obstacle to improvements made by individuals, and hangs like a millstone around the neck of collective progress. So long, then, as the citizens consent to pay their taxes they have a right to claim the privilege to raise them as they please and by methods best adapted to their special interests,—by land tax, income tax, license tax, or by any method best adapted to their special interests, and the government is not republican which has neither power nor authority to carry out the wishes of the people.

Providing employment for the unemployed is the next great duty which must be imposed upon the city government. In the early days of California there was work for all. Numerous tracts of land were then open for occupation and the laborer was master of the situation. Wages were from three to five times greater than they are today. Tramping was not necessary because there was no difficulty in obtaining work. But as soon as the public lands were taken up, wages steadily declined, independent employ-

¹Professor Carl C. Plehn, University of California.

ment became scarce, and slowly but surely all the evils of poverty and want of employment were more and more clearly manifested, and for some years past both city and county have been periodically overrun with armies of the unemployed. Thus, in a State certainly one of the richest in the world, the fertile soil of which is easily capable of supporting a population fifty times greater than it has today, there are thousands of laborers, able and willing to work, who are condemned to poverty and want and to physical and moral degradation because they are denied the opportunity honestly to support themselves by work. And for this growing and gigantic evil we have provided as yet no real and effective remedy. All that we attempt is a weak, inadequate, and temporary palliation. The evil is permanent and continually stares us in the face. Beggars infest our thoroughfares and tramps our highways. From time to time the evils become so frightfully apparent that our humanity is shamed and our public sympathy galvanized into spasmodic life. The hungry, ragged multitude parade their misery in public streets. They call upon the mayor, they petition the municipal authorities, who have no power to help them, and at length some wealthy citizen, whose heart is touched by the sight of suffering which he knows is not deserved, opens a subscription for their temporary relief. To raise a few thousand dollars and to provide a bare subsistence for a few hundred hungry people, for a few successive weeks, is the very best that can be done. Not half the hungry laborers will be given work; not half the hungry stomachs will be filled; and when the subscription is exhausted the unfortunate people will be no better off. The remedy is no remedy at all. It fails to touch the cause. It is a wretched palliative only, calculated to smother up the evil and it remains as a damning reflection on the intelligence of a righteous people.

The community altogether fails to realize the irreparable evils forced upon the laboring man and his family by a few weeks of involuntary idleness. His little savings for a rainy day are soon exhausted, and his rent remains unpaid. Bit by bit

his home is denuded, first of its little comforts, then of its necessities. Then his watch and extra clothes are taken to the pawnshop. The wife begins to suffer from cold and hunger and the children cry. The cravings of hunger are not satisfied by insufficient, uncooked, and unaccustomed food, and disease assuredly comes in. The children are too ragged for the school, and are too weak to learn if sent, but they help by selling a few papers on the street or by begging or pilfering to obtain a meal. And the man who but a few weeks before was strong and energetic, and to whom work is as natural as sleep, is bowed down by exhaustion, sickness, degradation and despair.

Finding no prospect of employment near his home, the only place where his character and industry are known, he sets out in search of work from utter strangers, and he tramps in vain. His shoes are soon worn out, and his feet are wet, and cold, and sore. His clothes become ragged and his linen foul. He has not where to lay his head. With destitution staring in his face, and thought of the family at home, he cannot sleep even when so fortunate as to find a bed. He begs a little food from house to house, and becomes thankful for the offal from the rich man's table, and before he has traveled half a hundred miles, his spirit is broken and his very power to work destroyed. He sweats and faints at the first effort, and he fails to satisfy the reasonable demands of any employer he may meet. By the irresistible force of circumstances he becomes a tramp. He is now fit for nothing else. Losing the power, he loses also the desire for work, and finding hunger stronger than the law, he steals for very life. First, stealthily as a cat, then boldly as a vulture, and now under the ban of a cruel and relentless law, the end is in the jail. Here he is visited by the learned sociologist, who comes to the comforting conclusion that his crime is due to ignorance, for which education is the only remedy. And when jail life is ended,—and physical and moral degradation is complete,—the tramp is once again permitted to enjoy the comforts of a real home. He is cured in the public hospital and well treated in the almshouse. But the abil-

ity for work is now forever gone, and when death comes, he is buried in the potter's field at the public cost, and his life leaves nothing but a dream of human cruelty, which has passed and gone without any permanent result.

Happily both for society and the man himself, it is only brutal ignorance which enables him to bear the evils thus outlined, otherwise there would be social revolution and the man would be himself shot down. But he bears his troubles like a brute, with the patience of a dove or the stubborn courage of a bulldog. He may yelp like a cur, howl like a wolf, steal like a fox, and under the heels of oppression and injustice he may squirm like a harmless worm. Moreover, like the animals, he has no reasonable appreciation of the cause of all his sufferings, and therefore accepts his destiny as inevitable fate. Being ignorant of his inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, he charges no one with their loss, and feels no sense of the injustice done him. He has learned only to look to his employer for work and to the public for their charity, and these delude him by dangling before his imagination the advance agent of prosperity, more protection, and the millenium, which is to be the consequence of a financial revolution.

And now turn to the still more painful picture of the man brought up in the public schools and face to face with destitution, walking the streets and tramping the roads in his shabby genteel clothes, and with halting gait, and willing, perhaps for the first time, to try his hand at common labor. He also has a special history. He may have started at the very top, happy and rich, living in luxury on another's labor, but now he is at the bottom all the same, and unlike the ignorant tramp, he knows the full meaning of the fall. Not having been taught the true value and practise of productive industry, the first descent to idleness was both natural and easy. With idleness he found self-indulgence, dissipation, debauchery, drunkenness, and in its turn, disease. And now he discovers that no idle man is honest, as no honest man is idle, and for the first time learns that business is business, and that cheating, embezzlement, repudiation, and breach of trust,

are the means by which smart men live and prosper,—that to be found out is regarded either as stupidity or misfortune, to be pitied or despised, and his delusion only vanishes when he gets to jail. From thence he goes on tramp, then to the hospital and almshouse, and as usual to the potter's field. This history affords abundant proof that wealth, and education, such as generally prevails, as readily become sources of mischief as instruments for good, that they help to deprave as well as elevate mankind, that material prosperity generates as many evils as it destroys, and that it produces the same moral and physical degeneration upon the educated as does simple want of employment on the poor and ignorant. It also proves that physical, not intellectual, labor is the true foundation and support of life, that man must live by the sweat of his brow, and not by the sweat of his brain, and that this sweat must be the consequence of productive industry, not of Turkish baths, gymnastics, and football; that no amount of intellectual cultivation will prevent dependence on others for the material necessities of life. Man at his best is still an animal, and food is his first necessity. Until it is procured in tolerable quantity and with some degree of certainty, questions of education and freedom take a second place. In this matter government has put the cart before the horse by providing all with free education and by leaving hunger to take its chance without help or even opportunity. The last thing thought of is the practical cultivation of the land as a means of education, and no one suspects that the spade, the rake, and the hoe, are the A B C of industry.

But again, in his present struggle against destitution the American citizen begins to realize that the glorious Declaration of Independence is nothing but a grim delusion. In his prosperity he regarded it as the charter of his inalienable rights, the want of which before his present difficulties he had never felt. He had been taught, and believed implicitly, that no power on earth had the right to restrict his liberty, or to use and appropriate his share of the endowments the Creator had bestowed upon him for the sustenance of his life, the preservation of his freedom, and his pursuit of happiness and

health. But now, when by dire necessity he is driven to seek subsistence from his native earth, he finds that the very government which was organized to protect the equal rights of every living citizen, has betrayed its trust, and has unjustly and wickedly established a diversity of right with regard to the possession of the earth, God's greatest and most vital gift to all mankind alike, and has endowed a few favored individuals with a vast extent of territory to be used for their own exclusive use and benefit, and has thereby alienated from multitudes the very source of life, liberty, and happiness, and deprived them of everything except their labor, leaving them helpless and dependent on the lords of land for the opportunity to work and live.

Thus the government acts like an unnatural parent, who, contrary to law, has alienated his property from his children's use, and has created two classes, one endowed with vast wealth without the necessity for labor, and the other a vast multitude of laborers, reduced to poverty, destitution, and despair. So long as a small number of landowners have the land and take the rent of it, the laborer is in reality a serf, and a serf he will remain until the rent is appropriated to its proper owners, for it must be evident that the land belongs to the nation and is not the rightful property of any special class.

And now once more we are brought face to face with the great agrarian question, which has caused the wreck of so many mighty empires and will be the downfall of every modern government which fails to deal with it in the spirit of honesty and justice. Never was the question of land tenure more threatening than it is today, because the productive classes are beginning to find out that the taxes are collected from their earnings, that they are simply modern serfs, compelled by iniquitous law, but not by the declaration of their natural rights, to pay tribute to the possessors of the land, and are thereby deprived of their rightful share of the endowments which naturally belong to them.

But the evils of destitution, no matter how produced, are not by any means confined to the sufferers themselves or to those who are dependent on their

labors. Every citizen, rich or poor, has to bear a share of the unnecessary and unrighteous burden. The most ignorant go mad and steal, and as the effect of education is to intensify the worries and anxieties inseparable from all attempts to sustain life and support appearances on inadequate, uncertain, and dishonest means, there is an enormous waste from crime, suicide, and insanity, all of which are increasing at an excessive rate, out of all proportion to the increase of population or the ability of the people to pay for them.

The conclusion is clear and certain: First, that every destitute person has a right to demand employment on the land to an extent necessary to provide him with at least a bare subsistence, leaving the field of independent labor free and open to competition to the very bottom; second, that it is the duty, and still more the interest, of the community to secure to him this right; third, that this right, practically promised in the Declaration of Independence, has not been provided for either by the Federal or the State governments, but has been left to local governments, who are best qualified to deal with it, and also to supervise the arrangements necessary. Space does not permit me to enter into any discussion of details, which will require great deliberation to prevent abuse. But it may be confidently stated that whilst the taxation of ground rents must be regarded as the fundamental remedy for poverty and destitution, by ensuring a restitution of land to the uses of the people, the time will not soon come when temporary and casual destitution will not require relief. No man living can complain of destitution whilst he is afforded a free opportunity to work upon the land, and a well constructed municipal government should find no difficulty either in providing the necessary amount of land or in its management without abuse.

Thus and thus alone shall every healthy, able-bodied citizen be able to secure his life by the labor of his own strong arm and without the degrading aid of charity, which will henceforth be set free for the sick, the weak, the unfortunate, the aged, and all who cannot help themselves.

The last urgent requirement of a city

government is an extension of the area of city jurisdiction beyond the present boundary of suburban occupation, not only as a provision for its future growth, but for the accommodation of utilities which cannot properly be located in the center of the city, nor even in districts more or less occupied by suburban dwellings. Of such public institutions are hospitals for smallpox and infectious fevers, for convalescents, consumptives, and inebriates, a prison and reformatory for criminals, an industrial school for the training of the young, almshouses for the aged and infirm, cemeteries for the dead, a district for abattoirs and offensive trades and manufactures, and above all, a farm for the employment of the unemployed and for the utilization of the sewage of the city, — for sewage irrigation is bound to be profitable in a climate without rain during the most productive season of the year. More parks and playgrounds will probably be needed at no distant date. Lastly, we have seen that the franchise ought to be given to the more prosperous citizens, who live beyond the present city limits, and whilst objections might be raised to giving the franchise to residents beyond the bay, none could be made against giving it to the residents in San Mateo county, the whole of which might be consolidated with the city government with very great advantage to every one concerned. Thus for many years to come the citizens would secure the control of all the land they want.

It would be presumptuous and premature to dictate the details of the form of government proposed in the foregoing pages. It is obvious that great care and deliberation will be necessary. But it may be useful to present a brief recapitulation and also to submit for discussion some important subjects which have not received the attention they deserve.

1. The evils connected with the franchise and the enrollment of the citizens have been pointed out, and the remedies suggested are, some better method of ascertaining the fact of citizenship and the adoption of a special register.

2. The complete separation of the municipal from the State and federal elections is necessary.

3. The question of selecting councilors from electoral districts or from the

city at large, is one of great importance. If by districts, the boundaries need to be revised from time to time.

4. It having been clearly proved that the present system of election by a plurality of votes is not truly representative, the introduction of proportional representation ought to be seriously entertained, especially as it seems to promise the election of a better class of councilors.

5. Laws for the prevention and punishment of bribery need to be improved.

6. The initiative and referendum might probably be adopted with advantage, in order to determine the incidence and limit of taxation, the creation of a public debt, the exercise of the right of eminent domain, the imposition of any new duty on the government, the removal of dishonest and incompetent officials, and the control of corporations. With the election of a council, the initiative and referendum will be very little used.

7. The relations between the city and the governor of the State will need to be accurately defined.

8. The construction of the council is of paramount importance, and either the English or Italian systems may be taken as a model, although the former seems more conformable to republican ideas. The number of councilors should be large enough to supply supervising committees for every department of the public service and to prevent the possibility of combinations of seven or nine for evil purposes. From twenty to twenty-five for every one hundred thousand of the population would probably be advisable. A degree of permanence is necessary, and at no one election should it be possible to revolutionize the council's policy.

By this means alone is it possible to exclude the improper influence of politics and popular clamor. The term of office being thus prolonged, every councilor will enjoy the advantage of acquiring knowledge, experience, and interest, in the work entrusted to him, and this becoming known will contribute to his reelection. The longer a councilor retains his office with respect, the better will the citizens be served. The council must be entrusted with complete authority and sole responsibility.

9. The mayor must be divested of his veto, but the proposal to give him disci-

plinary power ought to be discussed. It would probably be well to give him authority to suspend any member or employee of the city government for malfeasance, dishonesty, or neglect of duty, and if given the power to submit any important question to the referendum of the citizens, the importance of his office would surely be increased. The English method of appointing the assessor works well, and is probably better than popular election.

10. Accounts should be audited and published twice a year,—one auditor to be a member of the council appointed by the mayor, the other elected yearly by

the citizens. The auditors should have no control over the items of expenditure.

11. The people must relinquish their right to put separate checks upon their own elected government. They elect one auditor, but all other officials must be appointed by the council, including the tax collector, treasurer, sheriff, heads of departments, and employees, without restriction as to salaries or numbers. It would be wise to consult the practise of other countries with regard to the conditions under which appointments shall be made, taking the best from each. Special care should be taken that no official be discharged on political or religious grounds.

J. H. Stallard.

THE YAMHILL COUNTRY

AN ACCOUNT OF ONE OF THE RICHEST SECTIONS OF THE COAST



HE richest section of the fertile Willamette valley, in northwestern Oregon, is "the Yamhill country," extending along the western banks of the Willamette river. Its soil was impounded by the beavers in dams that concentrated thousands of acres of fertile alluvium from the uplands, and assisted by a climate as genial as that of any country on the globe, will produce fabulous crops.

Wheat, one of the most exhausting crops, has been raised continuously in this soil since the settlement of the valley, in the early forties, without the use of any fertilizer, and with no appreciable diminution of the yield.

The lands of the valley are for the most part flat, gradually sloping into the foothills skirting the base of the ranges bordering on the east and west. The central portions are of a rich black loam, deeper than any plow will ever reach, while the higher lands are of gray clay, eminently suitable for the production of wheat and

fruit. The soil throughout is heavily impregnated with mineral salts, the best base of all plant foods.

The statistics of the yield of cereals in the Willamette valley, and particularly in the Yamhill country, are somewhat startling to those accustomed to regard the ten or twelve bushels per acre of farms in the Middle States, or the fifteen to eighteen bushels yielded by the best acres of the prairie country and California, as the standard of production. From twenty-five to forty bushels of wheat to the acre is a fair crop, and as high as sixty bushels is claimed in exceptional instances. One farmer asserts that he raised fifty bushels an acre on a tract of seven hundred acres in 1890.

The grain weighs well, averaging from sixty-two to sixty-eight pounds to the measured bushel. It grows rank, with long clear straw, and with the exception of grain from South Australia, Oregon wheat commands the highest price in Liverpool. An advantage of five and six cents is claimed for Oregon in the markets, and this superiority, added to the fact that shippers convey their cargoes wholly by water, gives the Willamette farmer a considerable profit over the

grower of Illinois and Dakota. This profit will be still further increased when the Nicaragua canal is completed, as it will save the expense now caused by the English law, which compels the sacking of all wheat that crosses the equator.

The oat crop is heavy and the quality superior. Most of it is milled for table use. The grain weighs from thirty-eight to forty-five pounds to the bushel. The local markets frequently quote Oregon oats at forty cents while Chicago prices are ranging from eighteen to twenty cents. The plant is always healthy, the roots striking down through the soft, rich soil and sending up materials to make sixty and seventy bushels to the acre, or even one hundred and sometimes more.

Barley and rye grow well and the grain is of good quality, but these products have not commanded the attention that has been bestowed on wheat and oats.

Indian corn does not thrive, but table corn of the finest quality can be raised anywhere. The summers are not long enough nor hot enough to ripen the grain. Hops were raised in northwestern Oregon during the prevalence of high prices for that product.

Vegetables of all kinds grow in the Willamette valley and a family can live as comfortably and cheaply there on "a little farm well tilled" as is possible anywhere in the world.

Fowls do well, and almost every one has a few sheep. The dairying industry should succeed admirably, as the moist air and rich land both contribute to make this one of the best forage sections in the United States. As soon as the timber is removed the soil germinates white clover as readily as the fields of Kentucky produce blue grass. The butter produced in this valley is of the finest flavor, and Oregon cheese has long been one of the luxuries.

Alsike, red clover, timothy, redtop, vetch, orchard grass, wild oats, and white clover, are "lush grasses" wherever the Willamette dairyman scatters the seed. It is estimated that the cost of cattle feed in the richest variety will not exceed ten cents a day in the Yamhill country, as against eighteen and twenty cents in similar sections of older States.

Thomas Shaw, Professor of Animal Industry in the Agricultural Department of

the University of Minnesota, exploiting the resources of this country for beef production, says the farmers can easily grow steers that will weigh twelve hundred to fourteen hundred pounds at two years old. These steers can be raised on skim milk and adjuncts in the milk season, and on oats that grow at the rate of one hundred bushels an acre. They can be kept growing on succulent foods with some oats, and the four months they can be fattened on peas and oats, and they will bring fifty dollars each. Professor Shaw is of the opinion that mutton as good as the best produced in England can be raised in northern Oregon, and he asserts that Denmark itself cannot raise a better quality of pork.

Notwithstanding conditions so favorable to the establishment of dairy farms and the production of dairy staples, even the home market is as yet but poorly supplied by home industry, and much money is sent out of the State every year for butter and cheese, in return for which the importers offer an article of very inferior quality.

In the article of condensed milk alone a great market awaits the enterprise of manufacturers. More than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of this staple is consumed on the Pacific coast and within easy shipping distance of Pacific coast points. Should it be manufactured on this coast, the manufacturer would be assured of a saving of one dollar on every hundred pounds in freight rates. The milk in this form costs about three dollars a case or less, and the selling price at wholesale is from four to six dollars.

There is every natural possibility that the strip of country extending north and south the entire length of the State, from fifty to one hundred miles wide, bordering the Pacific ocean, may become one of the great fruit-producing regions of the world. The Oregon apple is as firm, as juicy, and keeps as well, as any grown in the United States. Oregon cider rivals the most popular beverages for private tables as well as for public bars. A farmer in Benton county, a rich region lying on the west bank of the Willamette, says: "In my orchard I have a few greening trees from which I gathered between eight and nine boxes to the tree, that sold for seventy-nine cents a box,

making an average of seven and a half dollars for each tree. Counting seventy trees to the acre, this gives a nice return of \$525 to the acre."

The plum ranks next in importance. The variety known as prunes do not flourish in any of the older States. The trees are not productive and the fruit is poor; but in this section of Oregon this production promises the best results. The valleys of the Columbia and Willamette are especially adapted to the Italian variety, and the sweeter French prune grows best east of the Cascades. The Italian prune has the special merit of being a fine dessert fruit while fresh, and at the same time it bears shipment well. It carries to New York or Boston after it is ripe, and hundreds of carloads go East every season, the demand increasing as the fruit becomes better known. There are several new varieties of which much is expected, and all the old stock grows from a half more to double the size grown in the Eastern States.

Pears of the largest size and finest flavor are grown. Peaches, apricots, and nectarines, do well, and there is a surplus, but it has heretofore been absorbed by the mining regions of the Rocky mountains. None of the peaches shipped in from California have equaled those grown in the home orchards. Grapes of the hardy variety like the Concord, Isabella, and Catawba, bear readily, and the fruit is of good quality.

Small fruits and berries grow extremely well. Most of the varieties are good shippers and reach distant markets fresh and firm. No winter protection is required. Sufficient hands only are lacking to raise enough to displace all the poisonous compounds that are being sold under the name of "jellies" in all the markets of the United States.

It is the cherry, however, that surpasses all the other fruits in Yamhill. Nature seems to have spared no effort to make this the perfect place for this fruit. The choicest varieties attain the highest degree of excellence, and seedlings have been originated surpassing any of the standard families. The Black Republican originated in Oregon and cannot be equaled as a shipping fruit. It is meaty, rich, and highly flavored. Other varieties, as the Bing, the Lambert, and the Hos-

kins, have been sent East in small quantities, and sold for fancy prices. The Hoskins, which originated in Oregon, was the largest sample at the Columbian Exposition and was described in the report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1893.

The yield of some trees is phenomenal. Robert Glenn of the Portland *Tribune* has a tree in his garden which produced over twenty-five hundred pounds of fruit last year. During the autumn of 1893, F. C. Smith, Horticultural Commissioner of South Australia, visited Oregon, and in the course of a report he made described the Oregon apples as the best that had ever been subjected for his inspection. A letter that Sylvester Johnston wrote to the late J. G. Lewis, who was for eleven years president of the Indiana State Horticultural Society, superintendent of the Oregon exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, said: "This exhibit forever dispels the opinion that California possesses superior advantages for fruit-growing to that of every other region of the Pacific slope. The Oregon exhibit of pears, apples, and plums, was not only unequalled, but it excelled that of every other State."

In this connection the fact may be noted that the largest apple, the largest pear, and the largest cherries, exhibited at the Columbian Exposition were grown in Oregon, and that a special gold medal was awarded to Max Pracht of Ashland for the largest and best flavored peaches. A carload of cherries shipped from Portland and grown in Oregon and Washington, sold at auction in Boston in 1895 for three thousand dollars.

The Pacific along this coast abounds with halibut, cod, perch, herring, flounder, sole, and other species; while the rivers are full of trout, pike, sturgeon, and many other food fishes. The shad has been transplanted to these waters and thrives. Oysters transplanted to the bays and inlets of the Oregon coast are as fat and luscious as their congeners of Chesapeake and the Atlantic shore, while the "native" is of a quality that commends him to the discriminating epicure. Eastern clams have also been introduced and the product is not a disappointment.

But the "live stock of the sea" which grows more and more important and will continue to increase in value, is the salmon. This noble fish winds its way

in countless multitudes across the bar and up the streams to spawning grounds far back in the heart of the continent; and immense establishments have been built to can and market them. Fleets of vessels, great wheels to throw them out of the water, and other appliances, are used in the catch, which aggregates hundreds of millions. So favorable are the conditions, however, that the supply is increasing instead of decreasing, and measures are taken both by the United States and Canadian governments to breed young salmon in quantities more than sufficient to make up the draught.

Mining might be classed among the "unsuspected resources," as the attention bestowed on this industry thus far has been comparatively insignificant. It has been estimated that the gold yield of Oregon for the past year was \$2,500,000, and might have been many times increased with proper effort. The dull times induced men to prospect the hills and the banks of streams where nothing had been attempted before. Hundreds of these, without the investment of capital, made good wages at this work, and larger endeavor produced proportionately remunerative results. The black sands of the ocean beach contain considerable gold and there is more or less effort to gather it. Other ores are still more abundant and only await development to become valuable properties. Copper, silver, iron, and nickel, are known to exist throughout the mineral belt of this country, and deposits of cement, pipe clay, and similar earths, are already used in the manufacture of drain tile and other products. There are two or three factories on the Yamhill division of the Southern Pacific turning out large quantities of this pipe from these materials. These drains are used on the surrounding farms at a cost of about ten dollars an acre for sub-drains, and the expense for this improvement and convenience is regarded by the farmers as a good investment. An excellent clay is found all over the valley and an important industry in brick making has developed. Out of the hills is quarried a beautiful building stone, samples of which are observable in the architecture of the finest structures of San Francisco and Portland.

A high grade of iron ore is found in this region, and there is no reason why Ore-

gon should not export the products of the furnace and factory instead of importing them as at present. Deposits of brown hematite exist for a distance of forty miles along the Willamette, and the supply is said to be practically inexhaustible. Several analyses have been made from samples of iron ore gathered in places far apart, and the results are very encouraging. One sample of Oswego ore tested by the United States Geological Survey shows metallic iron 44.71 and phosphorus .666. An unopened vein thirty-five miles north of the Oswego deposit assayed 54 per cent of metallic iron, 5.27 of alumina, .34 of phosphoric acid, and 1.25 of silica. Magnetic iron has been found in southwestern Oregon in large quantities assaying 63 per cent of metallic iron, 5 per cent silica, 4 per cent phosphorus and 5 per cent sulphur.

Coal has been found in many places. The coal of the Coos Bay district is the best known, but it is by no means the best, and in all probability the deposit is not the largest. Columbia River coal is said to make good coke, and as it lies close to extensive iron deposits the contiguity means much for the development of future manufacturing enterprises. This country produces an excellent timber for farming implements, the manufacture of which would employ machinery and men to supply a constantly increasing home demand. A species of ash covered large tracts when the white man first came, and there is still enough to supply the demand until more can be grown. This wood makes good handles, horse rakes, boxing for threshers, cleaning machines, and is admirably adapted for use in all apparatus constructed for strength and lightness. It has been used extensively in the manufacture of furniture, and the result is an article that will compare favorably with that of other factories. The cedar of the Coast range makes fine finishing lumber, and there ought to be a large export trade in this commodity. Oak, maple, cherry, and yew, are plentiful, but there is no one to utilize it. Yellow fir, of fine grain and soft texture, known all over the world as Oregon pine, grows in large forests along the hills adjacent to the Yamhill division of the Southern Pacific lines, and red and white fir flourish in many places and in quantity

to render them profitable for manufacturing purposes.

The Oregon madroño attains a size sufficient to be used in fine finishing. Its handsome, close, dense grain takes a rich polish, and the wood is very durable. The myrtle, white and black, covers entire townships. This wood is so heavy that it sinks in water, but it is as tough as hickory. Many of the trees are two and three feet through, and logs fifty feet long are easily obtainable. The wood takes a beautiful polish, rich as satin, and the curly myrtle has a shade for every light. It makes durable wagon hubs and is an excellent material for any purpose in which its weight would not be a disqualification, but it is best fitted for the manufacture of furniture of the more elegant character. Nut trees do well, and will become an important product of the valley. The chestnut, black walnut, English walnut, butternut, almond, filbert, pecan, and hickory nut, have responded to culture and stand the climate well. The hazel nut is a native and grows luxuriantly.

The sugar beet will grow successfully in the Willamette valley. Experiments in the culture of flax have demonstrated that the region about Puget sound in western Washington is one of the exceptional localities where this fiber can be grown. The summer climate of the Willamette valley and particularly of the Yamhill country, in the seasons during which the flax attains its growth, is remarkable for the coolness of its nights and the humidity of the atmosphere. Some of the flax grown in this country was sent to mills in Ireland to be tested, with the result that it was pronounced eminently adapted for thread-making and warp-yarn spinning purposes, being exceedingly strong and working well on the machines.

The wild pea grows rank over large sections of the State, and is an excellent forage plant. The soil will support as heavy crops of peas as of wheat or oats, and they will sell for twice as much. It is claimed that for consumption on the farm, peas make good food for poultry, and that for fattening hogs one hundred pounds of peas are equal to two hundred pounds of oats and 175 pounds of wheat.

The rains of the Webfoot State have long been an amiable jest with outsiders imperfectly familiar with the climatic conditions of the Northwest. The fact is that at no time of the year occurs anything like a continuous downpour or even steady showers. The dry season, as throughout the entire Pacific coast, includes the summer months and part of autumn, but there are many bright days during the winter months popularly supposed to include "the wet season." Probably one third of the winter days come and go without any rain whatever, and it is seldom that the showers are twenty-four hours in duration. Neither does the rain come in storms. It seems to drop from warm clouds condensed by the slightest pressure, and it falls like dew, utterly devoid of the destructive force common elsewhere. East of the Cascades the dry plains warm the air, and as it rises it sucks down the cold wind from the snow-covered sides of Mount Hood and the high range north of it; but no such effect is produced on the temperature of the Willamette basin by either the ocean on the west or the mountain ranges east and south. The only workmen who seem to pay any attention to the rain are the house-painters and the irrigators. Extreme heat or bitter cold are unknown. The Japan current does for this coast what the Gulf stream does for Western Europe, tempering the air and sending the isothermal lines far north of the point usually marked on the maps for inland sections.

No section is better provided with transportation facilities than the Willamette basin. The Willamette river is navigable through the valley for a distance of 125 miles, and is open to the Columbia and the ocean during the entire year. The United States government has constructed a fine system of locks opposite the falls of the Willamette, and these are capable of handling steamers of the deepest draft. Four lines of railroad extend the length of the valley, two on each side of the river.

The available lands were taken up very early, under liberal donation and other grants. In 1850 Congress passed an Act giving to every man who had previously settled in the Territory 320 acres of land,

and if married a like amount to the wife in her own right. This included half-breed Indians over eighteen years of age. The same Act donated 160 acres to every man and a like amount to his wife, if he settled in the Territory before December 1, 1855. Entries numbering 7,300 were made under this Act and over 2,500,000 acres were absorbed, more land than is under cultivation today. The soil proved wonderfully productive, markets were open to all, and an era of prosperity set in which made every man a buyer rather than a seller of land. So long as wheat was quoted at a dollar a bushel it was almost impossible to buy land, and it was no unusual circumstance to see immigrants striking back across the mountains because they had been unable to gain a foothold. There has always been and is now plenty of government and railroad land available at reasonable prices, but it is not every family that wants to reclaim the wilderness.

While the agricultural depression has been a great hardship to individuals all over the world it has proven a blessing in disguise so far as the best interests of Oregon are concerned. The exaggerated estimates of value which induced the farmer to become a land grabber instead of a land user brought to his possession many more acres than he could cultivate profitably, and in most instances gave him much more than he could pay for. The pressure of heavy debts has had its effect and a great many of the large land owners are anxious to sell at prices that would not have been considered five years ago.

Small places have changed hands and tracts have been subdivided and sold at from \$5 to \$25 an acre, and much of this land has been well improved. Of course the best land held by those who have no necessity to dispose of it is obtainable only at the highest figure and many of

these tracts are quoted at thousands of dollars an acre, but there is land for sale at a few dollars an acre, which in time will be as valuable as any in the State. Even distance from centers of population means a future advantage when the whole country is developed.

At present the best authorities in the market offer quotations of good land as low as \$5 and even \$2.50 an acre. Some of this land is still in the hands of the government and is open to homestead entry. The railroad advertises lands at reasonable prices and on long terms, and offers special inducements to settlers on their lines. Not twenty per cent of the lands in the Willamette basin have been cleared, although it is the oldest part of the State.

Taxes are low, the State rate being four mills, and correspondingly low rates in all the counties. More money is expended in maintaining the public schools than is paid for the maintenance of all the State institutions combined. Besides the annual tax there is an irreducible fund which pays interest to the several county school funds. Wages are nearly if not quite as high as they are in California and they are certainly better than in States east of the Missouri river.

There is every indication that Oregon, and particularly the Willamette valley, is on the eve of a radical transition from farming to manufacturing and mixed industries. The wealth of this section, apparent and prospective, cannot be estimated. Its vast undeveloped resources, however, cannot long remain in that condition, for a busy, eager generation is coming out of the schools and colleges, off the farms and out of the cities and towns, seeking opportunities that they will never find in the well trodden paths where competition is so keen and the big prizes of industry so few.

R. L. Fulton.



HUSTLETON¹

A STORY OF THE BOOM TIME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

III.



IF THE truth must be told, General Hustler had arrived at Los Angeles from Chicago in what he would have called a "badly busted" condition, had he permitted himself to acknowledge the fact. He had seen the time when his bank account was good for a quarter of a million, made in a series of fortunate speculations. Before the days of the Southern California boom, he was the successful promoter of a number of large mining enterprises in Montana. In these operations his profits were handsome, but he had been induced by his own sanguine and speculative disposition to sink his gains in some undeveloped mineral prospects, which had failed to yield any return. A less elastic temperament would have been crushed by such reverses, but the General's buoyancy was equal to the strain. As an old hand in real estate booms, he hoped to win in Southern California.

"When I become a millionaire in good earnest," he used to say, "I shall stop speculating, invest in government bonds or something just as safe and solid, and then make a tour of the world before I settle down to enjoy life."

In Los Angeles the General had found a number of old friends, including Major Hornblower; and one or two of them were wealthy. All of them had a keen appreciation of his business ability and energy, and it was an easy matter for him to obtain a loan sufficient to enable

him "to look around a little," with the assurance of financial backing in any promising real estate operation that he might undertake. It was a time when money was abundant and easy. Fortunes were being made in speculation, and no one was losing, as the market was steadily advancing. The fever of speculation in town lots was fast rising, and the opportunity was favorable for putting a new town-site on the market.

The very day that the General secured the option on the Chesley place, he set to work upon the preparation of a prospectus and plans for the new town of Hustleton. The name was suggested by Major Hornblower; not only in compliment to the founder, but also as happily suggestive of the "Chicagothic" spirit of restless energy and progress that was developing in Southern California, — "a greater Italy," as the prospectus of Hustleton did not hesitate to say. The Major wrote out the prospectus from the brief outline submitted to him, and his powers of imagination and description were never more strikingly illustrated.

"Remember," said the General, "that we shall sell the climate and the scenery in twenty-five-foot slices, so come out strong on the sunshine, the balmy air, the orange blossoms, the mountains, and the sea. Say that the peerless situation of Hustleton, with its unrivaled advantages, and so forth, ensure it a population of fifty thousand people within ten years, and by that time Los Angeles will have grown so rapidly that a union of the two municipalities will be in order. But don't speak of it as an absorption of Hustleton. The idea is that the two cities will grow towards each other, and ultimately coa-

¹ Begun in April number.

lesce. Don't forget the guaranteed development of the water power in the cañon, with its vast possibilities of irrigation, manufacturing, electric lighting, and the rest of it."

The Major scarcely needed such prompting, and the prospectus, when completed in all its dazzling splendor, was a work of speculative art, creditable alike to the literary abilities of the Major and to the General's boundless audacity.

These preliminaries having been adjusted to his satisfaction, the General's next step was to frame articles of incorporation for "The Hustleton Land and Improvement Company." This corporation was to purchase the town-site, make the proposed improvements, sell lots, and transact other business of a like nature. The capital stock was placed at half a million dollars, divided into five thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. In view of the street railroad, the mammoth hotel on Hustleton Heights, the fine school building, the water and gas works, and other enterprises contemplated by the General's plans, this capitalization appeared none too large.

"Now," remarked that energetic projector, "I propose to have one thousand shares issued to me, as the founder and promoter. The other four thousand will be divided equally among four men who shall contribute in equal amounts a total of twelve thousand dollars in cash. Chesley will want at least eight thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars down, to give us any title, and with the rest of the money the thing can be carried along all right to the first auction sale. That will be a big killing. Major, you shall be secretary of the company, at a handsome salary, and I, the president, at a suitable figure. The four subscribers to the stock, will, with me, make up the board of five directors. There you have it: a beautiful close corporation, with no bothersome

stockholders to meddle with the management. Now for the men and the money. Major, what do you say to another cold bottle?"

The Major, from the depths of his irreclaimable aridity, expressed his entire willingness to make one more effort in irrigation. And thus the worthy pair, having laid broad and deep the foundations of the future city, proceeded to drink success to Hustleton in Roederer.

This little baptismal refreshment completed, the two went off, arm in arm, to secure the needed subscriptions. They had selected their men while they chatted over the wine, and in the course of a few hours the desired subscriptions were obtained, the checks paid into the bank, and a preliminary organization effected in accordance with the General's plan. It would be only a waste of time, he said, to wait for the regular legal incorporation before proceeding to business. The papers could be filed in a week or two, and meanwhile they would go ahead. This suited the temper of the other directors, and so he had things going with the rush that suited him.

Before nightfall, he sent a message to Mr. Chesley, suggesting that if the latter desired to make a sale of the ranch, he would do well to call upon General Hustler the next morning at the latter's hotel, as "other properties were being considered."

Mr. Chesley grumbled a little over this communication. He never went to town if he could avoid doing so, as he said the trip was always "bothersome," and he detested bother. But all the other members of the family were eager to have him call upon the General without loss of time; and to make the sale, if it could be effected at a satisfactory price. So, on the following morning, he rode into Los Angeles. It had been many months since he was last there, and he was

struck with the changes that had taken place. The city appeared to be overflowing with people; new buildings were going up everywhere; and the stir and bustle upon the streets, particularly in the neighborhood of the real estate offices, were in marked contrast with the comparative quiet that had formerly prevailed.

Leaving his horse at a stable, he strolled along towards the hotel where he was to meet the General. The people he passed seemed all to be talking about building lots, "good turns" in the market, "choice investments," or other things relating to the boom; and he heard predictions about the future of Los Angeles that astonished him. The city was to equal San Francisco in population, before twenty years, some one said, basing his prediction upon the fact that people were arriving from the East and North at the rate of two thousand a month. This talk was highly interesting, and Mr. Chesley had himself caught a little of the speculative fever by the time he reached the hotel. The General was in his room, and there received the visitor.

"I thought you might like to be notified," said the General, in his cordial way, after greetings had been exchanged. "Some friends of mine here have been urging me to go into a little enterprise with them, with a bit of land as a basis, and I have about concluded to do so. The location is not of much consequence, but your place would answer our purpose, provided the price and terms can be arranged satisfactorily. There are some others, however, that would do as well, and they are much cheaper. But I will tell you frankly, Mr. Chesley," and the General's voice assumed its most confidential tone, "that I am authorized to offer you thirty thousand dollars, and that's the best my friends will consent to. What do you say?"

Mr. Chesley hesitated. He had not expected to be asked to take such a price, but he believed that thirty thousand dollars was much more than the ranch was worth. And urged by the arguments of his wife, he was anxious to make a sale.

General Hustler's keen eyes read at a glance the state of the other's mind. "I hope you'll say it's a go," he added with a beaming smile; "for if you do, I believe I could put you in the way of making some money in connection with our enterprise."

"Well," said Mr. Chesley after a pause, "if that's the best you can do, I will take it."

"And now about terms," continued the General. "I suppose you would like some cash?"

"Some cash?" exclaimed Mr. Chesley in genuine astonishment; his usual equanimity disturbed. "Why, I thought it would be all cash."

"And so it would, my dear fellow, if it were my personal affair," said the General in his blandest tone. "But this is to be a company business, and a big lot of money has to be spent for improvements. So it was decided not to pay out much for land at the outset.

"Let me see," continued the General, with a thoughtful air, expressive of friendly solicitude. "I think I might get you five or ten thousand dollars cash, if that would answer, although I understand that there's no difficulty in buying land on credit now, as the tendency is presumed to be upward, and the land itself is good security for the debt."

"I should want ten thousand dollars, at least," said the rancher, none too well pleased.

"We'll fix it at that, then," quickly responded the General. "You may take a mortgage for the remainder; or we will furnish other security, as you may

prefer. Now if you will step around with me to a notary's office, and sign a contract for a deed, I will personally pay you the ten thousand dollars, and we may call it a sale. I have inquired about the title, and believe it is all right."

The contract was soon drawn and signed, as he had suggested. They then went to the bank which the General had honored with his confidence, and the sum of ten thousand dollars was there transferred to Mr. Chesley's credit.

The sale having been thus settled at the reduced price, the General felt safe in unfolding to Mr. Chesley the plans for the town of Hustleton, in all their alluring details. They returned to the hotel, where they found Major Hornblower, who eloquently descanted on the advantages of the site, and the certainty of a great demand for the lots. Mr. Chesley became intensely interested, when the prospectus was read to him, and the brilliant possibilities of the future city were enthusiastically described. He experienced a pang of regret when he perceived that the land would soon be selling at a higher price by the lot than he had obtained by the acre. The leaven of the boom was working within him, and for the first time in years he experienced a keen desire to be making money.

This was the opportunity that the General had been waiting for.

"Now, friend Chesley," said he in his off-hand, spontaneous way, "I can put you up to something a good deal better than giving a deed and taking a mortgage for security. I don't suppose there need be any objection from my fellow directors to my letting you take lots, and stock in the company, instead of a mortgage. Suppose you take stock for ten thousand dollars, and I will give you lots for the other ten thousand at a bed-rock rate — say forty dollars for inside lots and sixty dollars for corners.

I pledge you my word that the company will not let a lot go at less than one hundred dollars to any outsider, and we expect to get much more. The only condition is that you sell none of your lots within twelve months, so as not to interfere with the company's business. Meanwhile our improvements will be increasing the value of your lots. In a year's time they should bring five or six hundred dollars apiece, as Hustleton is bound to boom."

It did not occur to Mr. Chesley to figure out the cost of the lots, at fifty dollars an acre. They seemed to him very cheap at the prices offered. But he felt a little doubtful about the transaction, and so he stipulated for ten thousand in lieu of lots, should he so elect, at the expiration of twelve months.

To this the General readily assented.

"Have you had the certificates printed yet, Major?" inquired the General.

"Yes, they were delivered to me only a little while ago. I will get them in a moment."

He was back in a twinkling, with the book of certificates under his arm.

"Now, brother Chesley," said the General, "I am bound to say that the other directors may not altogether like to have any of the stock parted with, even in part payment for the land. The understanding was that it should be kept entirely to ourselves. But let them kick, if they want to. If you say so, you can have the stock right now, and that will forestall any possible objection. You can have it at par — one hundred dollars a share — and you don't have to pay in a cent. That would be one hundred shares for ten thousand dollars. They should be worth twenty thousand dollars before the close of the year."

"Very well," said Mr. Chesley, "I will take the stock and the lots."

"I thought you would be glad of the

chance," declared the General, "and I congratulate you on your good judgment. Major, make out the certificate for a hundred shares in my name, if you please, and I will endorse it over to Mr. Chesley. The other directors need not know about your having any stock, Mr. Chesley, unless you choose to tell them. And I guess you can keep your own counsel, when you want to. The certificate will stand on the stock-book in my name, but you can have it exchanged for another in your own name, whenever you may see fit."

The certificate was issued accordingly, signed by the Major and the General, as secretary and president, respectively, and by the latter endorsed over to Mr. Chesley.

"Now," remarked the General, "let us finish the business, while we are about it. We will enter into a contract with you to pay ten thousand dollars at the expiration of twelve months; or, at your option, then to convey to you enough lots to make up that sum, at the rates we have agreed upon already. You may select the lots as soon as the survey is made, and from any of the blocks you may prefer, except on the business streets. You may go to the notary again with us now, if you like, and we will execute a new and final contract, for the ranch and the lots. That will leave the company a clear field, to go ahead with the work."

Mr. Chesley could see no reason for delay, and the transaction was soon closed, as suggested by the General.

"You understand," remarked the latter to the Major, a little later, "that the stock sold to Mr. Chesley was on my own account. You credit me on the books of the company with ten thousand dollars as money paid to Chesley. It was the same as cash, you know, so far

as the company is concerned, and is all one to Chesley. And the books will show that I have issued one hundred of my thousand shares of stock. That's perfectly regular and correct, is it not?"

"Perfectly," responded the Major with the utmost dignity, his gravity undisturbed.

"Things are in good shape now, and we must crack on with the work," resumed the General. "I shall have a surveyor on the ground tomorrow morning, with his assistants. You might contrive to leak a little to the press to-day, Major. Give the boys a hint that there's a big enterprise on foot. It's time for something to get out about my being here in the interests of a new transcontinental road, and that the survey for the terminal section begins at Hustleton tomorrow. This shore end may be called the Hustleton & Pacific, with wharf at Santa Monica."

"Very well, General. Suppose we go and baptize the wharf in the customary manner."

"With all my heart," was the ready response. And so business was temporarily suspended, in honor of the inception of the H. & P. R. R.

IV.

WHEN the senior Chesley returned to his home from Los Angeles, he found the family awaiting him with eager expectation. Kate ran to the gate to meet him:—

"Well, papa? Have you sold the ranch?"

At his affirmative nod she scampered back with a gleeful "Hurrah!" to her mother and George, who had come out upon the porch to hear the news.

If less demonstrative, they were no less pleased. Mr. Chesley related the story of the sale. He showed his bank book, with its credit entry of ten thousand dol-

lars,—figures which they all regarded with some degree of awe. Then, with evident pride in his skill as a negotiator, he told how at first General Hustler wanted to get the place entirely on credit.

"I would not have it that way," gloried pater-familias. "I managed to get one third cash, a block of a hundred shares of stock, and lots for the balance. Those lots ought to make us rich. You have no idea how things are going up in Los Angeles. I do believe, from what the General says, that Hustleton will be quite a town."

"I would not be in a hurry to sell the lots, Robert," sagely remarked his wife.

"I can't sell, mother, for twelve months yet. That's the agreement. But so much the better. We shall have the satisfaction of seeing them going up all the time, and will get so much the more for them next year. It may be a good idea to keep most of them in the family. There's nothing like real estate in a growing town or city, they say, to make one rich."

"But what are we going to do now?" asked George. "Shall we stay here, or move?"

This brought on a discussion that continued through the evening. The house went with the land, Mr. Chesley explained, and the question was whether he should build a new one, on certain of his lots to be selected. The old dwelling, they all agreed, was far too shabby to live in any longer, assuming that they might buy it back for a small price.

"For my part, I prefer to live in Los Angeles," said the wife. "I have worked pretty hard here in the country for ten years, and a change would do us all good. We could build here by and by, if we want to. Let us rent a house in Los Angeles for a year, and after that we may decide to travel. You know I have always said we would go to Europe, if we ever got rich, Robert; and we ought to

have at least one hundred thousand dollars next year, if the boom keeps up."

"It seems to me there is no question about the boom's keeping up," her husband responded. "I was in some doubt about it, but now I think McNab is greatly mistaken in calling it feverish speculation. Of course, values will not always keep rising so fast as they are now, but there will be no break. It is easy to understand that, if you listen to the people that have just come in from the East. They are far more sanguine than the old residents. The reason is, I think, that the newcomers appreciate better what we have here."

The next day was Saturday. Mrs. Chesley took an early train for Los Angeles, at the way station which was destined to become known as Hustleton. It was only a short distance from the limits of the ranch in that direction. She had vainly urged her husband to accompany her on what she termed her "house-hunting" trip, but he had declared his entire faith in her good judgment, and also that he preferred to have her suit herself in the choice of a dwelling. Besides, Kate and George would go that day, with a number of their friends, on a ride to the summit of Mount Wilson, and it was necessary that one of the family should stay on the ranch. He was well pleased to remain, and watch the work of the party of surveyors who came out in a wagon and who by eight o'clock had begun to drive the stakes that were to mark out the streets and avenues of the future town. General Hustler and Major Hornblower were also early on the ground and remained until noon. The General pointed out to the chief surveyor the spots on which the company would construct the hotel, school-house, and other buildings, and also consulted him in the location of public squares, the lines of the principal avenues, and other matters con-

nected with the survey. The avenues were to be numbered from one to ten, and the intersecting streets were to bear the names of Presidents and other men distinguished in the history of the United States, according to alphabetical order, as Adams, Blaine, Cleveland, and so on.

"Hustleton is to be a model town in all respects," said the General, "and one of the first requirements is to have the place so laid out that a stranger may easily find the way to any house."

Mrs. Chesley found it no easy task to rent in Los Angeles such a house as she desired. She started out with the intention of choosing what she considered a suitable residence for a family with expectations. It should be a large house, with grounds well improved, shade trees, and a profusion of flowers; somewhere on the hills, yet not too far from the theaters and other places of interest, and the view must be fine, to satisfy her husband. There was one such residence to be let, she ascertained, after long inquiry among the real estate offices. But the rent was one hundred dollars a month, and she had not expected to pay more than fifty.

"You can't do better," declared the agent. "It's the only good house to let in Los Angeles today, and will be snapped up in no time. There are not nearly enough houses to go around, and the hundreds of new ones that are going up are mostly sold before they are finished. Suppose you take a look at the place."

After a toilsome climb she found it on the brow of a hill overlooking the business part of the city. It was indeed a charming location, though not easy of access. There was a smooth stretch of lawn, a profusion of roses in bloom, a fan palm on one side of the gateway and a date palm on the other,—both flourishing and stately trees; heliotrope, in full flower, spread over the high railing of the

wide veranda; there were beds of daisies, pansies, and other flowers, and altogether, the garden delighted her heart. The house was a little old-fashioned, but seemed to her like a mansion, compared with the old weather-beaten and ramshackle dwelling in which the past ten years of her life had been spent.

She went out upon the veranda and seated herself in an old easy chair. She could look down upon the greater part of the city, with its multitude of homes half-hidden in trees and shrubbery, its long lines of shaded streets that ran far out among the orange orchards of the suburbs until lost in the distance. Over the river and towards the northeast, indistinct in a bluish haze, were the long sloping hills where Hustleton was soon to rise into prominence.

"Robert could sit here and smoke, and with a good glass he could see the buildings going up over there," she mused. "It would just suit him. I do wish he had been more ambitious, but he has had the gift of holding on, and that is a pretty good thing in Southern California. Yes, this house is just the place for us all. Kate could entertain here nicely, and we could have horses in the stable, with a man to take care of them and the garden. But the rent? It seems awful to pay a hundred dollars a month. After all, though, that is not much, compared with the money we shall certainly have. At their very lowest, a dozen lots in Hustleton would pay the rent for a whole year, and Robert will have hundreds of lots."

The neighborhood, she observed, was excellent. The houses, as she said to her husband later, seemed all to be occupied by "nice people—people of wealth." She lost no time in returning to the office of the agent, in order to secure the place.

"My husband will send in a check tomorrow," she said, with a proud consciousness of his bank account.

As she was on her way back to the old home, she thought of what a fine thing it is to have money, and wondered that she had endured the hard life on the ranch so long. It was simply "vegetating," she concluded, and her mind turned, with fresh gratification, to planning the furnishing of the house in town, and dreams of social triumphs for Kate.

"I have no fault to find with Arthur Weyman," she said in discussing these prospective triumphs with her husband, "except that he should have been a woman. The world has no use for these goody-goody men. Of course, he's a gentleman, and all that, but he's just fit to be a teacher, or a missionary, or something of that sort, and the very last person I should want to select for Kate. Except for that, though, I must say I like him very much, for a truer Christian never lived. That's just the trouble—he's too much of a Christian for his own good. He never will be worth anything, and if he ever had money left him, he would lend or give it all away, or let somebody swindle him out of it; he has so much faith in humanity."

The good woman was much worried because Kate was late in returning from the ride on the mountain. And it may be imagined that she groaned in spirit when Kate had related, with a blending of tears and laughter, an incident of a narrow escape from a land-slide, and the reckless bravery that Arthur had displayed in his haste to rescue her, or render possible aid. The mother understood human nature well enough to realize that his conduct must have increased the interest with which Kate regarded him, and she spoke her mind freely on the subject.

"Yes, yes," replied the good man absently, and then he added, abruptly changing the subject. "Do you see what has been going on while you were away?" And he pointed to the thousands of little

white stakes that had been driven by the surveyor's party during the day. Each bit of painted wood, he explained, marked a lot with a width of twenty-five feet, and a hundred feet in depth. Then at each street corner there was a sign-board, with the names of the intersecting street and the avenue.

"It's strange that we did not realize before what a splendid chance we had here to make a new town. But there's a fearful lot of work to be done in this sort of business, and I wonder how General Hustler finds time to attend to all the things he has told me about."

"It's a shame the way that barley has been trampled down," remarked Mrs. Chesley regretfully, as she gazed upon the green slopes that had promised to yield the best crop they had known since the soil had first felt the touch of the plow.

"Barley is nothing to us in times like these," her husband said with indifference. "A good corner lot will soon be worth more than all we would clear on the crop. But it makes me ache to think of the work it was to put that barley in. No more farming for me."

V.

ON THE morning of the following Sunday, while the soft music of the church bells was floating over hill and valley, General Hustler drove out from the city in company with a civil engineer. Their object was to investigate the possibilities of water development in the cañon, as a source of supply for the new town.

At times during the winter season, after a heavy rain, the creek carried a strong flow of water. In the summer time the stream disappeared, though by digging in its bed of sand and boulders a flow of water could always be detected. The ranch had a riparian right, by rea-

son of its situation on the margin of the creek, and also an appropriation right to the water, because of the construction of a ditch by its former owner. This ditch tapped the stream where it left the cañon, and followed the upper margin of the bottom land. At the time of its construction a claim had been filed for a thousand inches of water. This was designed to include the greatest possible flow at times of flood, and thus to prevent any further diversion of the water. Little use had been made of the ditch, save for the garden patch on the bottom land, as the senior Chesley lacked appreciation of the capabilities of irrigation on the hill slopes, as well as the energy to set about a systematic development and utilization of the water supply.

As the General took care to explain to the engineer, the Hustleton company was less concerned about the actual development of the water supply than to have a good showing on paper of the engineering possibilities.

"A maximum estimate of the flow, and a minimum estimate of the cost, is what would suit us best," said the General, in his off-hand way.

The two spent several hours in exploring the cañon on foot, leaving the horses at the ranch. They returned at noon, and accepted Mr. Chesley's pressing invitation to share the family dinner. Kate and her brother had attended service at a little church in the neighborhood, Mr. Chesley had spent the morning in selecting the lots to be conveyed to him, under the terms of the sale, and his wife had cooked the meal.

"My dear madam," said the General, "allow me to say that it has been years since I tasted fried chicken to compare with this. It must be a pleasure to cook, with such skill as yours."

"I can't say I enjoy it," said she. "It may be a fine thing to look on and direct

the work, in a good kitchen, with other hands to attend to the fire and to clean the pans and dishes. But when you have to do all that yourself, there is n't much fun about it."

"No doubt it makes a difference," he answered, smiling. "Mr. Chesley tells me that you are going to move into a beautiful residence in Los Angeles, and there you will have things to suit you."

"And, Miss Chesley," added the General gayly, "I shall expect to learn that you have become one of the belles of the city. Are you glad to make the change?"

"Very," she answered, with a blush that heightened the rosy glow of health on her cheeks.

And then the guests were told of the adventure the girl had had in a land-slide in climbing Mt. Wilson on the previous day. The General listened with rapt attention to the story, as told first in outline by her brother, and then contrived to draw from Kate a vivid account of her perilous experience.

When he got back to the city he sought out the Major. By following what "the boys" called "the cocktail route," by which they meant the saloons enjoying the benefit of the Major's patronage, it was not a difficult matter to find him.

"Old boy," cried the General, clapping him irreverently on the shoulder, "I've got a glorious advertisement for Hustleton." And the General repeated, with such embellishments as his fancy suggested, the story of Kate's narrow escape from the land-slide. In some way that the family never discovered (for the General always insisted that he had not mentioned the accident to anybody), a thrilling tale of the occurrence appeared in the papers the next day, with Kate as the heroine. She was described as "the lovely and accomplished daughter of Colonel Chesley, the wealthy land-

owner and capitalist who had recently sold the townsite of Hustleton, and who was himself largely interested in the Hustleton Land and Improvement Company." It was incidentally added that Colonel Chesley and his interesting family were about to take up their residence in the city, having secured the well-known Woodbine premises on Hill street, and would be welcome additions to Los Angeles society. It was understood that during the coming summer Colonel Chesley would build a beautiful villa at Hustleton, in which the family would spend the greater part of their time, after their contemplated tour abroad.

The narratives were different, in detail, but each had the characteristics of the Major's florid style. He brought copies of the papers with him to Hustleton the next day, and Mrs. Chesley carefully cut out the articles mentioned, to be preserved in her scrap-book. She and her husband professed to be displeased over the exaggerated and sensational publication of their daughter's adventure, but secretly they felt flattered at the newspaper references to themselves. Kate was at first no little chagrined to find herself the subject of so much notoriety, but she soon joined her brother in his shouts of laughter over the title of Colonel that their father had received. The distinction clung to him, however. For a time, his old acquaintances called him "Colonel" merely in jest, but it soon became a habit with them, as with others. In the course of a few months the elder Chesley had learned to like the sound of his newspaper title so well that he felt a sense of dissatisfaction if designated as plain "Mr."

"I'm sure you are just as much a Colonel as nine tenths of the men that are so called," his wife declared one day. "If the truth were told, you would find

that General Hustler got his title in just about the same way." Which was not quite right, as the General had bestowed it on himself; not out of vanity, or as a reward of merit, but strictly as a matter of business.

The prospectus of the Hustleton Land and Development Company had been published in the advertising columns of the newspapers, with a liberality of display that invited journalistic good-will, as well as the attention of the public. There was no longer novelty in the announcements of new town-sites, but each such enterprise received a due share of attention in the news columns, according to merit and the nature and magnitude of the advertising contract. Liberality in advertising naturally raises with publishers a presumption of worth. In those days there was no one to question the need or wisdom of converting farms and orchards into town-lots. It was sufficient that there was a great demand for the lots.

The first "grand auction sale" of Hustleton lots had been fixed for the coming Saturday, to take place on the ground. A brass band had been engaged for the occasion; also a caterer to provide a generous free lunch for the hundreds of people that the free ride in carriages or omnibuses would be certain to draw from the city to the scene of the sale. The company had opened an office on Spring street in Los Angeles, near the business center. A huge safe had been purchased by the General, at second hand, and its imposing proportions, with the words "Hustleton Land and Improvement Co." emblazoned across its front, could scarcely fail to be remarked by visitors to the office. No less impressive than the safe was Major Hornblower, who was a perfect picture of military dignity and financial worth. The wall behind him was adorned by a

large and gorgeous sketch in oil, representing "Hustleton in 1888,—the growth of a year." The scene depicted was that of a beautiful little city, picturesquely disposed on gently sloping hills, with snowy mountains for a background. The spires of churches, cupolas of large buildings, and the roofs of hundreds of dwellings, rose from a profusion of ornamental trees and shrubbery. The perspective was so managed that Hustleton seemed almost contiguous to Los Angeles, though railroad trains were represented as speeding between the two places. And all around Hustleton, where then in reality the hills were bare, appeared a continuous stretch of orchards and vineyards, with a network of ditches exhibiting a complete system of irrigation.

On the opposite wall was displayed, on white cloth, a surveyor's map of Hustleton, showing by streets and numbers the location of each lot, and also the site of the various buildings to be constructed by the company.

The preliminary "write-ups," to appear in print in advance of the day set for the sale, were arranged for by General Hustler in person.

"Of course," he said to the business managers of the respective journals, "we cannot expect you to devote, without proper compensation, any large part of your space to a description of our enterprise, however meritorious and interesting to the public it may be. What we wish is that you send reporters to the town-site, and have it described, with our contemplated improvements, strictly in accordance with the facts. The company will be pleased to honor the bills, on presentation."

Nothing could be more satisfactory than this happy regard for journalistic proprieties, associated, as it was, with recognition of the fact that the news-

paper is primarily a business enterprise. The General himself conveyed the reporters to the town-site, and showed them over the ground. He loaded them down with facts relative to the innumerable advantages of the location, the financial standing of the company, and its many plans of outlay for the upbuilding of the coming "city of the hills." The newspaper men found him a "generous host," as well as a "jovial entertainer," at the little lunch which followed their return to Los Angeles.

"Now, boys," he said, as he shook hands with them cordially in parting, "write only what you think is fair and reasonable. We don't ask any more. And if any of you care to invest in a lot or two, at auction rates, to hold for a rise, you can have all the time or any terms you want. I was a newspaper man myself once, and am glad to give the boys a lift when I can."

The "write-ups" that appeared the next day did full justice to Hustleton, if that were possible, and the General expressed himself as well pleased with them. But he modestly deprecated the highly complimentary references to himself, in which they abounded.

During the same week the Chesleys removed from the ranch to their new home in Los Angeles. The "Colonel" was startled when his wife told him that she had engaged a house at a monthly rental of one hundred dollars, but she soon persuaded him that it was not possible to obtain at a lower rate a residence suited to the changed circumstances of the family,—not, at least, in Los Angeles.

Few of the old household effects were transferred to the city residence. Nearly all of the contents of the ranch house were hauled into the city and disposed of in an auction room. George managed

to sell the live stock, the bees, poultry, farming implements, and other ranch property, by personal effort among the neighbors, at more or less of a sacrifice. Kate accompanied her mother in a ceaseless round of shopping. There were carpets, curtains, furniture, dishes, bedding, cutlery, napery, and other things, to be purchased; in short, an entirely new and complete outfit for the home. Then there were visits to the dress-makers and the milliners, extensive purchases of dry goods, supplies of groceries to be provided, and various other matters to be attended to. It was a question whether the family could get along with but one house servant, or maid of all

work, in addition to the man required to care for the horses and the garden. This was finally decided in the negative. A Chinaman was engaged as cook, a black-eyed young Spanish girl as housemaid, and an Irishman as coachman and gardener.

"Seems to me I am kept pretty busy signing checks," the Colonel remarked, later on. In fact, he had done little else during the week, except to buy a pair of horses, a carriage, a buggy, harness, and the other equipments of the stable. George was allowed to select a saddle horse to suit himself, and took care to provide a side-saddle for his sister's use.

Wm. A. Lawson.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

VILLANELLE. THE GLOAMING



THE west is in a blaze of gold,

The day in regal splendor dies,
And silence falls on field and fold.

While in the east, I now behold

The crescent moon in glory rise,
The west is in a blaze of gold.

The darkness deepens in the wold,

And soft the evening zephyr sighs,
And silence falls on field and fold.

As timid stars, grown overbold,

Peep, one by one, from out the skies,
The west is in a blaze of gold.

The gowan nestles in the mold,

The dew-drop on the heather lies,
And silence falls on field and fold.

The hearth is warm, the heath is cold,

A wight, belated, homeward hies,
The west is in a blaze of gold,
And silence falls on field and fold.

Lucius Harwood Foote.



Courtesy Kern County Land Company.

IRRIGATION IN KERN COUNTY.

OVERLAND MONTHLY REPORTS

THE MATERIAL PROGRESS OF CALIFORNIA

I—IRRIGATION'

REPORTED BY C. E. GRUNSKY, C. E.

The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. . . . I will open rivers on the bare heights and fountains in the midst of the valleys. I will plant in the wilderness cedar, the acacia tree and the myrtle and the oil tree: I will set in the desert the fir tree, the pine and the box tree together.

[UNDER this head it is our intention to publish a series of short articles on striking phases of California development by leading exponents of the subjects treated. Irrigation, Dairying, and Forestry, will be followed by Mining, Agriculture, Horticulture, Grazing, Manufacturing, Transportation, and other important subjects. —ED.]



IRRIGATION is not a new art in California. More than one hundred years ago mission gardens and orchards were supplied with water brought long distances in ditches, and the wisdom of thus increasing and controlling the supply of water to the soil has been accepted without question in the southern portion of the State, and is gradually forcing recognition more to the northward.

But though California is famed for its irrigation works, easily ranking its sister States in the matter of expenditure for irrigation systems and area irrigated, still irrigation is not general throughout the State. It has been developed according to local conditions and requirements, and is a valuable supplement to the irregular uncertain rainfall of the winter months. Above all things it enables the intelligent farmer to regulate and control the growing period of his farm products which are fully as dependent on an abundant supply of moisture as upon the sunshine which is so bountifully supplied to the State, and which without the aid of moisture parches our fields at the very time when plant growth should be most rank.

To irrigate, means to supply moisture

Number of irrigators in California	14,000
Irrigated area in acres, exceeds	1,000,000
Percentage of farms irrigated	26
Percentage of land farmed which is irrigated	18
First cost of irrigation works over	\$13,000,000
Annual cost of water to irrigators nearly	\$2,000,000
Annual value of products of irrigated farms about	\$20,000,000

artificially to the soil. Where this is done on a large scale, to stimulate the growth of forage plants, cereals, trees, or vines, the sprinkling can and garden hose, which the city resident is apt to associate with irrigation, are superseded by methods requiring less time and labor. Large volumes of water are brought under control, generally in open ditches or canals; sometimes, particularly when the supply is limited and correspondingly valuable, in closed conduits, such as large pipes of iron or wood. From the main canal water reaches branch ditches which deliver it to the irrigating ditches of the individual farmers and it is applied to the land in many different ways, varying according to crop, according to character of soil and physical features of the tract to be irrigated, as well as according to volume of water available, to say nothing of the caprice of the individual irrigator, which often introduces variations of methods with a view to better adaptation to local conditions.

We are standing on a canal levee in the month of May, looking westward over alfalfa fields of almost limitless extent, overhead not a cloud to be seen. At our backs is the great Calloway canal, now at its maximum flow, fed by the snows melting on the summit of the Sierra Nevada, even on the very slopes of Mount Whitney. This is one of the north-side canals from Kern river and the spot selected for our observation is some twenty miles to the northward of the parent stream, whose water is under as thorough

control as that of any other large stream of the State. The Calloway canal is the largest irrigation work receiving water from this river, if the combination drainage and irrigation canal of the Kern Valley Water Company¹ (Miller & Lux), be left out of comparison. But this is not the only other important Kern river canal, there being such notable works as the Beardsley, the McCord, and the Pioneer, on the north side of the river, and the Kern Island canal, the Farmers', the Stine, the James, and many others, on the south side. The Calloway canal as it lies behind us is a placid flowing stream about a hundred feet wide on the water surface, sixty feet wide on the bottom, and five feet in depth. This magnificent stream might elsewhere serve as a commercial highway, here it has other duties. At our left is a light wooden structure, an open-top culvert, sixteen feet wide, built through the canal levee. An attendant, a *zanjero*, is busily engaged in removing board after board from between upright posts and presently he has a large volume of water, sixty to one hundred and fifty cubic feet per second, tumbling through the structure and rapidly filling the lateral or branch ditch which extends westward with the fall of the ground's surface, here less than ten feet per mile. Several hundred yards to our right a second attendant has opened another similar gate, and as the branch ditches fill we see at some distance along their courses checkweirs, or drops, which hold the water in the upper section of each. Presently the water has risen high enough to flow through gates in the sides of these ditches and begins to spread out over the alfalfa-covered space between them, and again we notice that its flow westward is checked, this time by a low flat embankment which extends from ditch to ditch. The water thus confined to a compartment gradually inundates its entire area. The attendants in charge are meanwhile patrolling the embankments which surround it, here and there re-enforcing weak spots or checking the flow through some gopher or squirrel hole. An hour or two, depending upon the size of the compart-

¹ This canal receives the entire outflow of Buena Vista lake, and in its channel 125 feet wide on the bottom, seven to ten feet deep, carries it past the reclaimed swamp lands at the head of Buena Vista swamp, for a distance of over twenty miles.



AN IRRIGATION CANAL, KERN COUNTY LAND COMPANY.

ment, or "check," elapses before we see the water creeping over the highest portions of the ground at the base of the main canal levee at our feet; and now one or two gates are opened, or breaches are made, in the embankment which separates the flooded compartment from the one next below, and the water of the first is rapidly drained off into the second. Gates from the branch ditches into the second compartment are opened, those leading to the first are closed and thus the irrigation progresses until all the ground between the two branch ditches has been covered with water.

The water absorbed by the soil under this method of irrigation is usually two to six inches, provided dimension of checks and volume of supply are well proportioned, otherwise it may be much greater.

The area in each check, or compartment, in the great fields of the Kern County Land Company (J. B. Haggin) along Calloway canal ranges from about two to sixty acres. This method of irrigation is applied to any crop, but alfalfa and cereals are the principal cultures of this district. The alfalfa field of Messrs. Miller & Lux at the head of Buena Vista swamp, also irrigated by a system of flooding similar to that just described, has an area of twenty thousand acres.

To contrast with this, look at a hillside near Porterville, just north of Tule river. Here a small irrigating ditch, it is but a step across, winds along the upper edge of a miscellaneous orchard five or ten acres in area. The weather is warm and the owner in person is out, in his blouse, leaning on his shovel, and watching the slow progress of the water as it creeps along some thirty plow furrows which he has drawn, extra deep, through the well-tilled black alluvial soil. He has turned the water from his irrigating ditch into a depression parallel with and just below his ditch and from it the water spreads over the ground, accumulating in the upper ends of the plow furrows which lead down the hill slope at regular intervals close enough together to wet the soil thoroughly. He has plenty of time for conversation, and explains how easily the water is controlled; it takes but a shovelful of earth here and there to keep the water from breaking out of bounds, or to

check it in one furrow, or to accelerate it in another.

In both of these cases the water flows to the land in open earthwork canals or ditches, indicating an abundant supply and but little attempt at economic use. Elsewhere in the State, where the demand for water is relatively greater, and the products of the soil have greatest value, its distribution is occasionally effected in a system of pipes. There is then no loss in transit or into barren subsoils. Water is turned loose upon the very spot to be wet and irrigation is seen in its highest development. Duty of water, or the acreage irrigated per unit of volume, is there raised to its limit.

Water is in demand for irrigation in the spring and summer months. The rivers of the south, being fed principally by the winter rains and there being but little snow in the tributary watershed of the mountains to maintain a summer flow are at that time dry or nearly dry. Those from the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada which enter the great central valley from the east are better sources of supply because the natural storage of water in the form of snow is not exhausted until the beginning of July.

Without attempting any description in detail of irrigation systems, it will appear at once from this that water storage in reservoirs becomes a common feature among the irrigation systems of the south, but is rarely met with to the northward of the Tehachapi. On the other hand, the great volumes of water available in the more northern rivers, which are often difficult to divert from their natural channels, have led to the use of canals of great capacity and to the construction of works of peculiar type for water diversion.

The Bear Valley system of San Bernardino county, with its reservoir formed by an arched masonry dam sixty-four feet high, three hundred feet long on the crest, three feet thick at the top, and only eight and one-half feet thick at forty-eight feet below the top, may illustrate the one type of works; the Calloway canal, extending thirty miles to the northward from Kern river, may illustrate another, and the great masonry dam or overfall weir at La Grange on Tuolumne river, which raises the water surface of that stream one hundred feet and cost over five hun-

dred thousand dollars, may serve to show how some difficulties in the way of water diversion may be overcome.

This last mentioned structure has been undertaken by two irrigation districts organized under the law enacted in 1887, which authorizes the establishment of districts with municipal powers for the acquirement of water and the construction of works for its distribution. Under its operations more than thirty irrigation districts have been organized, more than ten million dollars in bonds for the furthering of irrigation work were issued, and a new stimulus was given to irrigation development. Much is hoped from the operation of this law, but the progress thus far made under the system has not been entirely free from disappointment.

On all sides, however, the fact is being recognized that irrigation is of advantage and desirable, even where not necessary, and that the introduction of irrigation leads to a higher use of the soil. A mere glance at the vast dry-farmed grain fields of the Sacramento valley, one hundred and fifty miles long, thirty miles wide, threaded by the State's principal rivers, whose waters flow unused to the sea, may illustrate the possibilities of future development.

For examples of advanced irrigation development, look to the Southern counties, among other localities:— Redlands, Riverside, East Riverside, the vicinity of Los Angeles, National City, and the vicinity of San Diego; also to the surroundings of Fresno, Hanford, or Bakersfield.

Irrigation and irrigation works on large scale:— Calloway canal, and Kern Valley Water Company's works on Kern river, Kern county; Alta Irrigation District canal on the south side of Kings river, Fresno and Tulare counties; Crocker-Hoffman canal on the south side of Merced river, Merced county; San Joaquin and Kings River canal on the west side of San Joaquin river, Stanislaus and Merced counties, and many others.

Notable diverting dams:— Turlock and Modesto irrigation district dam at La Grange, Tuolumne river, Stanislaus county; Folsom Water Power Company's dam at Folsom, American river, Sacramento county.

Storage works of note:— Sweetwater dam, San Diego county; Bear Valley dam, San Bernardino county.

Artesian wells:— Those of Pomona are well known. A group of wells in the artesian basin of Santa Ana river supplies water to Gage canal. In the San Joaquin valley near the northern line of Kern county are many whose flow exceeds 1,000,000 gallons per day.

Windmills:— Within a radius of two miles of Florin, Sacramento county, are 500 windmills, raising water from wells for irrigation, each with a duty of one to five acres.

Steam Pumps raising water from wells for irrigation can be seen near Woodland, Yolo county; at Florin, Sacramento county; at Victor, Tulare county; Colmena, Yuba county.

C. E. Grinsky.

II.—AN INDEX TO CALIFORNIA DAIRYING CONDITIONS.

REPORTED BY SAMUEL E. WATSON.

IT IS difficult to make a concrete statement which will give any comprehensive idea of dairying in particular localities of the State. The industry began in the mountain valleys adjacent to the mining regions, and the American cows tied behind the wagons of the gold-seekers in 1849 and succeeding years were the foundation for our present dairy stock. The mountainous and isolated valleys of the Sierra constitute an important division of dairying, for local demands, at the present time, and the climatic conditions in these places range nearer those of the East than elsewhere in the State, yet varying with different altitudes and exposures.

The main grazing lands, which have been given over to dairying for the past thirty years, are those immediately facing the ocean, beginning a hundred miles north of San Francisco on narrow plateaus in front of the redwood belt and extending along the hills contiguous to San Francisco bay and south to Point Conception, comprising a district of coastline four hundred miles in length. The climate of this region is peculiarly favorable for dairying and the temperature seldom runs below forty degrees in winter or above eighty in the summer season, and with the first rains in October grass and herbage spring up and continue luxuriantly until grazed down and the June sun cures



A COAST RANGE PASTURE.

the feed upon the ground, after which the best that yet remains is relied upon to carry the stock through, with supplementary foods, until the fall rains again cover these hills with green. The prevalent summer fogs aid in extending the grass season after the winter rains are over, and a considerable amount of barley, wheat, and oats, are grown and cut for hay. This is fed during the fall months, and in some instances dairymen who have proper regard for their herds feed bran and roots also. A large number of foreign owners of dairy cattle allow their animals to become emaciated and unfit for profitable service in seasons when the rains are delayed, rather than buy food to carry them through. The great need of the State is for a class of Eastern dairymen, who have been accustomed to feeding upon a rational basis, and are responsive to modern teaching of right methods.

These hill districts were very profitable to the men that own immense tracts and lease in subdivisions for the long period preceding the nineties, but the great increase in outside production of dairy products in recent years has brought values so low that it has been found difficult to compete, and rents and values of these lands have decreased immensely. The long and close cropping of them has also

resulted in a depreciation of their real grazing qualities, and the better native herbage has given place, largely, to growths which the cattle do not touch. These unfavorable species are thus allowed to reproduce in an increasing ratio, while those which are desirable do not have the chance to mature and re-seed. The land is adapted only to grazing, and the problem which presents itself is that of allowing it to recruit itself. Possibly this may be done by the substitution of sheep, to eat away all the growth equally, and also by the improvement in the cattle. At present it takes about seven acres to sustain a cow, which produces but one hundred and fifty pounds of butter annually. If the producing value of every cow is doubled and the number halved, and an intelligent system of feeding condensed foods and millstuffs be adopted, this land will again become profitable.

Contrasted with these hill dairy regions is one of very limited extent that for ideal dairy conditions probably exceeds any territory of the same size in the world. This is in the river valleys of Humboldt county and in similar valleys of the upper coast. The most notable of these is the Eel River valley, where upwards of twelve thousand cows are kept upon less than

twenty thousand acres, on a compact body of sedimentary land near the mouth of this large stream. On either hand the hills are densely covered with redwoods, which supply cheap fencing, barns, and fuel, for the creameries of the valley, which make all the milk product up into butter for the San Francisco market. The season is later than in the southern countries, and this butter comes into the market in June, when that from the lower country begins to decrease. It usually causes a very low price for the product of the coast, which is taken advantage of for packing purposes. After this demand is satisfied prices again recover, and the later Humboldt product brings fair prices.

Secondary to the Eel River district is the region bordering Humboldt bay. The largest body of land is known as the Arcata bottoms, and this is constantly increased by reclamation of tide lands from the bay. In these communities there is a preponderance of Americans and Scandinavians, and for the Eastern dairyman, desiring to locate among a class of people to which he has been accustomed, this is undoubtedly the county which would satisfy him. The methods of dairying are also almost the same as in the Eastern States, and it is almost the only district where red and white clovers, timothy, rye grass, etc., are specially cultivated for dairy feed. The rainfall is equal to that of the States of the Mississippi valley, and almost every characteristic of Eastern life is reproduced here. The main difference is that of climate, and the prevailing aspect of this northern coast county is that of perpetual green, though snow is frequent upon the higher ranges of hills and mountains. There is a cordiality among the people of Humboldt, which is very inviting to the stranger, accustomed to the indifference of less isolated places.

A development of unknown proportions

is taking place in the dairy industry of the State, and while there are some great obstacles to contend with, more especially climatic, this development may be of the greatest importance in increasing the milk production and fixing values. If alfalfa will reduce the cost of producing milk materially, and thereby force our hill dairy-men into better methods, such as I have spoken of, a great impetus will be given the industry in the State, for a good export trade in evaporated milk, cheese, and butter, would be insured, in direct competition with regions where the climate is less favorable for a long season. Alfalfa requires a warm climate and irrigation for a large yield, and in the Los Angeles region the conditions are ideal. Dairying there has assumed great prominence in many of the lowland districts bordering on the ocean and in interior valleys with an abundant water supply.

The great Sacramento valley, paralleling the old coast hill dairies the entire four hundred miles and divided from it by the Coast range, is rapidly being turned into an alfalfa district, and stocked with cows for its conversion into milk. The difficulties that the creameries of the valley have to contend with are the excessive heat and unfavorable shipping facilities, but the use of refrigerating machines is growing, and the local demand in several of the larger towns and in the mining territory is equalizing the conditions, so that no serious obstacle to this great development is likely to be met.

California has an advantage in its long seasons for grazing and growth of feed-stuffs, and consequent cheaper production of milk, over Eastern dairy districts. Its situation is favorable for any possible export trade, and with improvement of methods throughout its three hundred creameries and nearly two hundred cheese factories, the industry will be one of very great importance.

Samuel E. Watson,



III. CALIFORNIAN FORESTS.

REPORTED BY THE INSPECTOR OF AGRICULTURAL AND FORESTRY STATIONS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

SUPREME among the glories of the Golden State are its immense coniferous forests. Wonderful also are its great groves of oak, madroño, laurel, and maple, and historic are its marvelous single trees, such as the Hooker oak, the Felton redwood and the Grizzly Giant of Calaveras. Those who visit us and fail to see these things have not only missed a great pleasure, but have lost one of the clews to the nature of California and the Californians. Our mountains, our forests, and our horticulture, are linked together in one vast alliance. If we can keep our superb forests as the orchards of the mountains, gathering the surplus timber crop there, as we gather the annual fruitage below, fruit-tree belt and forest-tree belt will meet, and every acre of our waste lands will finally become valuable.

For more than a hundred years, botanists and foresters have been studying with ever-increasing admiration the noble Californian species of trees. Luis Née, of the Malaspina expedition in 1791, had the good fortune to find and name

our sturdy evergreen valley oak, *Quercus agrifolia*, which Keith so loves to paint. Bluff ship-surgeon Menzies, poetic Adelbert Von Chamisso, sturdy Eschscholtz, Governor Wrangel of the Russian colony, and many another old-time wanderers, carried piece-meal reports of the Californian forests to Europe. At last, in 1825, staunch Davie Douglass, that notable Scotch botanist, began those adventurous pilgrimages, during which he collected nearly five hundred species of plants in California, including many of the finest of the conifers. Then came Doctor Coulter, Thomas Nuttall, and other explorers of the closing decade of the Spanish-Californian period, followed by kindly C. C. Parry, Doctor Torrey, George Thurber, and other botanists of the Mexican Boundary and Pacific Railroads expeditions. Later, collectors for the Smithsonian Institute and various universities, and the workers of the State Geological Survey, under Professor Whitney, covered the main features of the subject, so that, while changes in nomenclature have occurred, and still

occur, hardly any new species of trees, excepting the beautiful *Picea Breweriana* of the Siskiyou, have been listed in the last decade.

The Pacific Coast forests contain fifty-three species of conifers and twenty-seven or twenty-eight species of oaks, besides maples, ashes, walnuts, sycamores, madroños, buckeyes, laurels, alders, the giant dogwood (*Cornus Nuttalli*), and many lesser trees and shrubs. In the madroño (*Arbutus Menziesii*) we have by far the finest and largest species of the heath family in the world, and in the manzanitas we have another group of superb and indeed unique heaths. Among the conifers, also, our séquoias, our Monterey cypress, our Californian nutmeg (*Torreya Californica*), and many others have especial interest for botanists.

The forests and woodlands of California, at the time of the American conquest, probably covered about fifty thousand square miles, out of 158,000 square miles of total area, if we include, as we should, the oak-covered foothills. At the present time we certainly have much less, including all grades of firewood and lumber-producing forests, half of which has been cut over once, or is very difficult of access, or is composed of species of less commercial value than those heretofore used. Perhaps we have fifteen million acres of first-class forest lands. Of course, if one estimates by the easy method of multiplying the length and width of a mountain range, we get much larger results. The Sierra alone will then contain about thirty-three million acres of forest, or over fifty-two thousand square miles. But we must leave out of such calculations the high, barren peaks, the grass-grown openings, the vast areas which, though covered with luxuriant vegetation, are far from true forests. In this sense, the Piedmont region, so sparsely sown with scrub oaks and brittle pines that the territory only furnishes fuel, and must draw upon other districts for the lumber supplies of its mines and towns, are not to be included in the fifteen million acres of real forests.

In truth California contains but two large bodies of valuable timber, both of which are chiefly coniferous. One, com-

monly known as the redwood belt, occupies a comparatively narrow strip of fog-swept mountains, deep cañons, and narrow valleys, near the ocean from Monterey bay northwards to Oregon. It is divided into lesser forests, such as the redwoods of Santa Cruz, of Sonoma, of Mendocino, and of Humboldt, and its fame has been sung in every language.

Limited in area, the whole extent of the coast redwoods being only about 1,400,000 acres, some twenty per cent of which has been cut, the most recent estimates are that seventeen billion feet of lumber, board measure, remain in these redwoods, which will not last more than thirty or forty years unless waste is checked. The demand for this beautiful and durable wood, the true Cedar of Lebanon for America, is greater each year, in every civilized country. Fortunately the redwood has such powers of reproduction from sprouts and from seeds that the present forests can easily be maintained for centuries to come. Nevertheless, like all forests, they must have intelligent care.

The astonishing size of single redwoods has often been described. Giants of sixteen, twenty, and even twenty-four feet in diameter, whose shafts rise three hundred and four hundred feet in the air, have been measured, and some of these still stand in easily accessible situations. Single trees have been known to yield three hundred thousand feet of first-class merchantable lumber, even with the ordinary waste of our Californian mills. On Russian river, Mr. Guerne cut twenty-four million feet of redwood from 160 acres of land, but this was undoubtedly one of the best quarter-sections in California. The redwood forests would probably average from thirty thousand to fifty thousand feet per acre, and this is beyond the average yield of any other forest lands on record.

Everywhere this great Coast Range forest, whose chief grandeur comes from the redwoods, has other notable features, often overlooked in descriptions. Its pines, spruces, and many other conifers besides redwoods, are sufficient in themselves to give it a reputation. Its magnificent tanbark and chestnut oaks; its mountain maples, white-barked as Eastern birches; its broad-branched buckeyes, million-

flowered in April; its scarlet-limbed, gracefull madroño woodlands, the marvel of a continent, more glowing than Louisianian magnolias; its white and golden azaleas, so wild-wood sweet, and all its miles of warm, rich hollows and heights bloom-burdened month after month,—these, and a thousand other elements, help to make up the deftly-welded charm of the land of the coast sequoia.

Inland, and north, are the subdivisions of the fir and pine region, larger and more varied than that of the Coast range, and chiefly belonging to the Sierra Nevada. It lies along the axis of this supreme mountain range, from Kern to Shasta, and about the inland peaks of the northern Coast range. Its noblest trees are the *Pinus Lambertiana*, or sugar pine; the *Pinus ponderosa*, the great yellow pine of California; *Picea nobilis*, *Picea amabilis*, and the giant white cedar (*Libocedrus decurrens*). Nowhere can this forest be studied to better advantage than in the Shasta and Siskiyou regions, readily reached by every tourist. The visitor to Lake Tahoe, Yosemite and the Calaveras grove, also sees something of the Sierra forests and comes within their charm, so different from that of the coast redwood forests, and yet in the end even more powerful and permanent.

Botanists divide the great Sierra forests into three belts, depending upon species and altitude. On the lower, or foothill belt, grow the oaks and *Pinus Sabiniana*. As previously noted, the sixty-five hundred square miles of this region, extending to an altitude of two thousand feet above the sea, is of more value for orchards and vineyards than for timber. The middle forest zone reaches to an altitude of four thousand feet, with an average width of fifteen miles. Here are fine but fewer oaks; here the great yellow pine appears, often two hundred feet in height and girthing twenty or twenty-five feet. Here are the black pine, the red and yellow firs, the fragrant Sierra cedar, and some sugar pines. The third forest zone lies above four thousand feet, extending to eight or nine thousand feet above the sea, and forms the grandest mass of varied coniferous forest known to civilization. The yellow and the sugar pines, the giant firs, spruces, and sequoias, rule here supreme. Above nine thousand feet alpine species

of pines and junipers carry the fringes of the forest to the snow line. Among all these noble conifers, the sugar pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*) is easily the first. Single specimens have been measured that were three hundred feet high and forty feet in circumference. Douglass measured one fallen trunk whose circumference was fifty-eight feet. But this most valuable timber tree of the Sierra does not easily reproduce itself, is subject to many enemies, and is rapidly disappearing.

The most heavily wooded portion of the Sierra forests, aside from the districts around Mount Shasta, are mainly in rough, mountainous country, and in most cases are difficult of access. I have now spent almost all of my vacations for four years in the California forests, studying their history and present conditions. It is hard to explain to those who have not spent months in the high Sierra, or Coast range, the immense reproductive powers of our coniferous forests when given a chance, and also the absolute necessity of some protection. Take the Placer and Nevada districts of the Sierra as an illustration. The forest problems in this district, which is one of the highways along which cattle and sheep are driven into the fastnesses of the Sierra and back into the valleys, are assuredly as difficult and numerous as those of any other part of California. If the leading species will reproduce themselves here, or if some species are gaining foothold, or if a little care and attention would enable the young trees to overcome all obstacles, it seems certain that immense areas in the Sierra elsewhere could also be reforested. The enemies of the forest here are,—first, the sheep; second, the cattle; third, the old trees which die, and felled by the winter storms, break down hundreds of the younger trees; lastly, the fires.

Proper conditions of moisture are the prime governing facts which decide the occurrence of timbered lands. In the districts of California which require irrigation to produce the highest horticultural results, the timber belts, therefore, are narrow, bordering the streams and marking their courses. The large bodies of timber are all on the high mountain sides, usually descending towards the valleys on the northern or western slopes.

The forests, or rather woodlands, of the valleys are generally but a scattered growth of trees like the oaks, adapted to resist drought. Unfortunately the timber is for the most part useful only for firewood, though a few of the Californian hard woods are in demand for cabinet work.

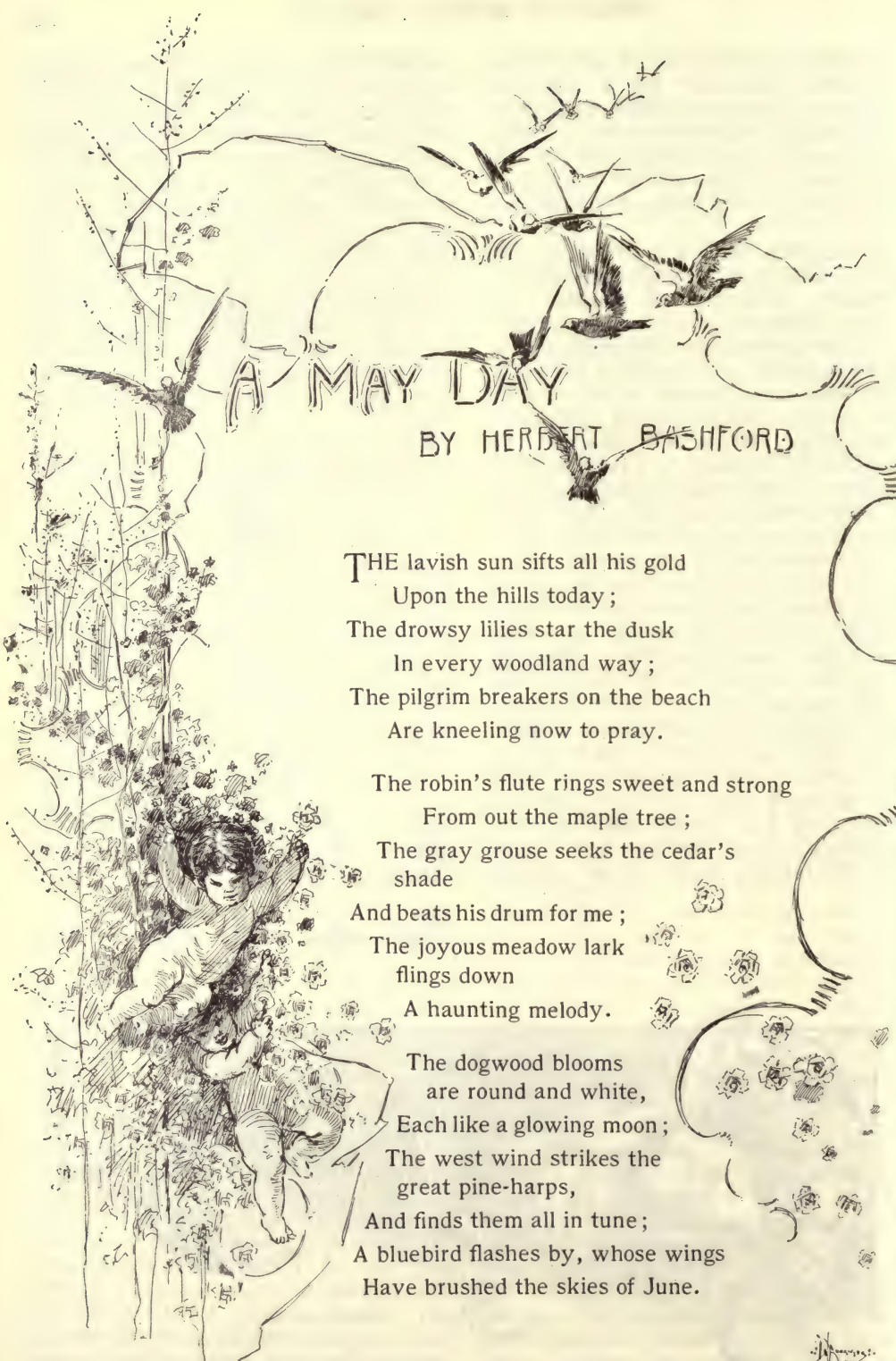
The English oak is a much more rapid grower than any Californian species, and its timber is much more valuable; its planting is therefore to be recommended. The Oriental plane tree, often called European sycamore, and several of the eucalypts have been proved to thrive with little moisture, and even on light soils, yield a large amount of firewood. The box elder, or *Negundo*, is a fast-growing, hardy tree, suitable for localities too frosty for any of the eucalypts. The plane before alluded to is one of the best alkali-resisting trees known to foresters. Several of the acacias rival the eucalypts in rapidity of growth and in withstanding drought, and seed so rapidly that they extend their own plantations. The lack of California being in the line of hard woods, it is advisable to plant on a large scale the ashes, especially those of North Africa, Asia, and Arizona, and the European species, which seem to be most rapid growers here; also the cork oak, English oak and Turkey oak; also the *Eucalyptus rostrata*, the casuarinas, possibly the *Zelkova Keaki*,—and in brief,

the best hard wood species from districts of light and variable rainfall and of similar geological formation. Here, however, the rapid development of horticulture and the rapid increase of wealth indicate increasing demands for the finer classes of beautiful and durable finishing woods and for costly cases and packages. In time, commercial forestry in California will cover a very wide range,—perhaps much greater than in Europe. Of course this is predicated upon the maintenance of the best of our present species. Even hard wood forests could not compensate us for the destruction of our coniferous trees.

Every visitor to the State, and every Californian, should take an intelligent interest in the work of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture at Washington and of the Forestry Stations of the University of California, and should aid the friends of forestry in securing wise legislation and sufficient funds to carry on forestry experiments, to introduce valuable new species, to collect and publish useful information, and to educate the public respecting forestry work. Under proper guardianship and management, the forest reservations of the Sierra will preserve for all time to come the great conifers of those districts. But there is immediate need of a Coast Range reservation in Northern California.

Charles H. Shinn.





A MAY DAY

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

THE lavish sun sifts all his gold
Upon the hills today ;
The drowsy lilies star the dusk
In every woodland way ;
The pilgrim breakers on the beach
Are kneeling now to pray.

The robin's flute rings sweet and strong
From out the maple tree ;
The gray grouse seeks the cedar's
shade
And beats his drum for me ;
The joyous meadow lark
flings down
A haunting melody.

The dogwood blooms
are round and white,
Each like a glowing moon ;
The west wind strikes the
great pine-harps,
And finds them all in tune ;
A bluebird flashes by, whose wings
Have brushed the skies of June.

THE MIND MOTOR

AN EXTRACT FROM A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY, (PUBLISHED
A. D. 2096.)

THE DU BOIS RIOTS. 1645-46



ABOUT the early history of Professor Frank H. Du Bois we know very little. He was born in Boston in the year 1890, graduated at Harvard in 1913, and about 1920 moved to San Francisco, where, being possessed of ample fortune, he devoted his time and energies to scientific research.

Judging from the records of his work, which were published shortly after his death in 1960, he does not seem to have attained any special eminence during the first years of his stay in California, and it was apparently not until 1943 that the first glimmerings of light reached him and his great discovery became a possibility. As early as 1932, he had, indeed, conceived of rendering inert matter subject to the influence of mind power, and his notes record some experiments made on very much the same lines pursued by Keeley of the previous century, but nothing definite or tangible was evolved, and the researches were apparently abandoned for others that gave more promise.

In 1943, however, all branches of science received a wonderful impetus through Heilprin's great discovery of aragonitic ether, and Du Bois again took up his original "hobby," as he calls it. Acting upon the hint, given by Heilprin in the course of a lecture at the Academy of Sciences, that the newly discovered element might possibly show

strong receptive properties if exposed to magnetic influences, he introduced the new gas into his laboratory. Though at first the results were not encouraging, persistent effort made him more hopeful, and finally, after weeks of tireless work, he scored his first success. By concentrating his will power directly upon a bulb containing the gas mixed in certain proportion with oxygen, he generated a force, which when transmitted to a steel plate, caused a decided vibration in the fibers of the metal. It was very faint, very crude, but in that tremor a secret of the ages first gave its sign, and matter owned the resistless power of mind as its master.

It is interesting to read his journal at this period of his career: though spoken of by contemporaneous writers, as a cold, immovable, reserved man,—a practical machine so far as emotion or feeling was concerned,—he shows in his diary an almost childlike enthusiasm and eagerness.

From this time on, as he tells us, he worked with almost superhuman energy. Success followed success, until within a year he was able to generate by the concentration of will upon what he termed his mind motor, a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch—a force that was practically irresistible. He used to experiment with a heavy iron safe that stood in his office, causing the cumbersome mass to move about the room, to rise or fall in the air or circle about him, in perfect obedience, to the slightest dictates of his mighty power.

A less ambitious man would have been satisfied with so great a success and made known to the world his discovery, but, — as he writes, —

Greedy of the renown I so covet, I am loath to give to Science an invention that will leave aught to be supplied by another.

In his temple of fame he wished no niche that would hold the statue of a rival.

As the scientific demonstration of a great truth, the result of his labors was already a perfect success, but it was now his object to apply this discovery to some practical use. We find in his journal of that time, the following:—

While I have accomplished all, and more, than I ever in the wildest flights of fancy dreamt of, yet now I want to go a step farther. I can indeed, by the personal application of my will, juggle with masses of iron or cause railroad trains to move or stop, in obedience to my caprice,—which is all very wonderful and picturesque,—but I cannot see that I have, as yet, accomplished anything that will be of material practical value to the world, or that I can give to the toiling masses of my fellow men, any boon that will lighten their labors or the labors of the generations to come. Should I now take the world into my confidence, I presume I should be compelled for the balance of my natural life to become simply an exhibition of myself and my useless machine. I am not quite ready to be put up to be gaped at by the multitude, and looked upon very much in the light of a dime museum freak.

Having accomplished this much, Du Bois now devoted his energies to inventing some means by which the new force could be stored, in manner similar to the storage of electricity.

At the present stage, [he writes,] I can only transmit force by the continuous application of my will power to the object to be acted upon; can I, however, but obtain a method by which energy can be stored, that force could be used at any time independent of my action or volition. The practical utility of this would be tremendous. I could—for instance—in a day charge thousands of batteries, each one of which would

move a street car or railroad train, not for a day or a month, but forever! Will energy enclosed in cells would be as indestructible, as immortal, as is the soul of man, and all required would be to renew the chemicals as they became, in time, exhausted. Perpetual motion in its grandest conception would at last be an accomplished fact.

The problem that confronted him was a difficult one, but gradually, step by step, he neared his goal, until his notes at June 18th, 1845, tell us that success was all but in his grasp,—one more series of experiments, requiring at the longest not over two or three months, and the keystone would be added to the mighty arch of his fame, and the world given such a discovery as would mark an era in all history.

Alas! what insignificant means do the Fates employ in guiding the destinies of mankind! On June 20th, 1845, the Aluminum Refining Company of California, a corporation in which was invested Du Bois's entire fortune, failed, and without a moment's warning the scientist was left penniless and absolutely unable to carry on the expensive work upon which he was engaged.¹

One of the most difficult tasks of the historian is to impress upon his readers the difference between public opinion and public customs in the past and present. Let us, then, before proceeding, glance at the world in the year 1845, as it is revealed to us by the writers of that period. We must recall the fact, that at that time, the discoveries of Smith and Proctor were as yet undreamt of. In the minds of the most advanced thinkers of the day not the slightest conception existed of the possibility of the existence of the mind of man separate from his body.

¹ It will be necessary to remind the reader of the present day, that in the time of Professor Du Bois, the newly discovered aragonitic ether—which was one of the principal gases used by him—could only be produced at enormous expense. It seems almost impossible to us at the present time, when the liquefied gas can be bought at any chemist's for a few cents a gallon, that immediately after its discovery by the methods then used in its generation, its cost was fabulous.

The people of 1945 could no more have been made to believe that a man's mind is a tangible thing, than could they have been induced to receive many other facts that are accepted by us today as matters of course. Strange, all this seems to us in the present age, when brains are recognized as being as much a part of a man's assets as are his bonds, houses, flying machines, and what not, but it would be hard to conceive of the ludicrous astonishment of an inhabitant of the earth in the middle of the twentieth century, had he been told that within one hundred and fifty years, men would be having brains made to order, exchanging them, sending them by express, or even doing without them altogether. If—for instance—in those days a scientist in Chicago, recognizing the inability of his particular brain to cope with a certain problem in biology, had telegraphed to a friend in San Francisco, whose brain was well known to be especially proficient in that line, asking for a temporary exchange for a few days until he had unraveled his problem, what can we suppose would have been the result? It is quite probable that the unfortunate applicant would have been put in a lunatic asylum.¹

The fact of the mind of man being a simple combination of chemical elements which could be put together artificially and the properties of which as carefully gauged and regulated as a watch, was undreamt of.

As we have seen in the last four chapters, men for a period of a hundred years had illogically toiled and striven for the equality of the human race, seemingly perfectly oblivious of the fact that nature never turned out of her workshop two brains of equal power. In those days, as a man was born, so he continued through life; he could never rise beyond

the mental powers with which he was endowed at birth: he used one brain for every class of work,—study, recreation, business, intoxication,—they even slept with their brains. Great would have been the surprise could they have foreseen that one hundred and fifty years later, huge factories would be turning out by the million brains of assorted sizes and adapted to all classes of thinking; that a natural mind would be an almost unheard-of thing, seldom retained by anyone after he reached his full growth; that practically every civilized being in the world would, on reaching the age of twenty years, submit to the simple operation of having the top of his skull cut off, the original brain replaced by an artificial one of the character desired, and the flap of the skull returned to its place, upon hinges that would enable him to exchange the brain matter as often as he wished; that nearly every one would possess at least three brains,—for business, recreation, and religion. The people of those days seem to have had absolutely no means of even cleaning their brains. After nights of intoxication men would on the following morning go to their daily pursuits and compel the same poor, dirty, alcoholized brain to try to attend to the tasks set before it. It is highly probable that much of the crude literature of the day came from such abnormally dirty, uncleansed brains, as it is scarcely possible that some of it should have emanated even from the natural mind in a fairly clean and healthy condition.

Such, then, was the general mental state of the world in the year 1945, and as a natural consequence of the universal ignorance, we find the customs and laws in a correspondingly unenlightened condition. It is not in the province of this history to enter into a discussion of these matters, and in connection with the Du

¹A curious institution that existed up to the end of the twentieth century, for the incarceration of human beings who were supposed to have diseased brains.

Bois Revolution, it will only be necessary to call the reader's attention to a certain law which was enacted in 1920 and not actually repealed until the year 2003, though of course it had been a dead letter for many years previous to its removal from the statute book.

By this infamous statute, the brains and bodies of individuals were made subject to the mortgage or attachment for debt! It was passed by the government, acting under the instruction of the great money kings of the day, at a time when every possible form of the property of the lower class having passed into the hands of the capitalists, it was deemed necessary that some new form of security should be created, in order not to block the wheels of trade and business. The provisions of the law decreed absolute forfeiture of the body and mind of the mortgaged person, should the debt fail to be promptly met. There was no redemption clause, and once passed into the hands of his creditor, there remained to the debtor, in strict letter of the law, no chance of escaping lifelong servitude except through the leniency of the mortgagee. It should be stated, however, that redemption was very rarely refused. A most curious circumstance in connection with this law, is that, while it was in active force, the condition of the laboring classes improved very materially. This was probably due to the fact that the masses were not so ready to rush into debt as they had been in the past, and that capitalists, finding the demand for money lessened, were obliged to employ it in manufactures, which afforded abundant employment and means of livelihood to all. Anomalous as it may appear, in 1945 the general condition of the masses was one of quiet and content.

Du Bois having — as we have seen — been reduced to penury by the loss of his fortune, and possessing no other

property upon which to raise the necessary funds for the completion of his life work, applied to a corporation known as the Mammoth Loan and Trust Company of San Francisco, for a loan, offering as security, a first mortgage upon his brain.

The extracts from his diary show that he had considerable trouble in negotiating for the amount required, and he tells us that it was not until he had given the president of the company — under pledge of secrecy — an exhibition of the powers of the mind offered as collateral, that he was finally enabled to raise the coveted sum, and then only for a period of two months. It has been the practise of writers of the present day, to condemn the president of the Trust Company as a Shylock, — a cold-blooded, heartless financier, who took advantage of the necessities of a struggling scientist, to get him into his power and gain possession, at a nominal cost, of an invention of incalculable value. While these criticisms are doubtless true, we cannot but note the ability of the man and admire the exceptional perception, that, in an age of universal darkness and ignorance, enabled him to grasp the full significance of the discovery that was partially revealed to him.

Spurred to feverish activity by the dread of servitude hanging over him, the scientist now redoubled his efforts, and on August 28th, 1945, he records the completion of his life work. He had succeeded in storing within a motor, mind energy of practically unlimited power, which could at any time be called into existence or discontinued by the simple act of moving a lever.

It was too late, however; for, preoccupied by his work and heedless of time in his enthusiasm, he had failed to note the flying hours, and three days before he chronicles his success, the *Superior Court Journal* of San Francisco records that, —



THE DU BOIS REVOLUTION.

Suit having been brought by the Mammoth Loan and Trust Company to foreclose a mortgage on the mind and body of Frank H. Du Bois, given by him to secure the payment of the sum of eight thousand dollars and interest, judgment was rendered to the Plaintiffs by default, and the Defendant ordered brought into court and deliv-

ered into the hands of said Mammoth Loan and Trust Company.

There is conflict of testimony and difference of opinion as to the action of the Mammoth Loan & Trust Company immediately succeeding the decision of the

courts in their favor. By some it is averred that the corporation, refusing Du Bois's appeals for the privilege of redemption, Shylock-like, insisted upon the letter of the law and their pound of flesh. On the other hand there is strong reason for believing that the scientist, so overjoyed at his triumph as to be entirely oblivious to the financial possibilities of his invention, submitted willingly to his new masters. However this may have been, the events that we are about to relate are very generally accepted and fairly well authenticated.

The Mammoth Loan & Trust Company was, at that time, probably the wealthiest and most powerful corporation in the United States. In addition to possessing the larger part of the banking capital of the Pacific coast, they practically owned three transcontinental railroad lines with their tributary feeders, controlled the street car systems of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and many smaller cities, and operated numerous steamship lines plying from California to all parts of the world. They were estimated to employ in these various enterprises, something over five hundred thousand men.¹

From Du Bois himself we learn that, having frankly shown and explained to his new masters the wonders of his invention, he was at once installed in a mansion near the city of San Francisco, where he was given every luxury and accorded every consideration that he could ask, except freedom. He was placed upon parole not to attempt to leave the grounds surrounding his residence, nor to communicate his secret to outside parties. A perfectly appointed workshop and laboratory was fitted up for his use, and with a trained and carefully guarded

corps of assistants he was set to work, or rather requested to begin the manufacture of the mind motors. His captivity was not irksome and he appears to have been so wrapped up in his work and so overjoyed at the prospect of seeing his invention tried and proved on a large scale before the eyes of the world, as to be oblivious of all else.

The tree soon began to bear fruit. Two months after his incarceration, suddenly and without warning or explanation, three fourths of the employees of the railroad systems owned by the Mammoth Loan & Trust Company were discharged, and all trains operated by means of the mind motors. These were insignificant-looking little iron boxes, which could be placed indiscriminately on any part of a train, but which would cause any reasonable rate of speed to be attained by means of a simple lever. No more skill was required in their manipulation than in the handling of an electric motor, and the company rather gave the preference to men of small mental capacity, in order to discourage anything like investigation.

We will not dwell upon the sensation that this action caused throughout the civilized world. A great national gasp of astonishment went up to heaven. Men were simply dumbfounded! No explanation of the mystery could be had: motors that were stolen by the curious, when broken open revealed nothing but a very simple arrangement of glass tubes filled with a colorless liquid, and for once the press was unable to offer any reasonable explanation and could only vent its helpless astonishment in the long rows of huge black exclamation marks, that covered the sheets of the daily papers.

In another week similar action followed in the street car systems, upon which only motormen, conductors, and trackmen, were retained, and the electrical and cable forces discharged. The steam-

¹This gigantic corporation remained in existence until the year 1982, when it was ruined by the invention and general adoption as a means of transportation, of the Keller Flying Machine.

ship lines came next, and within two weeks the entire transportation system controlled by the Mammoth Loan & Trust Company was being operated by mind motors, and three hundred thousand men were thrown out of employment.

Ordinarily the discharge of large bodies of employees would have caused a strike, but in this case there were no grounds for any such action on the part of the labor organizations. No new men, or "scabs," as they were called, were given the places of the old employees: wages, instead of being reduced, were advanced ten per cent, and even the most violent and illogical of the labor agitators could find no possible excuse for launching a tirade against the syndicate.

During the excitement, the Mammoth Loan & Trust Company preserved a most discreet attitude, simply stating that the motor used by them was the invention of one of their men, but of course refusing to enlighten the public as to its nature. Spies and reporters that succeeded in working their way into the shops in which the mysterious machines were made, came out as ignorant as they went in, and the only information that could be bribed out of the assistants employed in the laboratory, was equally unsatisfactory. They could only tell what they knew, which was that the simple arrangement of the motors, when sent into the private department, apparently came back untouched. And all the while, attended only by a few trusted officers of the syndicate, a pale, haggard, wan man, with the feverish energy of an enthusiast, deliriously worked away, concentrating his matchless will power into the wonderful motors that were turning the world upside down.

In a few weeks more, the syndicate announced that it was prepared to negotiate with rail-road or other corporations requiring power, for the sale of motors

similar to the ones already in use upon their own lines. Within sixty days after this announcement every railroad line in the country, the majority of the street car systems, and a large number of the principal manufacturing establishments, were obtaining their power through the Mammoth Loan & Trust Company, but in reality — as we now know — from the simple will power of Professor Frank H. Du Bois.

The natural consequences of these great changes soon made themselves manifest. A vast army of nearly five million men had been without warning deprived of their means of livelihood. Poverty and destitution reigned on every side. Crime increased to an incredible degree. Bread riots became matters of every day occurrence, and the nation seemed fairly on its way to a condition of anarchy. So far, the great labor organizations had taken no decided action, for the reason that they could claim no infringement of their rules and regulations. The lower classes were practically paralyzed; they realized their condition, but knew not which way to turn for the solution — not of their wrongs; for not even the most radical could claim that any injustice had been done them, but for what was to them, the mere problem of existence. The crisis was soon to be reached, however.

In the San Francisco *Chronometer*, a daily paper of the period, there appeared on the morning of March 20th, 1946, the startling announcement that the mystery had at last been solved. A reporter of that energetic newspaper, by the name of Howard,¹ under the guise of a workman, had first obtained employment in the shops of the syndicate, and later been transferred to the laboratory. Here by perseverance and tact he had man-

¹A statue to this enterprising man still adorns Golden Gate park in San Francisco. It was erected by the labor organizations.

aged to gain the presence of Du Bois himself, and from him he had obtained a complete exposé of the mystery which had baffled the world for the past five months.

The events that followed came with a startling rapidity, that has known no parallel in all history. The Amalgamated Labor Unions of the United States immediately summoned a meeting of the heads of their departments. The results of this telephonic conference — held March 21st, 1946 — were prompt and decisive and are an indication of the marvelous discipline of that gigantic organization. On the morning of March 22d, vast bodies of armed men massed in every industrial center of the country and took possession of the property of the railroads, train systems, and factories, that were using the Du Bois motor. The works and laboratory of the Mammoth Loan & Trust Company were seized and guarded by a force of fifty thousand men, and an army of one hundred thousand appeared in Washington headed by the leaders of the Amalgamated Union and demanded conference with the President and his cabinet. A striking feature of this revolution — for such it must now be called — was the entire absence of violence. There is no record of depredations and not a single instance of bloodshed. The force that was brought to bear by the revolutionists was so overpowering that submission was the only alternative, not only on the part of the corporations, but of the government as well, which with its scattered standing army of barely three hundred thousand men could have opposed no force commensurate with this great uprising.

The demand of the Amalgamated Union that Congress be at once convened, was acceded to. Special trains operated by the revolutionists, brought into the capital from all parts of the country members of the Senate and House of Repre-

sentatives, and on March 25th with an army of three hundred thousand men at his back, the Grand Sovereign of the Labor Unions placed his demands before Congress and urged immediate action.

There was no preamble to the resolutions submitted:—

First. All of the Du Bois motors were to be destroyed.

Second. The workshops and laboratory of the Mammoth Loan & Trust Company were to be burned to the ground and the company reimbursed for the loss of real property, by a fund which was to be raised by the Amalgamated Union.

Third. The author and inventor of the mysterious force, Professor Frank H. Du Bois, was to be submitted to a well known mesmerist, and the attempt made to obliterate from his mind all knowledge and memory of his invention. Should this effort fail, he was to be immediately electrocuted.

Fourth. Should it prove practicable to cause all knowledge of the invention to be banished from the mind of Du Bois, the scientist was to be given his liberty, and an annual pension of twenty-five thousand dollars a year paid to him by the government of the United States.

Fifth. A decree should be issued making it an offense punishable by death for any citizen to use his brains to such an extent as to deprive his fellow creatures of their chance of livelihood.

Within an hour the acts had passed both houses without amendment. There seems to have been no question in regard to a quorum.

The provisions of the statute were immediately carried out. Joint committees appointed by Congress and the Amalgamated Union superintended the destruction of the shops of the Mammoth Loan & Trust Company, and of all motors known to be in existence, and there remained to end the revolution but the quenching of the fountain head, — the obliteration of

the past from the mind of Professor Du Bois. There is in all history no more touching page than that which records the simple circumstances attending this last operation.

In a dimly lighted room of the old city hall of San Francisco, on the evening of March 31st, 1946, were assembled the heads of the Labor Unions, the cabinet officers of the United States, the principal officials of the city, and a delegation of the most noted scientists of the country. It was a solemn occasion. Issues of life and death hung in the balance, and a writer who was present describes the scene as impressive beyond the power of words to portray.

The scientist was led into the midst of the assembly — a pale, slim figure, wan and trembling with emotion, but with the fire of delirium in his burning eyes.

The mesmerist confronted him and fixing upon him his searching gaze, passed his hands over the high, white brow. For a moment the influence was resisted and glance was met by glance, and then slowly — as droops a flower under the rain — the noble head bowed and tears streamed from the veiled eyes.

"Do you comprehend the secret of the power exerted through the mind motors?" the mesmerist asked.

"I do," came the reply in hoarse, muffled tones.

"Then I command you, now and forever to efface all memory thereof from your mind."

And the answer came, so low that it was but a sob, "It is forgotten."

With these words, passed out into the darkness, whence it came, the mightiest knowledge that the world has ever known.

Alexander M. Reynolds.

SEA SHELLS ON THE COLORADO DESERT

GEOLOGY UNDER A CACTUS



WALKING at mid-day along the western edge of the Colorado desert, where the drear monotony begins to heave into the foothills of the San Bernardino mountains, I became greatly fatigued and despite the fact that my gallon tin flask was

yet half filled with water, I was almost famished because of the excessive evaporation from the skin, a phenomenon peculiar to that region. I dismounted and sought shelter under an old cactus which spread its limbs broadly like an ancient apple tree, while with the tufts of inflorescence which hung pendulous

from them, it cast upon the ground a thin shade mottled with patches of white sunlight.

As I threw myself upon the ground my boot struck what I thought to be a stone; but its shape was so peculiar that I took from my saddle pack a pick and in a moment had the thing overturned. Imagine my surprise to find it an enormous shell. It was the curved or dorsal valve of an oyster, measuring fully a foot long and nearly eight inches across, laminated and coarsely foliated in structure, its inner surface smooth with white nacre, all showing plainly its relation to salt water.

A strange thing to find in the middle of the great Californian desert! Whence did it come? Out of the Gulf of California? Pearl oysters grew there in abundance, but this was not such a shell. It greatly resembled those delicious shellfish which twenty years ago grew at the mouth of Lynnhaven creek in the James River channel of the Chesapeake bay, and famous the world over as Lynnhaven oysters. In the brackish waters there, washed one hour by the tide of the salt Atlantic, but a few miles distant, and at another by the limpid stream which moved down from the pure springs of the woodlands, these oysters expanded to a size attained nowhere else by the edible variety. Could some Maryland or Virginian epicure, bound across this desert, have brought thither some Lynnhaven "selects" and trailed his course with the shells of these toothsome delicacies?

As I contemplated the shell my mind wandered through pages of old geology, and I recalled the great oyster *Ostrea titan*, which had existed in the Miocene period, and here unquestionably it was. If so, I held in my hand a sea shell which had grown thousands, perhaps millions, of years ago, and if it had been deposited there where I found it, it showed that the sea had once spread over the land upon which I stood. I looked over the broad areas glistening under the white hot sun, the baked air dancing above them, and tried to imagine the old Pacific resting peacefully there, prismatic under that same sun, its edge fringed with white surf washing the brown chocolate of the naked mountains.

Nor was I extravagant in my imagination. Astounding as the fact is that at the present day this desert lies for the most part over a thousand feet above the level of the sea, yet the evidence of the ocean's having once reposed upon it does not rest upon my one old shell. West of

where I stood and at an elevation greater than that I have named, there is a vast bed of these very shells. They lie there just as today beds of smaller oysters confine the salt sluices on the Virginia marshes to their banks.

Nor does it argue that at the bed of titan shells the old ocean ended. It is possible that when those great oysters were alive and fat some Cenozoic physalia spread his jelly sails on the ocean's breast many fathoms above them; for not earlier than 1882 there was found 140 feet under the surface of the North sea, a bed of living oysters two hundred miles long and seventy miles wide. From this proof that the mollusk will exist at such depths and under such water weights, we may look further to the north and west, to hunt the limits of the Pacific in those old days when the very hills were young.

The search is not without reward; for it has not been a great while since geological science found Miocene fossils abundant and varied in the region of the Kern River cañon, showing beyond doubt that once the blue brine, which now bows so serenely from the pleasant shores of Santa Barbara, rolled over all that hilly district which for a hundred and fifty miles now flanks the sea, rolled up against and over the tops of the Coast range and the Sierra Madre, rolled down into the great basin beyond, where now are the lakes of Kern and Tulare, where now lie the baked plains of the Mojave and Colorado deserts, rolled over these and up, away up, against the bleak bare granites of the Sierra Nevada.

It was along this rim of coast line that the bellowing old monster washed up from its sands and clay such shells as the *Pecten cerrocensis*, six inches long by five wide, the *Venus pertenusis*, a small clam, and the *Venusta* of the family of cancellariidæ, a turreted shell with distant



"IT WAS AN IMMENSE OYSTER SHELL."

longitudinal ribs, many of which mollusks are living now, their shells rich in olives, creams, and chestnut browns.

It will be observed that these forms of shells are all familiar to us as existing to-

day. It was in the Miocene period that the old ended and the new began. We find fossils belonging to the Cretaceous and earlier eras, but they are all strange to us.

"In this period," said a great geologist, "commenced the relations between the various orders which prevail now. The present basis of adjustment was then established."

But how comes it that these sea shells strewn over the Colorado desert lie at great elevations? Why is it that the spot where I found this remnant of an oyster was a thousand feet higher than the Pacific? Has the ocean dried up and grown less? Has it receded from the land? The rock sharps tell us that it is so, and even figure out the billion or so years when the ocean floors will all be dry. But however that may be, this particular part of the earth is now dry because it has risen. It has risen "like a sea-Cybele," and the waters have drawn back. It is still rising, while other quarters of the globe have been sinking, until whole continents have been submerged and only the tops of their mountains hold themselves above the waters as groups of islands, as is the case with the Oceanic archipelago.

But we need not rely upon speculation, even though it be scientific, to determine that the Colorado desert and the vast region which it joins have risen from what now seems great depths, and are still rising. We have, indeed, immediately at hand a most remarkable attestation, not only of the fact that the earth's surface has risen and is rising, but, most wonderful of all, of the very rates or degrees of speed with which it has risen in the various geological ages since it has been above the water. This marvelous inscription is afforded us by the cañons of the Colorado. For myriads of years that river has been flowing from high lands to the sea. From the time its first slow miner's inch gathered current to push its way toward the south, it has been trying, every foot of its distance, to find a level. In seeking this it has not

depended upon extraneous forces, but as best it could, has itself contributed toward that adjustment. It has been cutting down the high places and filling in the low places. There was a day when the Colorado river flowed in an easy bed over the wide plateau from which the tourist now looks down two thousand feet beneath him to find its stream. If that plateau had never risen, the river would still be on its surface; but as it rose it formed grades down which the river ran faster, and as it ran it cut. When the earth rose very fast, the river, running swifter, contracted its volume as it increased its speed and its friction cut narrow deep channels. When the rate of terrestrial elevation slackened, the river ran correspondingly slower, until at one period there was no rise at all. Then the river spread and stood in pools, as is manifest by that wide area in the old channel about half way down the ravine, where the sides of the cliffs are gouged out over a broad esplanade. But as soon as the earth began to rise again, the river drew to the center and began cutting, and so it will continue to cut if the earth's crust does not cease to rise, until it is far down into the Azoic rocks.

But the shells of the Colorado desert are not confined to the sea variety. Some years ago the Southern Pacific railroad sank a well in the desert at the station of Walters, prospecting for fresh water. It penetrated a dry clay to the depth of over forty feet, then it passed through a bed of fossil fresh water shells, just above water, which was struck at forty-seven feet and which filled the well to within twelve feet of its surface. These shells lay at a depth of 196 feet below the present level of the ocean, indisputable evidence of the past presence of a lake upon the spot. There were over three hundred of them in a lump of earth as big as a fist, and the species were of the *Physa*

humerosa, the *Tyronia* and the *Anodonta*. These first two are merely snails, having a sinistrally coiled shell with a serri-form expanded crown; the last is a mussel, with a sublate, smooth, elliptical, somewhat inflated shell. The *Anodonta* is now found alive in numbers in the Colorado river. The *Tyronia* is peculiar to California and the Colorado desert is described as being its "metropolis," where it probably originated and whence it has spread to the adjacent districts.

But how do we account for the fact that these lake shells are imbedded nearly fifty feet below the surface, while the sea shells lie on the very top of the ground? Could it be expected that the fresh water lakes existed at a time before the sea which left my oyster shell rolled over it? That is even so. The fresh water lakes were in the Oligocene, a period earlier than the Miocene. The desert was then the bed of, not the sea, but a vast lake, and at this time it deposited this stratum of shells. If we look through a microscope at this lump from the bottom of Walter's well, we shall find much of it mere infusorial earth, earth made up of particles of many shells. Marine shells have made whole mountain ranges of limestone. The Nummulites, a division of the Rhizopods, formed with their shells in the Eocene period that vast range of

Nummulitic limestone which extends hundreds of miles through the Alps, and it was from this character of limestone that the pyramids of Egypt were built; a square foot of this material, placed under the microscope, shows many millions of shells.

But when the fresh water lakes existed on the Colorado desert, some part of the land, if it was only the coast line, was then higher than the sea. Following this the land sunk, sunk far down, and in flowed the ocean tides; "and the earth was without form and void and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." But in after ages the ocean floor ceased subsiding and began to rise, and it has been rising ever since. It has not risen evenly all over the desert, for the line near the gulf has moved up and built up by detritus deposits faster than other parts, so that it shut out the sea, leaving large salt water lakes yet upon the desert. These soon evaporated their waters and there remained their minerals crusted upon the bottoms, sometimes, as in the Salton sink, sixty feet below the level of the ocean.

But upon this rising surface came the old shells, came this old Miocene oyster, a part of whose covering I held in my hand, as though to furnish indubitable proofs of conditions long since past.

John E. Bennett.





XI.—SAN JOSÉ AND HOTEL VENDOME

The perfumed breezes loiter where
T' is heaven just to breathe the air.—*Greene.*



WE TURNED and looked back the moment we drew up before the heavy portals of the Observatory,—looked back even before we cast a surprised glance at the size of the great dome that had been blinking at us for many hours, or returned the welcome of its Director. We had come twenty miles from the broad verandas of the Vendome in San José through scenery that had charmed us with each turn of the snake like road, and up 4,443 feet, to a point from which

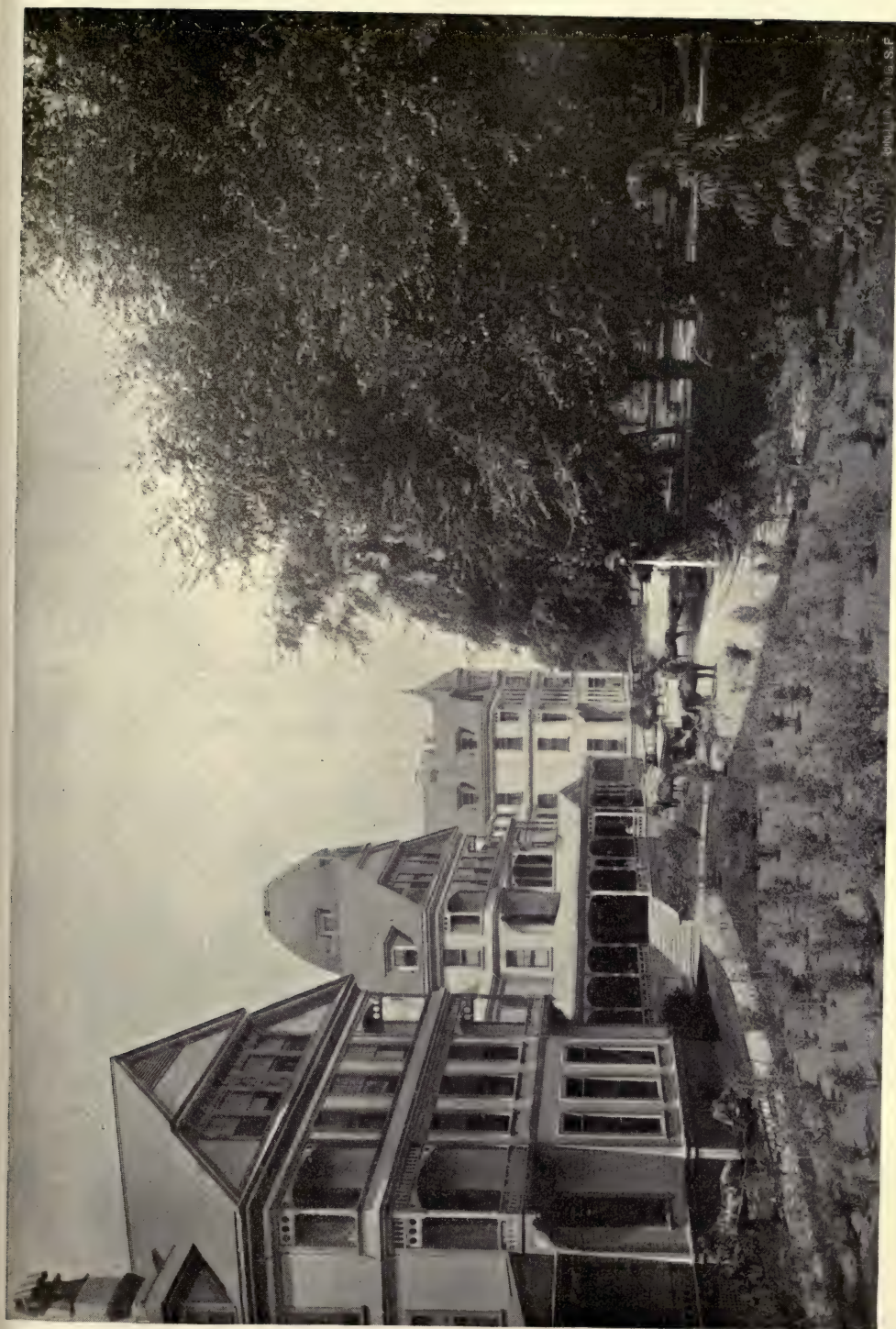
Professor Whitney claims more of the earth is visible than from any other.

From the Bay of San Francisco, whose glinting waters were smudged here and there with the smoke of a cargo steamer, to the base of the range on the crest of which we stood stretched the Santa Clara valley, buried in snow-banks of white apricot, prune, and cherry blossoms.

To the northward, four hundred miles away, loomed Mount Shasta and toward the east his peers of the Sierra Nevada. Directly below — it seemed as though you



UNDER THE OAKS AT THE VENDOME.



THE HOTEL VENDÔME, SAN JOSÉ.



HOTEL SANTA YSABEL, ON THE ROAD TO LICK OBSERVATORY.

could pitch a stone on its front veranda, although it was seven miles away — nestled little the Hotel Santa Ysabel, where a stop was made before the last pull up the mountain. The Gavilan, Santa Cruz, and Sierra Morena ranges encircle the Santa Clara valley, and away in great loops and circles lay the marvelous road that cost the county over one hundred thousand dollars to build in order to induce James Lick to place on this mountain top the finest observatory on the continent. You can run a bicycle all the way from the Vendome to the Observatory, the grades are so easy and the road-bed so perfect. Back of us lay a wilderness of rocks and crags, not gigantic like those about Shasta, or awesome like Yosemite, but just wild, savage, and volcanic. The sun blazed down on the rose-red walls of ragged cañons and into dull green gullies; blasted pine tops half hid massive boulders, and here and there a bit of verdure only intensified the bleakness of an abraded mountain side.

Mount Hamilton may be the Mecca of the scientist, but one need be but the

average tourist to stand in wonder before the great dome with its thirty-six inch telescope and feel its floor rise and fall, and see the great tube revolve like a child's toy. The tubes, reflectors, and all the varied machinery which some one has invented to study the heavens, were all as wonderful to us as the stars they so worshipfully watch.

As we came out into the sunlight once more, we were for the moment dazed. Mountains, valleys, the wild fastnesses of the Coast range, were lost, and the Bay of San Francisco rolled at our feet. Mount Hamilton was but an island, isolated and cut off from the rest of the world.

It required no imagination to believe that a second deluge had come. The sunshot clouds had closed in on us and we stood proudly above them. The "silver lining" became a reality and its sheen was dazzling to the eyes.

In spite of the luxury of modern travel it is almost a pity that the tourists from San Francisco to San José are not compelled at this time of the year to go by carriage. In no other way can the won-

derful fertility and productions of the Santa Clara valley be fully known. One sees in traveling by rail so much desert, mountain, and desolate scenery, that he begins to question the stories he has heard regarding this land of fruits and flowers. The 250,000 acres in the Santa Clara valley lay beneath a stratum of perfume as heavy as that of the clouds that circled Mount Hamilton. Down to the broad, straight, poplar-shaded roads the fruit trees, lost in their mantle of blossoms, crowded mile after mile, filling the air with their sweet scent and the eyes with their delicate beauty. Every inch is cultivated and there is a thoroughness and stability about everything from the well tilled lands to the charming flower-embowered cottages and more pretentious country homes, that reminds one of the valley of the Connecticut, or England and France. Even far up on the foothills the apricot, prune, and grape, bloomed, clear up to the pasture lands where roamed great herds of cattle. Here and there was a patch of yellow mustard

or a little plot of golden poppies, but they remained only because the plow had not reached them. It gives one a different and better idea of California to spend a day wandering about among these great ranches of apricots, prunes, and oranges. It is the California of today — modern California. The California of 1849 and Bret Harte has gone forever, save here and there among the cañons, far back somewhere in the poppy-covered foothills.

There is just a touch of it, a bit of reminder, in the drive from the Vendome out across the valley to a rugged picturesque cañon that holds the city's playground at Alum Rock. Here in the cool of the mountains from the veranda of the neat little rest-house the precipitous walls round about seem to bid for the prospector and the mountaineer. But even to this little eyrie a tiny railroad has pushed its way, tunneling the tawny hills and spanning the mountain streams whose water was used up long ere it reached its mouth by the great thirsty



THE PICTURESQUE ROAD TO LICK OBSERVATORY.

ranches that meet it the moment it leaves the mountains.

It was really a unique project, this locating one of the great summer and winter resorts of the coast in the very heart of this agricultural California. And I believe that the beautiful Hotel Vendome has done more to bring to the attention of the world what California is and is capable of than all our other famous resorts. The very location, leaving out the question of climate, is opposed to the idea of a summer resort. It is neither on the sea-shore nor in the mountains, but it is within easy reach of both. Rising above a grove of live oaks in the center of a city and suburban population of fifty or sixty thousand, surrounded by all the bustle and activity of city life, its great park of oaks and pepper trees, figs and poplars, is as isolated in its own atmosphere as the dome of Mount Hamilton.

It is only a few minutes drive along the heavily shaded streets to the broad Alameda that leads straight to the Franciscan mission of Santa Clara, about which clings the romance of an earlier race and a foreign sovereignty. The mission bells hang in the white twin towers and break the stillness of evening now, as they

have for over one hundred years. The Franciscan monks teach in the great college that has grown up about the mission, with the same fervor and devotion with which their progenitors strove to lead the Indian to the quaint wooden altar. We rested in the cool corridors of mission and college, and were thankful that all the work of the early padres had not been in vain. The Indians have gone, the Spaniard is little more than a memory, but their religion remains, and the soft, musical names they gave to mountain and river will forever keep their memory fresh in California.

The beautiful city of San José, the fertile stretches of the Santa Clara valley, the good name of California, owes much to this superb hotel that every year is bringing thousands to know of our climate and our resources. The Hotel Vendome is the connecting link between the California of the past and the California of the future.

The roads that radiate from its great park, lead through orange orchards as well as by mission walls, past grain fields as to the mines. Along them course the varied life of California. To show that at its best is the Hotel Vendome's mission.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

BEFORE THE VEIL

BEFORE the veil of darkness deep
With folded hands I silence keep,
And wait to gaze on other skies
When death shall give me other eyes.

There must be — must be something more
God gives us on the hidden shore.
Life is not less but life is more
And better than it was before.

And earth takes back the *form* it gave
And only *form* is in the grave.

W. H. Platt.



THE GREAT DOME, LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON.



RANDBURG, LOOKING WEST.

Photo by Steffler, February, 1897.

THE CALIFORNIA RAND

A REMINDER OF THE DAYS OF '49

MINING ON THE DESERT



IF THE reader of today would understand in its minutest detail the miningcamp that Bret Harte writes about, if he would visit Poker Flat and see Mliss and Miggles, and alas! the Duchess, and touch elbows with Tennessee or his partner, as he crowds up for his evening mail, he must go to Randburg on the Mojave desert. There are differences it is true, Bret Harte's mining camp was among the pine forests and in the

hills that ridge the Mojave desert, where the highest forests are mesquite and sage brush, and where water and gold have almost an equal value.

Nevertheless, the points of similarity are vastly in the ascendant. There is the same community of men, mostly young men, strong, manly, and bearded. There are the same mushroom dwellings, — tents, dugouts, and shanties. There is the same hopefulness, the same eager comparing of specimens, and excited talk of strikes, — and beneath all and the cause of it all, there is the same yellow metal that has lain in these barren hills for ages.

It is the design of this article to catch history in the making, to chronicle while they are yet matters of only yesterday the discovery and rise of what those who know it best verily believe is to be one

shadow of the snowy peaks of the Sierra, and the modern instance is on the rolling

of the great mining districts of the world. The men who made the first strikes, who dry panned and horned the first shining "colors" from the desert and its floating boulders, and traced them to the ledges outcropping on the hillsides and far out on the plain, are here to tell in the simple, direct miners' talk the story of beginnings of the California Rand. From such sources and from official records and personal observation this article is drawn.

A glance at the map will show that the Mojave desert lies in the townships south and east of the Tehachapi mountains in Kern county, about one fourth of its area, and in much the larger part of San Bernardino county, with a bit of the northeast corner of Los Angeles county. The desert is traversed by ranges of barren hills, to whose rugged sides dark porphyry dikes and patches of red oxide of iron and white limestone give the color scheme. Each of these ranges has its foothills gradually sloping away into the dead level of the desert. The plain and foothills are in general clothed with mes-

quite and sagebrush, with a little bunch grass in favored spots, and a sparse growth of small flowering plants for a brief season after the spring rains. The lowest spot in each plain is apt to be the bed of a dry lake, white with crusting alkali and salt, and a barren floor where small whirling dust clouds dance their empty minuets. The soil of the desert is sand and gravel, from which the sharp corners have not been worn by water action and on which a little travel by the broad-tired ore wagons makes a road almost as smooth and hard as if macadamized. Here and there the gravel grows coarser, and pieces of float quartz indicate that a ledge is not far from the surface. It is one of the advantages of desert prospecting that the float specimens have not been washed away from the parent ledges, which can generally be traced with ease. Some of the richest mines are found far out in the open. The St. Elmo is a good example of these, lying three or four miles from the nearest hills.

This region has for many years been



BUTTE AVENUE, ONE OF THE TWO PRINCIPAL STREETS OF RANDSBURG.

known to contain gold. In the El Paso range, ten miles north of Randsburg, the Mexicans worked thirty-five years ago, and remains of their diggings and of old arrastras are still to be seen there. The Summit district, eight miles north by east, is worked today, and it was there that in January, 1894, Mr. W. J. Langdon and others were placer mining. One day while looking for water he saw the smoke of a campfire and made for it. He found an Indian, Panamint Tom, and his squaw, camped by what is now known as Squaw's Springs, some five and one-half miles east of Randsburg. He stayed all night at the springs, and in the morning came over the hill to the place now famous as the Rand, prospecting; for the signs of minerals were discoverable all the way. He went down into a little wash and found placer gold by dry panning, — the first so far as recorded taken from the Rand.

He went back to Summit and got water, provisions, and tools, in a wagon, and with three other miners, McGee, Mooers, and Cummings, came back and made the first locations in the district. These were placer locations for dry washing. Mr. Langdon wrote an account of the find, which was published in the *Tulare Register* between January 15 and March 1st, 1894. He, however, soon left California and went East.

F. M. Mooers, C. A. Burcham, and John Singleton, later returned to the new placers and spent some time there, dry panning six or seven dollars per day apiece. It was they who found the first quartz lead, which they named for the famous African gold-fields, the Rand, and relocated under this name on April 25, 1895. Langdon saw the notice of this strike in the papers at Carlin, Nevada, and returned to the Rand to fight for his claim to the ground. The Rand mine is now closed, pending, it is said the result of this litigation, and certain other suits

brought on a bond for a deed given by two of the three owners, but not ratified by the third. This desire on the part of several parties to get possession of the property is, according to all mining history, the best proof of value.

The mine paid from the start, and as this and a few other strikes were gradually noised abroad it caused a great many miners to come in and begin prospecting over the neighboring country. During the spring of 1896 the Butte, Kinyon, and in August the Wedge, mines were located on the slope across Fiddler's gulch from the Rand, the King Solomon group just over the hill to the east, and the Val Verde group on the slope just beyond what is now Johannesburg, about two miles from the Rand. In July, 1896, Si Drouillard, a prospector, found the St. Elmo mine, five and one half miles to the east, out on the level desert. The capping was very rich in free gold, and the fact that this ledge was so far from the other strikes seemed to prove that the district was not on a small lode, but one of nature's great treasure houses. A great rush followed, and soon the hills about were covered with prospectors, and Randsburg grew like magic from a few tents to a considerable town. Of so fluctuating and recent a population an exact census is not obtainable, but the postmaster estimates from the mail handled that twenty-five hundred people are now served there (March, 1897) and that there have been as many as three thousand at a time. The winter has driven away a great many prospectors, but the summer is likely to bring them and many more back till the desert is "a sea of tents," as current phrase has it. Between eleven hundred and twelve hundred locations have already been recorded, the great majority in the last six months.

The country rock of the Rand district is a mica schist, followed by long por-



MOJAVE STAGE LEAVING HOTEL ST. ELMO.

phyry dikes cutting through. Probably the schist is only a capping and the granite lies not far below. Large ledges of barren white quartz — “bull quartz” is the miner’s term of contempt for it — run with the metalliferous quartz, which occurs in true veins with a hanging wall of schist and a footwall of porphyry. Copper and iron, silver and lead, are often found in connection with the gold. Cube iron, hematite, is considered a specially favorable indication, being almost always accompanied by free gold. All the ore as yet shipped in quantity has been free milling, though it contains gold so closely associated with sulphurets of iron and the like that vanning and the treatment of the resulting concentrates is necessary.

It has sometimes happened that free milling stringers have led down to base ore ledges, and a smelter to reduce these will undoubtedly be built as soon as water developments permit.

This free milling quality of the Rand ore has been of the greatest advantage in

the development of a district in this arid region. It enables the prospector by simple processes and without water, or with a very small quantity, to test his finds. The process is commonplace to mining men, but may require explanation to others. A promising specimen is selected, half as large perhaps as a fist, and carefully brayed to a powder, or “pulp,” in a mortar. This powder may be sifted dry and the lighter rock dust blown away till only the heavy gold dust is left, but this requires much time and care. If even a bucket full of water is at hand, a small pan or a “horn,” — which is a long shallow dish with a rounded bottom, sometimes cut from a steer’s horn and sometimes made of iron, — is used to hold the pulp and a little water. By gentle and skilful manipulation the water is made to wash out all the dirt, leaving the coveted particles of yellow metal. I have seen half a teaspoonful of gold dust result from “horn-ing” a bit of ore not over three inches in any diameter.



THE RAND GROUP OF MINES.

This process has been used to good advantage by "busted" miners. It should be made a matter of historic record that the men who discovered the rich Butte claim, were so down on their luck at the time that they would have been forced to strike camp the following day. They actually had to pound out and sell enough gold dust to raise the one dollar and sixty cents necessary to pay the fee for recording their location. That is "paying from the grass roots" indeed.

Gold occurs right in the country rock, with no quartz present. That, however, is not found in paying quantities, and the searcher looks for quartz veins of the metal carrying sort. These occur in ledges, sometimes running north and south and sometimes at right angles with the meridian. They vary in width from mere threads and narrow "stringers," to ledges twelve feet wide. The most promising sign about the Rand mines, perhaps, is that without exception the ledges on



THE KINYON MINE.

which shafts have been sunk widen and at least maintain their richness as they go down. Of course slight pinches occur, but passing on down, the ledge widens out again farther than ever.

In the Wedge,—so called from its triangular shape, a sobriquet between other claims—, at the depth of 165 feet the ledge is about five feet wide. I reached up in one of the drifts and quite without direction picked a piece of quartz from the top. On examining it later by sunlight free gold was clearly seen in three places on its surface. The milling of sixty tons of ore reported on just then ran \$120 per ton. Surely, that is evidence that there are good mines on the Rand.

On December 20, 1895, the Rand mining district was organized, thirty-three miners being present. Mr. E. B. Magin-

nis was elected Recorder, a position which he so well filled that at the election a year later, with over six hundred voting, he was reelected. The multitudinous claims recorded—now over eleven hundred—have kept him not a little engaged. The district included four townships, 28 and 29 south, Range 40 east, in Kern county, and 28 and 29 south, Range 41 east, in San Bernardino county, Mount Diablo base and meridian. It thus covers 144 square miles. Other strikes had preceded the St. Elmo, and aided in creating the belief that an extensive district was to be developed. The Stringer group, in which the Merced, the Winnie, and the Yucca Tree, are the chief mines; the Black Hawk group, the Monkey Wrench, the



THE WEDGE SHAFT HOUSE AND WHIM.

Minnehaha, and the Bully Boy, were in this number, scattered over a considerable space on several sides of Randsburg.

The milling facilities of the Rand district are still in the inchoate stage like most of the camp. From most of the mines ore is hauled to Garlock, twelve miles distant. At that place there are five or six mills, but the ones that were working when I was in the place were of the most primitive character, few stamps, small surface of amalgam plates, and a shaking table that seemed like a toy rather than a practical device to save the concentrates,—three by four feet was my guess at the size of one of these tables, and the ore was run through with entirely



INTERIOR OF THE WEDGE SHAFT HOUSE.

too great a flow of water. The proprietor of this mill was not too much intoxicated to do business quite,—he evidently knew what he was about. It is said that this man had refused thirty-five dollars a ton for the tailings of his mill, and probably they were worth that.

At the Cuddabach lake there is a far better mill,—now under lease by the Val Verde people,—where the appliances were more adequate and the work more careful. A full-sized Frue vanner was part of this mill, and ninety-five per cent of the assay value of the ore was said to be saved.

Several of the mines on the Rand have ceased shipments of ore and are sacking their output and holding it for the completion of more adequate milling facilities.

The St. Elmo Company is forced to do this; for the rich free milling cap of its claims has led down to an equally rich base ore ledge, and a smelter is necessary to reduce it. The company operating this group plans to sink a shaft as deep as may be necessary to get water and put up a mill on its own ground. Some of the most beautiful specimens I saw were from this group.

I was able to examine more closely than the other mines the Val Verde and the Wedge. The Wedge development consists of a single shaft and two drifts (at 75 and 165 feet). It seems to be a "chimney" of rich ore on the ledge, but its small area—the claim covers only thirty or forty feet on the ledge—will always make its working comparatively simple.

A far more extensive proposition in the Val Verde group, which has been bought by the Randsburg Gold Mining, Milling, and Water Company, a corporation of which Colonel J. W. Pender is president and manager. Colonel Pender has mined in Wales, Cripple Creek, Chihuahua,

Costa Rica, Leadville, Elkhorn (Montana), and the South African Rand. After an investigation of four months the company he has organized has bought the Val Verde group, which is made up of the Val Verde, Val Verde Number 2, Val Verde No. 3, the Luna, Sola, Zephyr, and La Monte claims, 140 acres in all. They lie half a mile east of the town of Johannesburg, and on the same gold zone as the Rand group. Colonel Pender made me a diagram of a section of the mine with the following comment:—

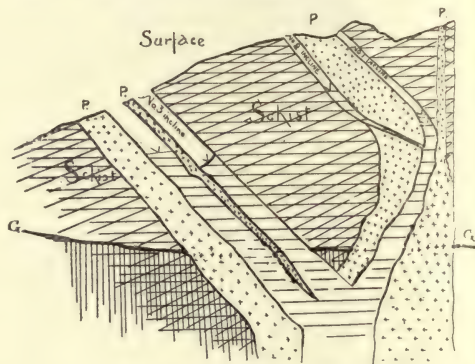


DIAGRAM OF THE VAL VERDE LEDGE.

P.—Porphyry. V.—Veins. G.—Granite.

According to the development, it appears that the vein structure is formed in the parting of the porphyry. The diagram shows where two ribs of porphyry have been cut out by vein action. It is thought that the lower porphyry dike will also cut out, and the ore vein will be found to lie on the right hand porphyry dike; or in other words, the porphyry dike will be the foot wall, and the granite the hanging wall. The dike action is probably due solely to the gold-bearing condition of the district, both in the case of porphyritic and trachytic dikes. It would be well for miners to bear in mind the necessity of cross-cutting through the schist, particularly where their ground covers two crystallized porphyritic dikes. The porphyritic mineral-bearing dikes of this section are thoroughly crystallized, carrying innumerable cleavages. The miners should watch small strings putting off into the schist, usually striking off diagonally from the main vein. These may not be more than half an inch wide, but they frequently open up very quickly and furnish abundance of high grade



WHERE EVERY "PROSPECT" PLEASES.

ore. These conditions are especially true from the surface to the depth of 250 feet, where the formation was more compact and the vein action did not penetrate.

Probably no person has made a more thorough investigation of the geology of this section than Colonel Pender. His expenses all the time he had been on the Rand he told me, for traveling and assays, had been in the neighborhood of \$350 a month.

The gold belt, he says, is 110 or 115 miles in length, beginning seven miles south of Mojave and extending to fifteen miles north of Post Office Springs in the Panamint range, west of Death valley. The width of the belt is from two to ten miles, and it outcrops chiefly in four places,—at its extreme southern end, the Mojave district; at the Rand, its largest outcrop; in the El Paso district; and on the Panamint mountains.

The Panamint mentioned is not the silver mining section exploited fifteen or twenty years ago by Senator Jones and others as a part of the excitement connected with the Comstock bonanzas. That camp has been deserted and all its portables carted away. Its chief remnant is a group of heavy, old-fashioned billiard tables left standing in a cañon as not worth moving. The new Panamint is gold-bearing and ten or twelve miles distant at a place called Post Office Springs, and in Pleasant cañon. Much good rock has been found in the prospects there, but the fifty feet or so of depth reached is hardly sufficient to prognosticate on.

To return a moment to the Val Verde's development and plans. Three shafts have been sunk, the deepest about 75 feet and the company plans thorough development and extensive improvements.

It has leased the Cuddabach Lake mill for three months, with privilege of three months more,—by far the best mill in that region,—it is sinking wells for further water supplies at the same place, and proposes to pipe it up to the Company's works to supply mills on the ground. These and other plans make it the most active and, so far as I could judge, the most intelligently conducted enterprise on the Rand.

Mr. Henry E. Durden, of the State Mining Bureau, has given me a statement of the result of ten mill runs on Randsburg ore at the Garlock mill, as reported by one of the assistants of the Bureau. The consignments of ore are credited to the shipper, and do not always show from which mine they came. They are of from twenty to fifty ton lots.

Mine or Shipper.

Benson	\$ 40 00	per ton.
Butte	125 00	"
McGinnis & O'Leary (Minnehaha)	40 00	"
Napoleon	125 00	"
"	85 00	"
W. J. Sullivan & Co.	20 00	"
Stevens & Co. (Merced)	85 00	"
W. James	65 00	"
Olympus	45 00	"
Burcham & Rand	141 00	"

He also reports a run of five tons of ore from the Kinyon mine that yielded \$2,724.

The permanence of the camp cannot be said to be absolutely assured on the development already made. No shaft in the district has yet gone down two hundred feet, and all the present workings are mere scratches on the ground in the eyes of "hard rock" miners. Nevertheless, some of the largest operators of the Cripple Creek, Tombstone, Silver Bow, and the California mines and at least one from the African Rand itself, have invested in Rand mines. Thorough development is therefore only a matter of time. The first discoverers in mining

districts are seldom the men best fitted to carry on a complicated and extensive business, and they must either sell their claims or take in as partners practical miners and business men with capital before proper development can be done. Since this article has been in preparation there have been sales reported of the Val Verde, the Butte, and the group of claims just north of the Butte, Wedge, and Kinyon mines, the Excelsior, J. I. C., and Big Wedge, all to men of experience and capital.

As yet the development does not permit large forces of miners. A single shaft can employ but a few men even if continuously worked by three eight hour shifts. It needs many shafts and much drifting to give room for many miners. About thirty is the largest number employed on any of the fifteen or twenty mines that are shipping ore. Regular wages are \$3.00 per day.

The present Randsburg is living on hope, that is on the prospectors and strangers who come to see rather than on the stable foundation of regular pay rolls and actual receipts from ore mined. This will cause fluctuations in the population. A rich strike in any mine will bring an influx of population, a time of quiet development work will cause the floaters to drift away.

There are serious drawbacks in the situation. The greatest are the lack of water, fuel, and a railway. All can be remedied. There is no water in the town and nobody seems to think that any reasonable depth of boring will find it there. Some six miles distant, the Johannesburg Mining and Milling Company has a well that supplies about seven thousand gallons a day, which is pumped to a reservoir cut in the solid rock of a little peak 310 feet above the well. From thence it is carried in a four-inch steel pipe to the town of Johannes-



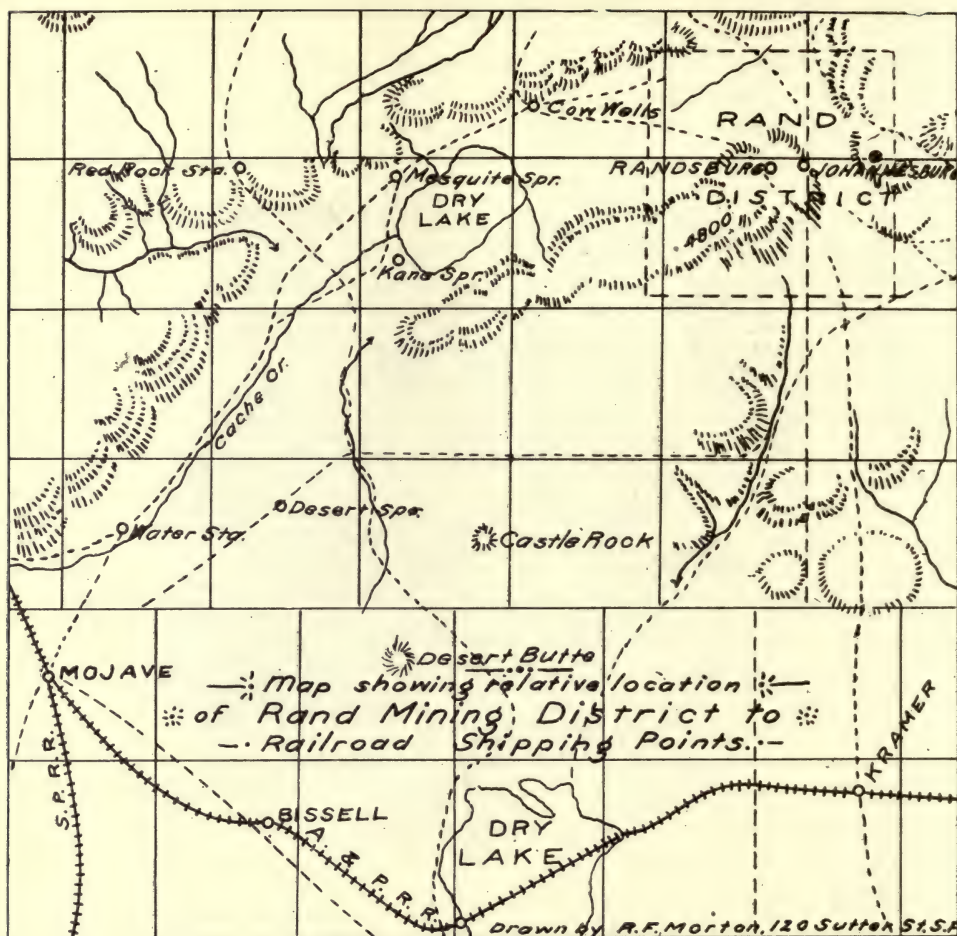
A DRY CAMP.

burg. The Skilling well, near this well, also gives good water in limited quantity, which is carried to Randsburg in casks and sold at four cents a gallon. This is the best water the town gets. Most of the supply is carted from Garlock, twelve miles distant. Some of this is good water, for there are several water carrying strata there. The water taken from nearest the surface is strongly impregnated with mineral salts, and samples have been known to show as much as one and one half per cent of arsenic. Well boring is going on in several places, — at Garlock to the deeper levels, at Cuddabach lake, ten miles northeast, and in the valley between Randsburg and Garlock. Sufficient water will be brought into the town, even if a pipe line or canal

has to be built from as far as Owen's lake, seventy miles away.

Fuel is at hand only in the shape of mesquite and sage brush, — sufficient for the camp fire and the miner's hut, but a poor dependence for the steam engine or even the regular house range. Coal is said to exist in the mountains over beyond Garlock, but it is likely that the railroad will bring it from a distance before that is developed commercially. Now at the Cuddabach Lake mill coal can be laid down for twelve dollars a ton. At Randsburg it should cost a little more, owing to the elevation. Crude petroleum is used to a limited extent, but costs rather more than coal.

The nearest railroad point is Kramer, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific line,

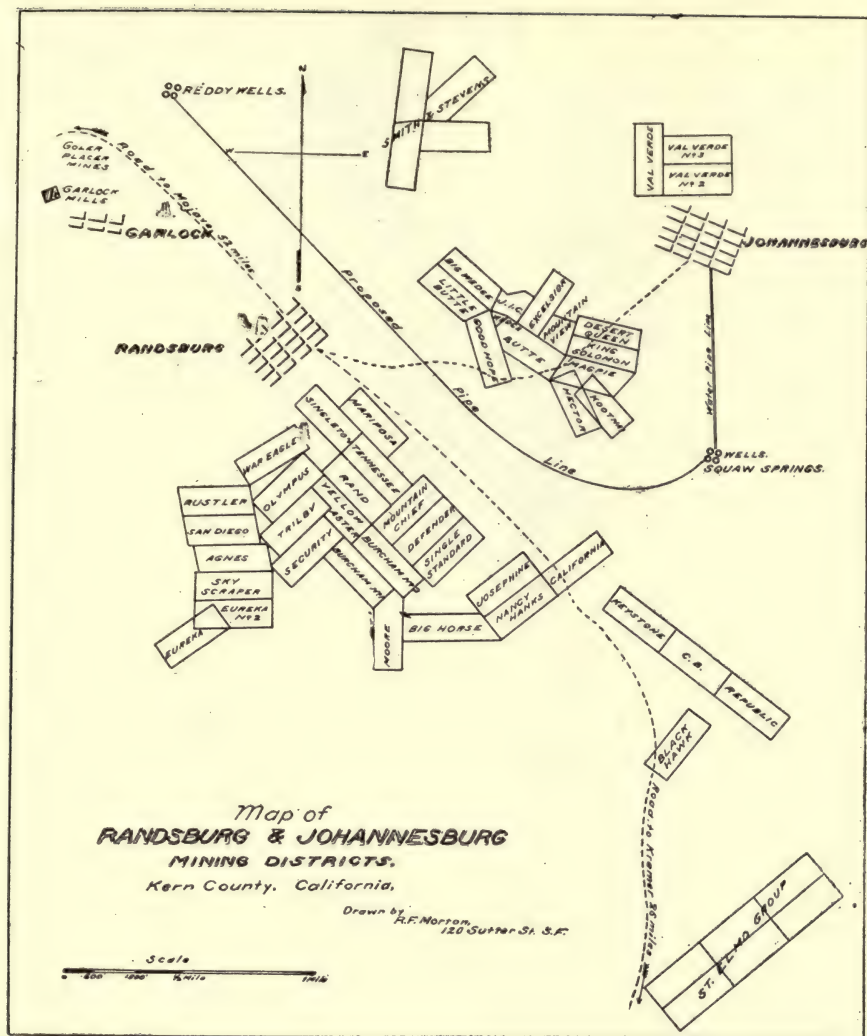


twenty-eight miles south of Randsburg. Stages run between the town and the station twice daily, as well as over the forty-eight miles between Randsburg and Mojave. Heavy freighting teams of eight, ten, and twelve mules or horses, also travel on these routes, laden with large and miscellaneous cargoes,—all the supplies and building materials for the district. The scarcity of wood controls local architecture. Construction is of the flimsiest, and nowhere else have I seen the combination of a solid stone fire place and chimney and canvas walls.

Rumors of immediate railway spurs into the town were rife in the talk of its inhabitants,—the Santa Fé people

already had five carloads of rails at Kramer and were to begin laying track within ten days, and the Southern Pacific was not to be far behind,—but I have been able to find no good authority for these reports. The situation presents no great difficulty, it would seem, and if the town grows there will undoubtedly be a railroad there. Indeed the maps of California show a proposed railroad from Mojave eastward up through the Death Valley region that would pass within a mile or two of the Rand.

I have spoken of capitalists coming to the Rand as insuring its amplest development, but very many people ask,—Is it a poor man's camp? The answer can



not be categorically yes or no,—it must refer to the advantages and drawbacks spoken of, relate facts and instances, and leave the persons interested to cast up the chances.

The free gold and the richness of the cap ledges, due to the fact that no water has ever dissolved the surface rocks and dissipated their gold, are great advantages, and the fact that there are sampling works on the spot where the poor man may take his ore five or ten sacks at a time, and get quick returns on it.

On the other hand, the desert has

been pretty well covered with claims already. Miners' monuments dot the surface everywhere, and a map shown me by Messrs. Shepard, Wheeler & Rhodes, mining engineers at Randsburg, looked like a crazy quilt, so numerous and so conflicting were the claims plotted. There is room there for years of litigation over side lines and end lines, over abandonments and relocations. There would be small chance, it would seem, for any inexperienced prospector to come into the district and pick out a claim of value already unlocated,— and yet stranger



"HOW MUCH TO THE TON?"

things have happened ; for every mining district is full of instances of "fool's luck."

Expenses are necessarily high. For instance, the average cost of supplies for a prospecting party of three men for thirty days is about seventeen dollars, and their outfit of tools, blankets, tent, and two burros, would cost about seventy-four dollars additional. In Randsburg meals cost from thirty-five to fifty cents and beds fifty cents and a dollar,—there have been times when beds could not be had at any price.

But after all, these particulars are interesting only to the few, and it is the social aspect of the strange conglomeration of people gathered from all the four winds that it is interesting to see and hear about.

The stage from Mojave (the native calls it Mo-har'-vey with a roll on the *r*) starts at nine in the morning, with its miscellaneous load of capitalists, carpenters, prospectors, miners, drummers, fakers, newspaper correspondents, and perhaps a traveling company of barn

stormers. The "divining rod" man may be there with his wonderful bit of wood which will show unerringly the presence of gold or water hundreds of feet below the surface. It is a queer epitome of this treasure seeking world.

At a little after four this stage load of weary people alights at Randsburg in the presence of a large and interested crowd. The populace has gathered to welcome the new arrivals and get the mail. Soon a long line is formed at the post office door waiting for the distribution. In that crowd are all the well known types of the mining camp. Sturdy Cornishmen from the mines, tramp-like prospectors from the hills and desert, keen dealers in mines that others have found, gamblers, actors, mule-punchers, and the general riff raff that gather whenever gold clinks and moral restraints are lax. The deputy sheriff is there, with a fierce black mustache, a slouchy sombrero, a long black frock coat, high boots, and protruding pistol. There are women in the crowd, but the most prominent are not

the most worthy. As night draws down the crowd thickens. Dinner over, there is nothing to do but to "take in the town." The huts and tents are too cold to stay in during the evening,—even the rooms at the hotel are not warm enough for comfort when the cold wind from the mountain snowfields howls across the desert and up the cañon in which Randsburg lies. The saloons, concert halls, dance houses, gambling places,—and often one large apartment is all of these combined,—are filled to overflowing with a continually changing crowd. Not many are there to gamble, or drink, or dance, but most simply to pass the time in talk with their fellows where it is comfortably warm and light. It is quite the thing to make the rounds of these places each evening. To go from the "Elite" to the "White Fawn," and thence to the "Oriole." This is supposing you have not had the honor to be made a member of the "Steam Beer Club," the most exclusive social organization of the camp, whose sessions, particularly for initiation, are entertaining enough to remove all desire to wander. Any person, mine-owner, business man, whomsoever you

desire to see, is pretty sure to be found on this pilgrimage. The hotel lobbies are just as well filled. Part of this paper has been written in a crowd around the hotel stove so dense as hardly to allow sufficient room for the movement of the elbow.

A church is building at Randsburg,—and if it will allow a suggestion, there is no way in which it can serve the cause it stands for so well, as by keeping its main hall open every night, warmed, lighted, supplied with papers, magazines, and books, and occasionally with light entertainments of music and amusing speaking.

There have been three or four shooting affrays among the sporting element of the town, but fortunately there are several prominent men on the ground who know how to deal with the toughs. A citizens' committee has been formed and has given unmistakable notice that "the next shooting will lead to a necktie party." The Carson fight drew away a large number of the sports, who staged to Keeler, Nevada, and there took train for Carson, most of them not to return.

I have spoken of Johannesburg inci-



HORNING.



GUARDING HIS MONUMENT.

dentally. It lies over a little ridge about a mile and a half from the straggling streets and hodge-podge buildings of Randsburg, but it came into being in a very different way. Randsburg, as it happened, is on section 35 of its township, and it occurred to certain persons that section 36 is a school section. They bought title to it from the State, and as it lies on a broad, gently sloping valley with an extensive outlook of distant mountains, they put it in the hands of a prominent firm of real estate dealers, who laid out a town in regular blocks with broad thoroughfares and proceeded in orthodox "boom town" style. They secured the erection of a fine hotel, a bank, a post-office, sampling works, and other important buildings, and developed and piped in the water supply I have mentioned. They sold corner lots and villa lots, and were preparing to hold an auction sale in regular fashion. But there was a rift in the

lute, the ground was covered by mineral locations and as in a mining district mineral claims take precedence of any other, the company could not give a perfect title, even though, as they advertised, it was exactly such a title as would be given in any city. This may be cured, if it can be shown that there are no minerals in paying quantity in that particular ground, but, I am told, it has dampened the ardor of purchasers, and hampered the operations of the company.

Titles in Randsburg are no better, but they are frankly squatter locations, except where made by consent of the owner of the mineral claim that covers the ground. And Randsburg aspires to no auction sales of corner lots.

Such are the beginnings, as I have seen them, of the California Rand. I believe its villages will grow into permanent towns with all the necessities and conveniences that money can develop on the

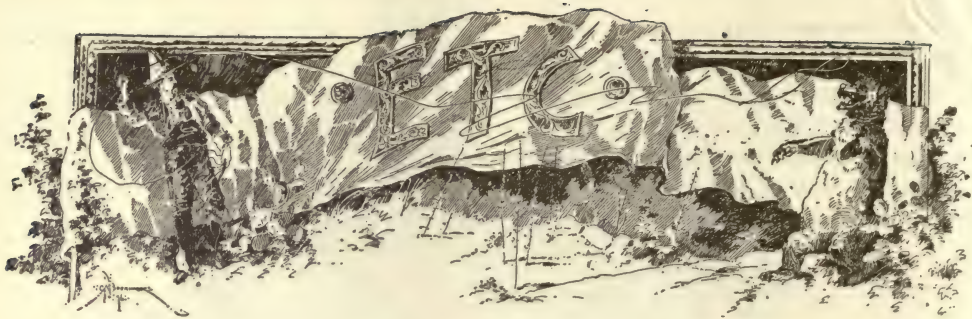
desert. I believe that the mines will continue for many years to grow in importance and in the stream of gold they will send out into the world's commerce. But I am no prophet, I am not even a mining expert. It may be that the veins will peter out when the granite is reached,

and the gold that is undoubtedly on the surface may be but one of the many mirages of the desert. In that case the people will leave, and the mockery of a town will stand for years preserved from decay by the dry air of the place, but peopled only by lean coyotes and desert rats.

Chas. S. Greene

THE PRODUCING MINES OF THE RAND DISTRICT, MARCH, 1897.

Name.	Date Located.	Deepest Shaft.	Value of Ore Milled.	Locators. (Owners in Parenthesis.)	
Rand Group,	Rand.	Apr. 25, 1895....	100 ft.	70,000	John Singleton, C. A. Burcham, F. M. Mooers. (The same and Patrick Reddy.)
	Olympus.....	Apr. 25, 1895....	140 ft.		
	Trilby.....	Apr. 25, 1895....	120 ft.		
	Yellow Aster	Jan. 14, 1896 (?)	80 ft.		
Gold Coin.....	Between Apr. 25 and Dec. 20, 1895	45 ft.			(Worked under lease by Mr. Flannigan.)
Minnehaha	Aug. 1895	30 ft.			E. B. Maginnis, H. B. Hausen, J. T. O'Leary.
Black Hawk	Sept. 14, 1895....	100 ft.	8,000		A. A. Nixon, C. S. Richards, C. D. Kuffel, L. A. Swarthout.
Good Hope, or "Kinyon".....	Feb. 11, 1896....	140 ft.	35,000		W. Kinyon, G. B. Kinyon, J. H. Kinyon.
Stringer Group,	Yucca Tree	Feb. 26, 1896....	60 ft.	15,000	John Gilmore, Chris Matsen, Chas. A. Koehn.
	Winnie.....	Apr. 15, 1896....	60 ft.		Bert Prosser, Ed Hammond, Sr.
	Merced	May 6, 1896....	90 ft.		W. W. Green, A. M. Mugler, F. D. Stevens, R. E. Stevens.
Butte.....	Mar. 29, 1896....	175 ft.	80,000		H. C. Tate, J. E. Ramey, H. C. Ramey, B. B. Summers, O. B. Stanton.
Monkey Wrench.	Apr. 3, 1896....	40 ft.			Osborn Bros., Mrs. Lindsey, J. M. Crawford.
King Solomon.....	Apr. 6, 1896....	138 ft.	8,000		H. Ashford, (H. J. Ashford, L. R. Ashford, Harold Ashford, Thos. Bull.)
Val Verde.....	Apr. 8, 1896....	86 ft.	12,000		Rose L. Burcham. (Randsburg Mining, Milling & Water Co.)
Bully Boy	May 16, 1896....	60 ft.	7,000		A. Coultas, B. M. Atkinson.
St. Elmo.....	July 15, 1896....	80 ft.	12,000		S. G. Drouillard, (St. Elmo M. & M. Co.)
(One, Two, and Three.)					
Tea Kay or "Wedge".....	Aug. 5, 1896 ..	165 ft.	70,000		Jas. W. Rogers, Chas. T. Pepper, Edward L. Allen.



Criticism of the State University.

A FLUTTER of indignation has been roused among friends of the University because of certain attacks on its constitution, and particularly on its honored President, made anonymously in one of the college journals. The flutter was not a storm only because the cause was not regarded as worthy of any great amount of attention. It was like one of those petulant outbreaks which young people sometimes make in their own homes against those whom they ought to love and honor most,—and really do love and honor, if the bottom facts were reached. If it is more than that, the University and President Kellogg have friends and admirers enough at home and abroad to rebuke such black disloyalty. The OVERLAND is proud to be counted as one of the continual friends and allies of the University,—as of all that the University stands for,—and is glad to voice what it believes is universal sentiment on the part of those who know best the University of California, and President Kellogg.

Personal considerations aside, one of the most urgent needs of the University is that the tradition of an itinerant presidency be broken down. The University of Michigan has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Doctor Angell's presidency. This term covers nearly the whole history of the University of California; but in that quarter of a century this University has had seven presidents, to say nothing of an occasional "interregnum." A gentleman well informed on American university matters remarked only a few days ago, with more truth than elegance, that "the frequent changes in the presidency have given this University a black eye, as nothing else has done." This view cannot, in our judgment, be too strongly insisted on; for public sentiment greatly needs to be educated up to expecting long terms in that office.

In the college paper the criticism is made on the present administration of the University that it

permits too great liberty to the several departments. The statement is open to reasonable question. But this fact should be pointed out, that whatever is worst in departmental independence is furthered by the policy of installing a new president every four or five years. The faculty as a body is perpetual. The president, under so uncertain a tenure of office, has no fair opportunity of working out a well articulated system of administration.

The bad sort of departmental independence, we take it, is that which results from no system or purpose,—from merely letting matters drift. The desirable kind of departmental independence is that which results from a consistent purpose to foster initiative and individuality, for the general good. Independence of this latter kind has done much to give the German universities their pre-eminence in the academic world. We think it may fairly be said that such freedom as exists in the several departments at Berkeley today is mainly of this latter sort.

But the argument for a longer term of service in the presidency is not merely impersonal. The present incumbent of the office is an eminently suitable man with whom to try the effect of a longer term. He has the unbounded respect of all who know him; and with those who know him best, this respect is deepened into personal affection. There was something peculiarly touching in the presentation to him, on the last Charter Day, by a large number of the young lady students, of a memorial to be placed in his library and in the letter of acknowledgment which he sent to the donors. It was all done so quietly that few outside the student body knew of the occurrence; but it was none the less significant for being unheralded.

The material prosperity which has recently begun to dawn upon the University has not come by chance. The energetic Regents and Alumni who have done so much of the direct work of securing these new resources, would have had a much more difficult task,—indeed, an impossible

task,—if there had not been a really great University already built up at Berkeley, to which they could point as an earnest of the future. You can't sound a reveille on a penny tin-trumpet. And President Kellogg has been and is one of the largest factors in the making of a University of such character that it has appealed to thoughtful men and women as worthy of large gifts. It has been a matter of no small importance to have a man who commands, as he does, at least as much respect East as West.

Moreover, in this time of material prosperity, what the University chiefly needs in a president is one who will keep its spiritual character up to and above the level of its material goods. This President Kellogg is especially well fitted to do. His tastes and influence are on the side of the highest scholarship and culture. Personally he is a Christian gentleman of the finest type. Under his administration, the faculty has been singularly free from discord and animosity. The whole tendency and endeavor of his administration are toward the better things of University life. Under these circumstances there appear to be the strongest reasons why all well wishers of the University should seek to extend rather than to cut short his term of service. No one need fear that he will hold on to the office unduly. With his keen sense of what is fitting, and with his disinclination for strife, there is much more reason to fear that he may insist upon withdrawing, long before the time, from a position which exposes him to so much of unkind and unthinking criticism.

Our Consul in Sydney.

THERE is such a thing as formulating a reform in our consular service without laying down cast iron rules or adopting any method but one of common business principles. To say that there shall be a regular consular service like the army and navy service, and that a man once in office should be always in office, we are not prepared to uphold. Rather let every consular officer stand on his own feet in political office, as he would in business were he a private citizen. If it is fully proven that an office-holder abroad is of great benefit to this country and more than meets all expectations and requirements, then let us keep him in office. By such a method we should have in the course of years a body of servants abroad that would be a credit to the country and indirectly a source of revenue.

Every ex-consular officer is able to appreciate the opportunities a consul has to direct trade

and aid our commercial houses, and also to appreciate how little thanks there is for so doing. After three or four years of faithful, arduous service the good consul is turned down with the same grace as the consul who has done nothing. The good and the bad alike go out with each change of administration.

The chambers of commerce of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and of other cities on this coast that do business with Sydney, have petitioned the President to retain as consul at Sydney Geo. W. Bell of Virginia, a Democrat. Consul Bell has been of inestimable benefit to our shippers. They owe him and the administration that sent him a debt of gratitude. He receives a salary from the government of \$2000. It could better pay him \$4000 than lose him, any business house would, and yet the chances are that politics are stronger than business principles and that Consul Bell will join the big army of ex's within the year.

This prophecy is based on the policy of past administrations. Mr. McKinley, however, may take into consideration such cases as this, and grant the prayers of our merchants and shippers.

Veto of the Coyote Bill.

GOVERNOR BUDD has demonstrated beyond cavil the wisdom of the veto power. His veto of the infamous Coyote Bill has met with universal approbation and we have to yet hear of one condemning voice. The press of the State is for once united regardless of party in applauding his action. By one scratch of his pen he has defeated the thievery of tricksters and saved the State \$287,000. Men like Smith of Bakersfield, who are sent to the State Senate to represent all their constituents and turn out the tool of a few, should go down with the fraudulent measures they advocate and become a by-word in the mouths of the men they misrepresent. The history of the passage of this bill is too questionable to warrant repetition here, but the people of the State will not forget the men who were the ringleaders in the gigantic plot.

Jonah Swallows the Whale.

IT IS amusing to see the nervous haste and agitation with which the makers and sellers of impure food are clamoring for the establishment of a "Pure Food Congress." All these worthy gentlemen vociferously declare they are in favor of pure food, and are

making frantic efforts for the control of the analytical department of the bureau of inspection. There is being manufactured a morbid sentiment in favor of men who label apple-sauce cranberry or raspberry jelly, and who color their products with aniline dye made from coal tar. In a list given in the daily papers as a warning to consumers on the subject of currant jellies, out of eighteen samples analyzed by State Chemist Wenzell, ten were absolute imitations. There are inspired items going the rounds of the daily press to show that the California manufacturer is suffering from the poor goods offered in this market by Eastern producers, when as a matter of fact there were six of the most prominent packers of fruit jellies in California who sold absolute imitations, and not a few who deliberately labeled a chemically dyed "apple-sass" with an acid flavor "Pure Raspberries prepared for family use from the best California Fruit"! And the end is not yet. The Manufacturers and Producers' Association must not become the Jonah that will swallow the whale, but now that the whale has started in its meal on an elaborate system of fraud let it draw into its maw the maker of spices, the condensed milk man, the butter maker, the honey manufacturer, the glucose candy man, and the thousand and one other corporations or individuals who combine to make of humanity's stomach a receptacle for the latest inventions in aniline coloring, nut husk spices, and chemical flavorings.

It is not surprising that there should be a howl from the gentlemen concerned, and the "associated villainy" will no doubt be pleased to learn that the OVERLAND MONTHLY proposes to publish a list of their names and products, in order to give the warning of the food inspection bureau a wider circulation in the State at large than yet attained by the daily newspapers. On the other hand it is only right that the makers of pure products should be given all possible protection and the widest publicity possible, through advertisement, though the editorial department has yet to learn of an unadulterated product. It is sincerely hoped that the country exchanges of the OVERLAND MONTHLY on the Pacific coast will take up the good fight.

IN regard to the label adopted by some of the local food manufacturers to conform with the California law, a definition of so-called grape-sugar is in point; the Standard Dictionary, page 503, under the head DEXTROSE reads as follows:

—"A sugar found largely in the vegetable kingdom and in honey, also in the animal organism, as in the blood, liver, urine, etc. It is the principal member of the group to which it gives its name, and is much less sweet than cane-sugar. It is made commercially by treating starch with sulphuric acid. The resulting solid product is called grape-sugar, and the syrup, glucose."

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS.	CONTAINS	NOTICE TO DEALERS.
The contents of this package is printed on the label as required by the laws of the State of California, so that you may know just what you are buying.	Fruit Juice, 45¢ Grape Sugar, 10¢ Glucose, . . . 35¢ Cane Sugar, 10¢ Total, . . . 100¢	This label is printed to conform to the requirements of the pure food laws of the State of California and to protect dealers from arrest and prosecution.

The local manufacturers having claimed injury through the sale of spurious Eastern made goods, the San Francisco *Chronicle* has the following to offer editorially as a remedy:—

"Touching the case of the Los Angeles concern, a second analysis, for which the service of a chemist at one of the California universities could doubtless be had, would be desirable from many points of view. The manufacturer has made affidavit that his jelly is composed of the best grade of currants and pure cane sugar. He asserts that a mistake was made in the Board's analysis, or that a fraud was perpetrated upon him. In such a case as this the purchase of more of this special brand in open market by a committee of the Board, its sealing in the presence of the dealer, and its delivery for analysis to the professor of chemistry at Berkeley or Stanford, ought to settle the question once and for all. No one could dispute the fairness of such a test. If the result of it should be to verify the first analysis the prestige of the Board would at once be raised, and if not, then the Board would have the best of all reasons to make a change in its laboratory management and cut off present risks.

Incidental to the hue and cry that the campaign of the Board is directed solely against California products, it might be well to include some imported articles besides catsup in the series of tests. Try tea, coffee, and spices, for example. Try foreign wines and spirits. This would do away, in a measure, with the shrieks of locality, and at the same time be of special service to the cause.

Beer as
a
Food.

INNUMERABLE tonics containing a quantity of malt as an ingredient, beers, and ales, are being constantly advertised on our dead walls and

in the public prints as the great desiderata in the line of tonics for convalescent invalids. Beer is

as much food, according to the testimony of the beer-maker, as is Liebig's or Armour's extract of beef and as such should come under the strict censorship of the food inspection bureaus.

It is a current fact that not a few of the different brands of beer used as a common beverage in San Francisco contain not an ounce of hops. It is well known that the beer once praised by the ruddy-cheeked Briton as a drink creative of both brawn and muscle is a thing of the past,

and that modern beer drinkers are systematically attacking their kidneys with a combination of harmful acids and laying by a stock of rheumatism to curse them in their old age. Considering the amount of beer consumed in San Francisco the inspection of the amber liquid is more important than is that of raspberry jellies. In a future issue an analysis of the ingredients in the beer sold in San Francisco will be given in these columns.



Pre-Historic Greece.¹

IT IS only necessary to mention that Professor Manatt has at last published his long looked for study of the monuments and culture of pre-Homeric Greece to claim the immediate attention of scholars. Under the title of *The Mycenaean Age* he has abridged, simplified, and put into popular style, the result of the studies and discoveries of the famous Grecian archaeologist, Chrestos Tsountas, at Mycenæ. Dr. Dörpfeld in his introduction to the work remarks that prior to the explorations of Schliemann and Tsountas, "The Homeric poems were our sole source of light upon the civilization of the pre-historic or Heroic Age."

To American and English scholars the obligation to Professor Manatt is almost as great as to Tsountas; for until the appearance of this work it was only possible to read of this period in the modern Greek of Tsountas's rather disjointed and rambling account. The book is profusely illustrated by twenty-two full page plates and one hundred and sixty-nine pen drawings.

The Macmillan Balzac.²

ZOLA has likened the "Comédie Humaine" to the tower of Babel, which the architect had not and never could have time to finish. Yet like the fame of Babel it, unfinished as it is, ranks with the greatest monuments of all ages.

¹The Mycenaean Age. By Tsountas and J. I. Manatt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1897. \$6.00

²A Harlot's Progress. By Honoré de Balzac. New York: The Macmillan Company: 1897. 2 vols.

It is only within the past few years that American readers have been able to appreciate the magnitude of this man's work. Translations by scholars have brought the "Comédie" prominently before the public and the Macmillan edition is one of the best of these. The last of his novels that they have put on the market is *Les Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes*, or as they style it, *A Harlot's Progress*. It is a story of social life, full of plot and color. It ranks with "Ferragus," and "Duchesse de Langeais" as the most powerful novels of plot in the Comédie. The volume is handsomely bound and illustrated uniformly with the edition.

The Latest in Poster Lore.³

MR. PERCIVAL POLLARD has demonstrated that he can tell a story in pictures quite as cleverly as he can in words. *Posters in Miniature* is a collection of the very best posters of the year 1896. The introduction is by Edward Penfield, and among the artists whose work is represented are Grasset, Beardsley, Jossot, Reid, Dixon, and George Wharton Edwards. The OVERLAND comes into the collection with two posters, one by Dixon and the other by Bird. The most interesting of the collection are the designs by Cherét, from whom there are a number of clever sketches. The book is presented in beautiful color, the cover design is by Steinlin, black and red on yellow, and the pages are printed on extra heavy coated paper.

³Posters in Miniature. R. H. Russell & Co.: New York and London: 1897.

On French Literature.¹

THE admirers of Hugo, Dumas, Balzac, Daudet, as well as those who have dipped deeper into French literature and have a speaking acquaintance with Rabelais, Montaigne, Racine, Molière, Voltaire, Rousseau, and others who have made the literature of France glorious, will thank Professor Wells for his admirable review.

Modern French Literature is in no manner a text-book for schools and school children that anyone might compile. It is the product of a man who has read deeply and sympathetically, and who has had the patience to record his criticisms and opinions. The style is chatty and easy to read, and the book is successful in its purpose of interesting the reader in the work of the French writers. It should be in every library.

Back-Log Studies.²

"THE Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," should always have for a companion in every well regulated library Charles Dudley Warner's charming *Back-Log Studies*. No more graceful, tender, and ever humorous little collection of conceits and chat was ever written. Every page contains a mine of ideas, every sentence something worth remembering. But its contents are too well known to need review; for since 1874, it has been a favorite on both sides of the Atlantic. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company have published the twenty-fourth edition of the book in its original form with the quaint illustrations by Hoppin, which we have learned to love in spite of the fact that they are very poor art.

Old English Ballads.³

ANOTHER book of which it is said that its first edition was sold on the day of publication, is a volume of *Old English Ballads*, illustrated by George Wharton Edwards, with an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. Surely this is an instance to comfort the hearts of those who croak that the genuine love of literature is dying out, for here we have simply the old familiar ballads, beginning with Chevy Chase, closing with Sir Patrick Spens, with Mr. Mabie's scholarly introduction and Mr. Edwards's sympathetic artistic interpretation; and the book receives such a reception as is rarely granted to anything else than

a new book from that novelist who happens for the time being to lead in the scale of popularity. The book is one which collectors will soon value, and for these an edition on large paper has been specially prepared.

The illustrations are unique and numerous, making the work more valuable both to the book lover and the gift giver. In fact it is just the thing for a handsome present.

Briefer Notice.

IN THIS day, when Congresses of Religion are the rage, a simple, easily comprehended hand-book of one of the great Oriental faiths will find a large reading public. Miss Reed's sketch of the origin and teachings of Buddhism⁴ is to be commended. She says: "It is not the object of the present work to follow the system in the various changes through which it has passed, . . . but to present, in as brief a manner as is consistent with accuracy, the authoritative teachings of primitive and genuine Buddhism." The chapter headings show the scope of the study, — "Primitive Buddhism," "Numerous Buddhas," "Sketch and Teachings of Buddha," "Order of Monks," and "Literature."

THE *High School Class Book of Drawing and Normal Class Book of Drawing*⁵ are valuable accessory books for the teacher. The first, intended for high school pupils, includes outlines for study and practise in mechanical drawing, geometrical construction, perspective, designing, modeling, historic ornament, and the application of various forms to decorative designs, besides studies in charcoal, crayon, and water colors. The courses outlined in the book and the suggestions for study, reading, and work, are all eminently practical, and if followed will enable pupils, when they leave school, to apply their graphic knowledge and skill — the true end of art education in schools.

The second book is designed for normal school students and for teachers who, without any special preparation, are required to teach drawing. It covers, in brief compass, normal courses in the different kinds and applications of drawing, and furnishes just the guidance and help that teachers need in conducting classes satisfactorily in that branch. Both books can be used in connection with any system of drawing.

¹Modern French Literature. By Benjamin W. Wells. Boston: Roberts Brothers: 1896. \$1.50.

²Back-Log Studies. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1897. \$1.25.

³Old English Ballads. New York: The Macmillan Company: \$2.00. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey.

⁴Primitive Buddhism. By E. A. Reed, Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.: 1896. \$1.00.

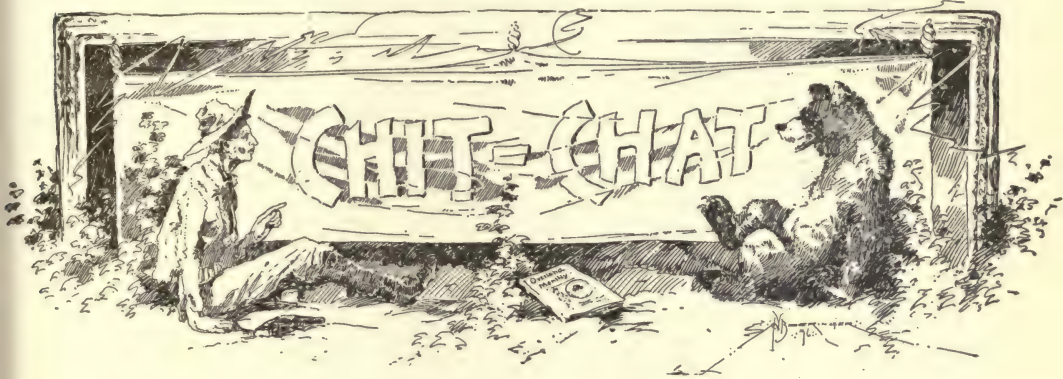
⁵High School Class Book of Drawing. Christine Gordon Sullivan. American Book Company: New York: 1897. 50 cents.

Normal School Class Book of Drawing. *Ibid.*

THE scene of *Gaston de Latour*,¹ an unfinished romance by the late Mr. Walter Pater, is laid in France, at the period of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the central figure is drawn on lines corresponding to the portrait of Marius the Epicurean, a refined and ardent nature devel-

¹*Gaston De Latour*. By Walter Pater. New York: The Macmillan Company: 1896. \$1.50.

oping under the influences of an age of transition, parallel to that of the Antonines. This volume, which is published in response to wishes very generally expressed by Mr. Pater's admirers, will complete the series of his collected writings. It has been prepared for the press by Mr. C. L. Shadwell, of Oriel College.



AS THE season opens, thoughts of expectant travelers turn toward the various points of interest, in the endeavor to decide which presents the most valid claims to superiority. In mountain scenery accessible to those unable to endure the hardships of "roughing it," Pike's Peak is vastly pre-eminent. The visitor sits in a comfortable car and is carried up the Cog Wheel Road through scenes of the greatest earthly grandeur. From the top the view is the climax of a lifetime; it seems as though the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them were spread beneath the eye. Then down again, past the wonderful succession of varied marvels of rock formation, with the smiling plain, the Garden of the Gods, and Colorado Springs, with its tree-lined streets and fair villas, ever before the eye, till the voyager is landed at Manitou, the haunt of the Great Spirit of the Indians, and worthy its name, for the high thoughts it inspires of reverent gratitude for all this sublimity.

MR. JOHN M. COOK, head of the firm of Thomas Cook and Son, of Cook's Tours, has just been honored by the King of Greece, who has created him an officer of the national and royal Order of the Saviour. This is a recognition of the services Mr. John M. Cook and his firm have rendered to Greece, for some years past, by developing the facilities and arrangements for international communication with that country.

APROPOS of the article on "Military Schools" it is gratifying to record in this number that Paul Anderson Dinsmore, a Captain of Cadets at Mount Tamalpais Military Academy last year, has been appointed to the United States Military Academy, has passed his examinations, and is under orders to report at West Point. Mr. Dinsmore spent nearly five years at Tamalpais Academy and maintained a high record. He is son of the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San José.

THE *Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller* will be published May 1st by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco, in one volume. The book will include "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sunland," "Songs of Italy," "Songs of the Mexican Seas," "Songs of the Soul," "Classic Shades," and many of the shorter poems that have never appeared in any book. This will be the first and only complete edition of his poetical works. The poet has worked for several years on the final revision of his poems. The preface and footnotes are almost an autobiography. They will at least clear away much of the mystery that has always clung to this remarkable man. The volume will be printed with two columns to the page and will be upwards of five hundred pages. The only embellishment will be the insertion of a frontispiece showing the poet as a young man, in middle age, on horseback, and as he is today.

IN ORDER to bring public opinion forcibly to the mind of the new President, regarding the recognition of belligerent rights of Cuba, the OVERLAND desires all friends of that policy to sign, and to induce others to sign, the form below, and return it to this office. In order that they may do so with full knowledge, the following summary of international law is given:

This is not a question of annexation but simply of recognizing the fact that war exists in Cuba, and allowing fair play to both parties.

By international law, as laid down by its best exponents, the recognition of an insurrectionary government as a belligerent, simply puts it on the same footing, so far as we are concerned, as any other foreign power with whom we are at peace. Its acts of war against the power from which it revolts then become a matter of its own affairs, not to be looked upon as piracy, murder, or incendiarism, and on the other hand the other party is not allowed either in the treatment of prisoners or in the destruction of private property to depart from the ordinary rules of civilized warfare.

Between the two parties at war in such case, we are bound by international law to keep strict neutrality, and if we aid either party it is at the risk of being called to account by the other, and failing proper explanation or reparation, we are liable to have war declared against us by the aggrieved nation, provided that nation wishes to do so. We may trade with either or both nations, and by our treaty with Spain free ships would mean free goods, — in other words Cuban property in American vessels would not be subject to seizure. That, however, does not apply to contraband of war. We could not ship to Cuba articles specially adapted to the purposes of war, nor supplies of any kind destined for military or naval use. We could send medicines, and supplies to those parts of the island where military operations are not actually in progress. Contraband of war includes military, and not civil, persons and dispatches. Either belligerent has the right to stop and search neutral ships, except public ships. Should Spain declare a

blockade of Cuban ports, and make it effective by so placing her ships of war as to make it dangerous to attempt to pass, and give due notice of the blockade, then American ships attempting to run the blockade would be subject to the forfeiture of ship and cargo.

An acknowledgment, therefore, of Cuban belligerency not carried any further, — that is, if we should not become the ally of either party and consequently the enemy of the other, would be only an expression of opinion, unfriendly to Spain it is true, but calling for no special action on her part.

Should belligerency be declared, filibustering would still be illegal, and our government would be committing an unfriendly act, liable to be met by a declaration of war, if it did not suppress it, but filibusters captured by Spain would be prisoners of war, and not subject to execution for piracy.

It will be seen that the chief effect of the action we propose is moral, not physical, but that even in physical matters it would have some effect in lessening the horrors of war. It might result in pecuniary loss to this country, in-so-much as now we can hold Spain responsible for the value of property of American citizens destroyed by the insurgents as well as by her own troops in prosecution of the war. The new government would be looked to for payment for damage committed by its followers from the time of acknowledgment, but since the prospect seems to be in this case that both Spain and Cuba will be entirely insolvent before peace comes, that consideration has not much weight.

At any rate it seems to be a fact that the insurgents have maintained themselves in arms against all the force Spain could bring, long enough to make them worthy of recognition, — Spain herself practically acknowledges belligerency by treating the captured Cuban General Rivera as a prisoner of war, and not as a criminal, — and so believing we shall do the manly and right thing, as well as the humane thing, by according that recognition.

TO THE PRESIDENT:

We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States of America, petition you to recognize and grant belligerent rights unto the Republic of Cuba, and we pray that this may be done with as little delay as possible:—

SIGNED

PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

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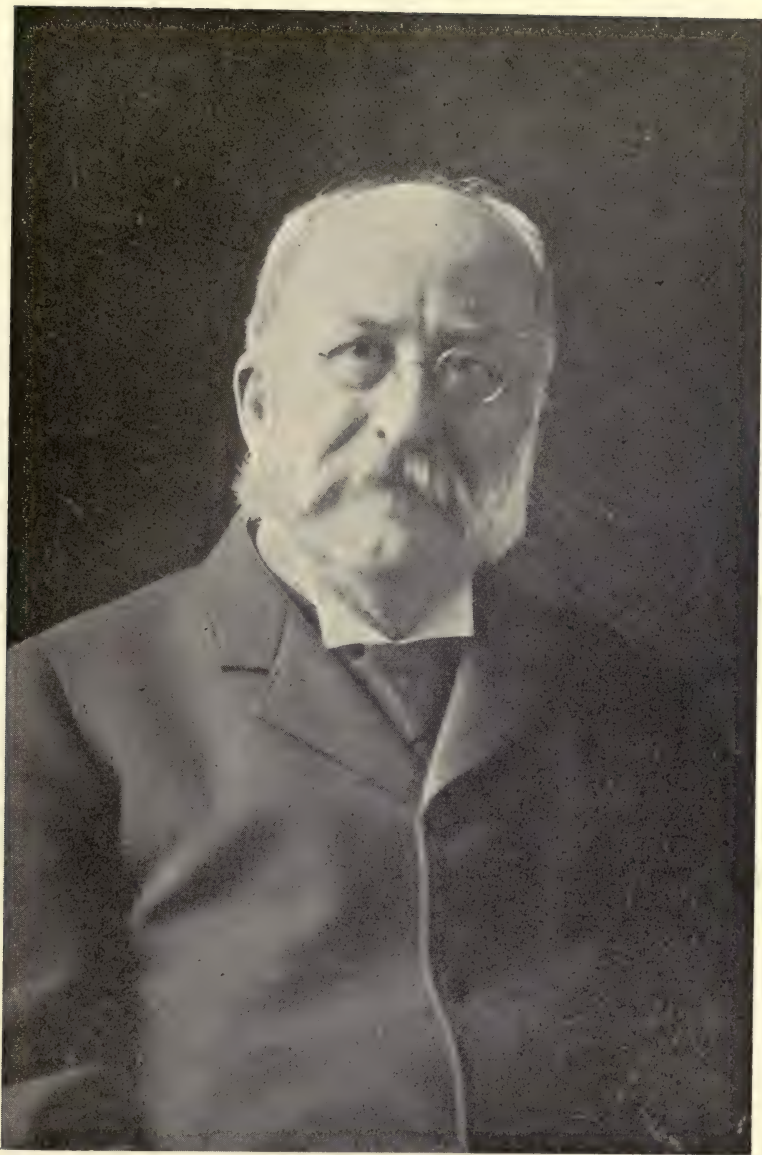
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Twin Rocks on Russian River, Mendocino County, California.





From "Etc."

John Brown

♦FREE♦
PUBLIC LIBRARY

MAY 31 1897

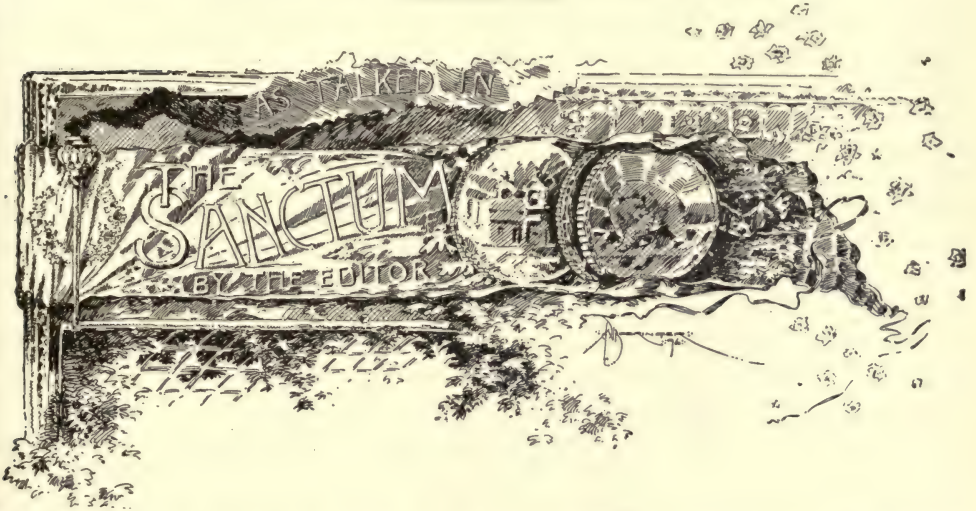


Albertine Randall Wheelan.

From "Sketch Club."

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXIX. (Second Series.)—June, 1897.—No. 174.



THERE are times when one longs to be on speaking acquaintance with a phonograph. It would pay Mr. Pullman to conceal a machine in each and every smoking room. As I make this suggestion for Mr. Pullman's benefit, I would further suggest that he leave the transmission of their contents to some equable-minded secretary who lives beneath the cuticle of an elephant. There are things said in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car that are not altogether flattering to its maker. However, as most of these bitter gibes are aimed at the "niggers" and as each gibe bears a striking resemblance to its predecessor, a phonograph might be so constructed as to reject all "chestnuts."

Out of the mass of material thus collected there would be enough good stories, amusing incidents, bits of repartee, witticisms, pathos, and bathos, to compile once a month a little volume of "Smoking Compartment Tales" that would rival "Back Log Studies." If Mr. Pullman will adopt this gratuitous suggestion the Sanctum agrees to take upon itself their editing and compiling. It agrees too that there shall not be embalmed one single righteous "kick" against tips or porters.

There were five of us in the smoking room of the Oregon express. From the time we left the mole until we reached the straits of Carquinez, two of the five had been discussing centrifugal pumps, diamond drills, indicated horse-power, and automatic cut-offs,—terms that any well behaved phonograph ought to reject with scorn.

Directly across sat a big, prosperous-looking Jew, puffing full grown Turkish cigarettes. He was not one of these oily, repulsive Hebrews, and whenever he lighted a fresh torch he passed the box around, which I took as an indication of Gentile culture. I found that he ate, three times a day, goose-liver imported from Strasburg at the cost of three dollars a tin.

The young man at my right, who was full of questions regarding the great Port Costa ferry boat, fell into a conversation with the Jew regarding Portland,—according to which it would seem that times were dull in Portland, and Mr. Jacobs remarked:

"You should haf seen Portland in 1864 to 8, ven it vas the supply depot for the great Idaho mines. I vas there mit both feet."

My mind wandered away from the hydraulic dredges that my neighbors now had under discussion. I had lived in Idaho ten years before, and the story of the great placer mines in the Boise basin I had heard dozens of times, about camp fires and in mining camps.

"Vhy, there vas twenty thousand peobles in Idaho City in those days and twenty thousand more in the basin. It vas a city, an' freights from Portland vas fifty cents a pound. Tink of dat, vait till I tell you. There vas houses in Idaho City dat had hand carved pillars, and carpenters got twenty-five tollars a day. Dose pillars vas vorth der veight in silver, an' the tamn miners burnt the city down—every stick. We charged one dollar and a quarter a pound for flour, one dollar and a quarter a pound for beans an' pork, and veighted out one ounce of salt for one ounce of gold dust. Ah, ven I tell you those vere great times, listen."

We listened and I regretted that there was no phonograph. I knew the life of the miner. I had lived in mining camps and what I had not actually seen I had read of in Bret Harte, but never before had I heard or read of the actual life of these human sharks who follow the mining camps and fatten on their toil. It was all related with so much simple vanity, with so much naïveté, that we listened in rapt attention. Even the discussion of horizontal flues lagged and was silent.

Ten years ago I rode for three months through the wild mountain scenery of Idaho. The stretches of sage-brush desert, the cool depths of gaudily colored cañons, the dim soundless aisles of pines, the intense heat of mid-day, and the bitter chill of the nights, impressed me—possibly because I was ten years younger then—with the feeling that I was a discoverer, a pioneer. Yet here and there in the twilight of a gulch a Chinaman was washing for gold—washing in the midst of a small desert of cobble-stones. His shanty was up the bank, under a pine, but it was so temporary that it stood merely as a blot in the midst of this primeval nature.

In Idaho City I found a hotel, a few stores and saloons, and four or five hundred people. On all sides about this oasis miles upon miles of cobble-stones and gravel lay burning in the sun. Wrecks of sluices and ditches led from this wilderness of stones back into the hills, but they were rotten and falling away. As I rode my cayuse along the narrow path that stretched out to Placerville, picking my way around bowlders that were too big to be moved, down into and along the bottom of a disused ditch, a feeling of utter loneliness and desolation came over me. A buzzard circled high above my head and here and there a lizard slept in the sun, but not a spear of grass or green thing broke the dazzling glare of this American Arabia Felix. That these miles of desolation had ever been as many miles of fertile acres, luxuriant with grass and flowers, filled with a crowding, surging mass of humans from all parts of the world, yet all animated with the same ambitions, seemed as impossible then as it did while Mr. Jacobs was picturing Idaho City in its flush. He has never seen it since the extortion of himself and his fellows brought down the curse of Sodom and Gomorrah upon it.

"I vas eighteen only ven I left 'Frisco in '64, for Idaho. I haf twelve thousand dollars stock. Big shovels that cost me two dollars and a half in 'Frisco sold for six dollars and firms would take one hundred every two weeks. There vas some small loss, for it vas the custom of the times to keep a barrel of visky an' a glass jar of quinine free for all. Tink of it, an' the freight vas fifty cents a pound. I have

drank a pint of visky mit an ounce of quinine in one day before the cool of the afternoon. Forty thousand men vere stirring up and vashing away the virgin soil. Vell, vait until I tell you, that twelve thousand dollars vorth veighed eighty thousand pounds and the freight from Umatilla was forty thousand dollars. I sold my stock in two weeks for over one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, the first forty thousand dollars going to the packers. Every time a gambler vent broke I hired him for a clerk. They were honest and could fight the Sydney coves. In my store I had thirty-two. It vas lucky, for one day just because I raised the price of flour from one dollar and a quarter a pound to one dollar and a half, the ungrateful fools tried to mob the store. I vas ready. We put up the iron shutters, all but one, and out of that we pushed flour and bacon to any one that tossed in his dust. Business vas brisk right along during the fight. Two of my best gamblers were laid up, but more than twenty miners crawled away on their hands and knees.

"You see the point, there was no appreciation for a man who risked every cent to get in flour and bacon at fifty cents a pound freight. No one vas in Idaho City for his health. The first year I cleared up seventy thousand dollars gold, and vent to 'Frisco for a new stock. I got into a little poker game an' lost twenty-five dollars in one night. It vas a cold deck they put up on me. I spent money like a lord, an' I vas n't twenty. Vait till I tell you, then you wonder.

"Every month we vent to Umatilla mit a pack mule loaded with dust. Wells, Fargo charged fifteen per cent. It vas worth it. For the country vas full of Sydney ducks and greasers, an' many a miner left his dust and his life in Blue mountains. Those vas great days, but I saved my fifteen per cent. There were never more than three of us,—Sam Todd, my head gambler, and Sam Merrit, a Louisianian, the squarest gambler in the Basin. Merrit exchanged shots with the Sheriff Green White one day when he tried to borrow five thousand dollars of me at the muzzle of his Colt's, so ve had to leave Merrit behind and take Ross, a new man. Von night Ross vas on watch. Todd vas asleep. I heard a someding snap, and I woke up quick. Ross was seated by the fire and he say,—

" 'What the matter ?'

" 'Nothing,' I said, 'I was dreaming.'

"Then I woke up Todd and asked him if he heard a snap, and he said I vas dreaming. I think maybe, but I could not sleep.

"Twenty years after I meet a tramp on Clay street. He said,—

" 'My God, Jacobs, don't you know me ?'

"I shook my head.

" 'Come into Dick's place. I vant to tell you someding.'

"Then he said he was Ross and that he had put the muzzle of his rifle at my ear that night ven I sleep. But it had snapped and I voke up, and he lost his nerve. Then he wanted to borrow a hundred dollars."

"Did you give it to him ?" we asked eagerly.

"I paid him four hundred dollars a month in Idaho and boarded him on grub vorth one dollar and a quarter a pound, and he run away when dose scoundrel miners burnt down my new fire proof store and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars vorth of goods. I gif dot man one hundredth part of a dollar and tolt him to go and drink himself to death.

"I vas not a fighting man, I vas out to make money, but I carried a derringer in each vest pocket and put on fresh caps every morning. But how those devils

would fight. Von morning I hear shots in the saloon next to my store. By and by I vent in. There were four dead men on the floor and the bar-tender, and if it had not haf been that there vas more than ten thousand dollars vorth of dust mixed up in their blood it vould haf made me sick to my stomach. Dot blood vas vorth money, an' I mopped it up, but I swore dat I vould get out of the hellish country as soon as I had made another one hundred thousand dollars.

"I vas a kid, but none of those old miners got the best of me. There vas three butchers that solt meat through the Basin. Every day they visited everybody. I paid dose butchers one thousand dollars a month apiece to let me know every time a miner jumped the camp, an' it vas vorth it. I had a mule that I paid nine hundred dollars for. His legs vas no bigger than that. He could outrun anything I ever saw. Half way to Boise I kept a fresh mule, and every time, I caught the miner before he got thirty miles from camp. It vas delicate vork; for if the man vas ugly and vould not pay me vat he owed, I vould shoot his animal. If I made a mistake once and hit the man it vould haf cost me thousands before that tamn sheriff thief vould have let me off. But I vas a goot shot an' that mule vas a beauty. I don't tink I lost much and I charged for my trouble, you bet. You had to keep vide awake to get everything that came your vay.

"The second year I took one hundred and fifty thousand to Frisco and bought goods. Freights vent down from fifty cents to fifteen cents a pound, and the miners tried to mob us because we would n't give them the advantage of the reduction, but they run up against a snag. My thirty gamblers were getting four hundred dollars, and they knew how to shoot. Vait till I tell you. Flour stayed at one dollar and twenty-five a pound. Why should I gif them anything? Gold vas no goot to them. They vould buy the finest broadcloth pants — forty dollars a pair, made in Liverpool — and wear them in the mines. In two days they were in the streets, and I trusted them for another pair. I haf seen them sit up all night playing poker and at the same time hire a buck-nigger to throw away twenty dollar pieces on faro. There vas twice as much gold by actual veight in the Basin as flour. If I could only haf sold it veight for veight, I vould be worth millions.

"My stock came up early in the spring. Then came the floods and the others vas left. Those miners vanted to mob me again because I doubled up on the price of my goods. Why should n't I? I had all there vas in the Basin.

"My gamblers stood them off. But the third year they got me. I vent to Frisco with three hundred thousand dollars, — an' only twenty-one years old. I sent up one hundred and fifty thousand dollars vorth of goods, and before I had taken the other one hundred and fifty thousand out of the bank the miners burned the whole city, — everding, — not vone stick left, — just because ve charged one dollar and twenty-five cents a pound for flour and bacon and kept up the price.

"Peoples blamed us, but vat did ve care. The dust we did n't get vent to de devil straight. Vait till I tell you. I haf my long counters covered vith heavy blankets. Ven a man buy anytings and bring out his dust I take it up first in one hand and then in another to blow the sand out. Every week ve burn those blankets and take out two thousand dollars of gold. Vat you think? Goot little placer, hey?

"Vell! Vell! After de fire I never go back. I ought to haf one million, but I only could show one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for my three years' work. A miner is vorse than a mule. They got no heart. All they vant is to gamble and drink. I never go through vith it again for twice the money."

The Young Man on My Right. "And of such are the chosen People."



Estelle Rumbold

THE SKETCH CLUB

"ART FOR ART'S SAKE"

AT FIRST, they jeered at the club. "They" included absolutely every one outside the pale. As there were but nine inside in those days, "they" were decidedly in the majority, and showed their strength in the divers ways that ingenuity could suggest;—such as the sending of letters, weird packages, and original poems, addressed with friendly irony to the "Great and Glorious," or with more direct malice to the "Scratch Club." Even the little Spanish guitar teacher assumed an air of hypocritical deference when asking if the "Clew," as he called it, were painting many pictures now.

Guitar teachers are not usually important factors of art clubs, and it must be

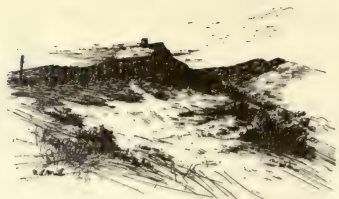
stated — yes, confessed — that in its infancy the Club was addicted to playing on stringed instruments, and spending considerable time thereat. In palliation of this offense was the fact that "they" liked the music, and encouraged it to such an extent that it bade fair at one time to become the main feature, a result that circumstances happily averted. Nowadays it is only on rare high holidays that the original members tune up and "play a little for the company"; for the musical phase is a thing of the past, like the country-trip era that followed, and the Art School period that preceded it.

It was in the old Pine Street Art School that the Club originated, in that its mem-



PIERROT.

Blanche Letcher.



N. L. Murtha.

far from the madding crowd, masterpieces might be achieved without limit or hindrance. The idea, being communicated, proved fascinating. The kindred souls were forthcoming, plans settled, and the destination, Aptos, reached. For three weeks of the summer of 1887, that little village became the scene of an amount of energetic, if not always well directed, artistic effort, that caused wonder to all beholders.

The days were not half long enough, and when night came the toilers slept the sleep of the just, full of the peace that comes of duty fulfilled and victory almost won. For those were the early archaic days, ere knowledge had tempered enthusiasm, and ere the phantoms, Truth, Value, Composition, Surface-light, Quality, and their supporters, had gathered slowly around the easel,—ready to vanish at the slightest infringement of their subtle but undeniable rights.

For three succeeding seasons Monterey, or rather its suburb, Pacific Grove, was



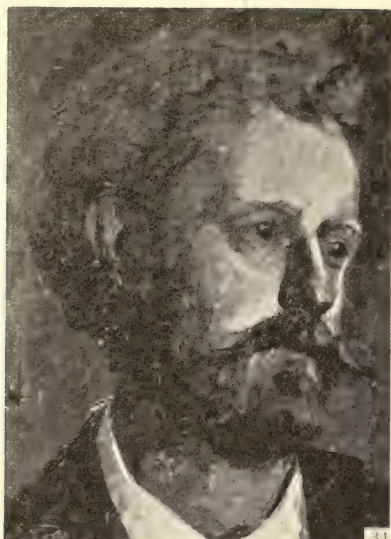
G. R. Sargent.

bers first met there, and there together struggled with the usual problems of still life or casts, under the direction of Mr. Virgil Williams, of whom so many cherish grateful and affectionate memories.

Perhaps it was the weekly trip of the landscape class across the Bay that suggested to one pupil, an enthusiastic student and lover of nature, the idea of a country trip with kindred souls, where,



Lilian Vesaria.



N. L. Murtha,

A MONOCHROME STUDY.



I. M. Niles.

first presented itself to the little band of workers as the only means of continuing and preserving associations that had become close and harmonious both artistically and personally.

Here much good earnest work was accomplished, and here the light of a star from the East illumined their pathway in the person of Mr. Emil Carlsen, painter extraordinary; to whose assistance the Club members owe much of their consciousness of the afore-mentioned phantoms,—his meek and obedient servitors.

Here, too, cluster the Club's most

visited. This picturesque spot the Club may claim as birthplace, for it was amid its stately pines and white dazzling sand dunes, almost surrounded by the broad ocean,—and alas! by gnats and wild April winds,—that the idea of a club



A STUDIO MODEL.

Blanche Letcher.



Mollie Hutchinson Peixotto.



Blanche Letcher.

cherished recollections, preserved, some by the camera, and all by memory. Responsive to the magic power of either, come forth visions of the early spring, and the early morning, and of ubiquitous aproned and sun-bonneted maidens at work therein. Glimpses appear of Mother Nature in countless forms and moods, always sublime, always beautiful, whether on the rugged shores, in the dim forests, or across the endless fields of: blue-eyes, anemones, and poppies. Other visions there are of canvas parodies of the same, now covered deep with alternate layers of artistic effort and palette scrapings; each endeavor, it is



G. R. Sargent.

to be hoped, surpassing its predecessor, thus demonstrating that sketches, like people, may "rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things."

Endless are the memories and scenes that arise, all against a back-ground of a quiet land. For the Grove was a godly place, whose people took life and the Club seriously. Sketch artists, as they were called, came as a new problem: one solution revealed them as emissaries of the Art Association turned loose in the vacations to garner up sketches wholesale for the pecuniary elevation of that body.



J. R. McElroy.

Even the local druggist was possessed of opinions on the subject. This God-fearing young man immortalized himself by sternly refusing to furnish the alcohol that fed the lamp, that heated the iron, that curled the Club bang.

"You can't buy liquor in this Grove," said he. "You'll have to go to Monterey for it."

And the Grove, hearing that the Club had been trying to buy liquor, looked one degree more askance than formerly. While the Club, all-oblivious, kept on serenely sketching, tramping about the country in all sorts of weather, and hob-



Isabel Morrison Niles.

nobbing with the oldest inhabitants, who were bureaus of information as to the whereabouts of wonderful "views." Time and experience taught the Club that these scenes of beauty were invariably the tops of high and barren peaks commanding impressive but impossible panoramas.

Time and experience also reconciled the prevailing standard of grace to Club eccentricities, and gave to the sketchers' visitations a new aspect. They came to be as one with the people, and to be

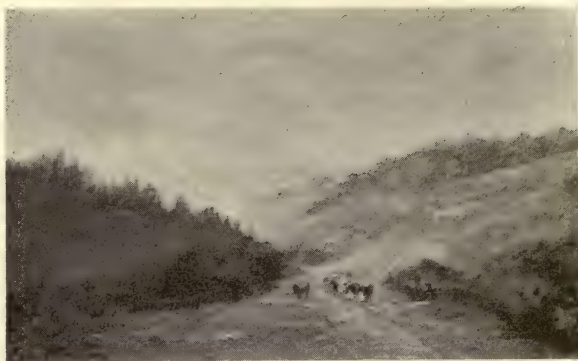
regarded — as they regarded themselves — as an indispensable institution, to be looked for each year with the flowers.

It seems as if there still must be faint traces of the Club there — places in the sand as yet undisturbed containing the imprint of their goloshes and bits of lonesome paint-rags drifting aimlessly over the rocks. Paint-rags that will have to be re-incarnated into new cloth ere it wipes the sketchers' brushes again; for they go no more to Monterey.

And the Sketch Club is no longer a



J. R. McElroy.



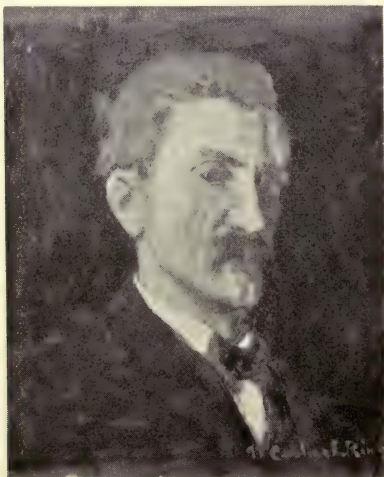
Marie Ray Sander.

ON THE BOLINAS ROAD.

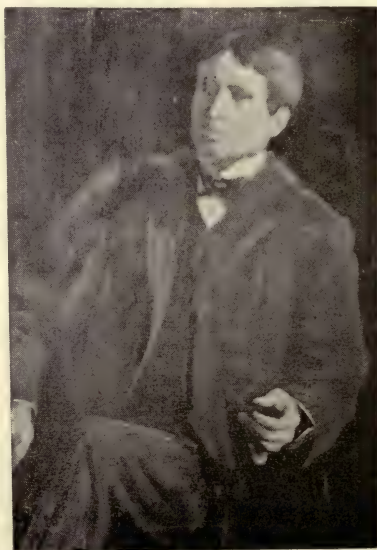
myth. No one questions its existence, no one sends mysterious packages, nor are poetic souls goaded to verse. Such are the penalties (or compensations) of progress. For the Club has advanced to the dignity of a bona fide institution; and as such, it is equipped at present with a studio, over forty active members, four times as many associates, a beautifully planned future, and a past—that is, a more recent past—that is not of country trips or music formed.

This began when the first studio fell to the Club's lot. Though merely a late residence of quadrupeds, its unexpected acquisition, as well as its charming interior, and total absence of rent, threw the Club into paroxysms of joy. After several days spent upon their knees—not in thanksgiving but in filling the floor cracks with an unhappily inspired compound of hay ropes and cement, and in making screens and couches, a constitution was formed, and other art students, becoming interested, joined the cause.

Little by little, through the ensuing years, that cause has prospered, and one by one new members have added their strength, until it has come to pass that



Caroline E. Rixford



Geneve Rixford Sargent.



AN ETCHING.

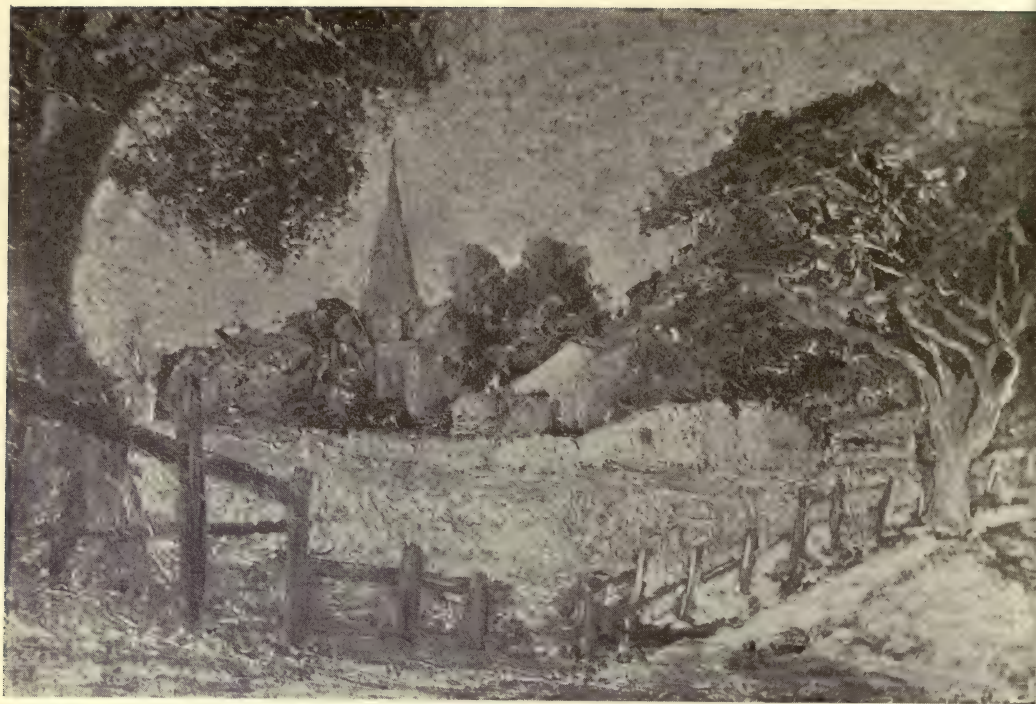
Helen Hyde.



N. L. Murtha.



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THE VILLAGE.

Jane Gallatin Powers.

the purpose with which the Club organized, viz.: "To create and encourage in their friends and the public a more general interest in things artistic," bids fair to be fulfilled.

Meanwhile other and more depressing, draughty, and malarious barns have been

their abiding places, other trials and tribulations have beset their pathway, and many more doubtless lie in wait. For it has been learned of experience that a Club is a complicated structure, of which red tape and finances are important elements.



Austin Randal Whelan

"Come on, boys! Let's make a soup."



Mathilde Eggers Hampe.
MY GARDEN.

Though too numerous to go a-sketching and a-frolicking together in these days, yet there are small compensations. Informal studio affairs come once in a while,—family gatherings from whence the world is excluded, and to which the members arrive full of excitement and parcels. There are usually two of the latter,—a



Helen Hyde.
THE LITTLE MOTHER.

Learning to labor, and to wait has been the Club's policy,—one that might not have resulted so favorably had not the Club possessed in its President a devoted and ideal officer, whose enthusiasm and ability have made many things possible and have been the cause of her election and re-election from year to year.

large one containing material for the feast, and a larger one holding a costume. Then to supply any deficiencies in the larder, a raid is made on a fascinating bakery,—a veritable Arabian Nights' pastry cook's in the neighboring Latin quarter,—which is speedily denuded of cream doughnuts, bouchettes, and similar favored delicacies. Club resources and expedients complete the entertainment. Ordinary garb is discarded along with chronology. Joan of Arc helps Carmencita serve the salad, while an eighteenth century Dutch peasant woman (she was the President but a short hour ago) stolidly unrolls yards of manuscript to read the half page of her address, an effort whose unexpected brevity, no less than its wit, elicits heartfelt applause. The Abyssinian lady, whose speech comes later on, not being able to find her notes, is over-



Bessie Ellis Stowe.
AT FORT ROSS.



A MISTY MORNING.

N. L. Treat.

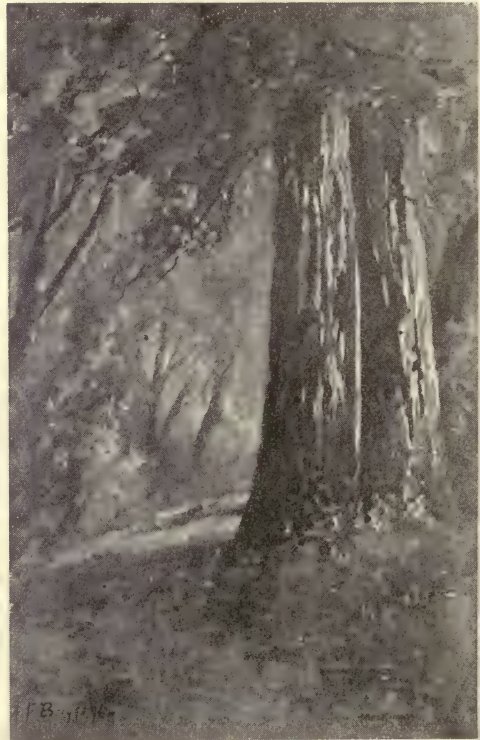


A SHELL VENDER.

Helen Lavery Ray.



Elizabeth Chandler.



IN THE REDWOODS.

A. F. Briggs.



Caroline L. Cook.

on to the future, when the Club may have a factotum for such occasions, along with many other of the usual accessories of futures.

Meanwhile, here into the present the Club fits comfortably, filling with its exhibitions and "Art talks," the niche in the community's interest created by its early chance formation, and its subsequent persistence and energy.

Thus far success has attended the Club's modest mission of interesting people in pictures. And now a day in the future is anticipated, as yet dim and



taken with stage fright and subsides in favor of a seventeenth century Court lady, who tells all about sketching in Holland.

Then there is no lack of music to follow the feast. At the end of the program the Abyssinian lady, whose specialty is Chinese ballads, finds her paper up her sleeve just as she has her face screwed up for the opening squeak, drops her guitar, and makes her speech; for the lady is one of the pillars of the Club, and the opportunity for making pertinent criticisms and helpful suggestions in semi-jocular guise, is not to be lost.

After it is all over comes a bad quarter of an hour or more, of sordid but animated dish-washing, while the Club tongue and the Club dishes rattle, and the Club mind solaces itself by roaming



Albertine Randall Wheelan.

THE SKETCH CLUB AT HOME.

uncertain, but possible by reason of hope and perseverance,—a day when all the Club's air castles will materialize, and its dreams be verified, and all its definite plans be in operation. When that day

comes — if ever — the Club will be able to do something in its turn for Art (the study whereof has done so much for its members) in ways that will suggest themselves hereafter, together with the



Blanche Letcher.

THE SKETCH CLUB ABROAD.



Blanche Letcher.
STUDY HEAD.



L. McDonald Steele
MISS E——.



Blanche Letcher.
AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL.



Blanche Letcher.
A PASTEL.



J. R. McElroy.

CHARCOAL STUDY.



Blanche Letcher.

means. Then the Club's identity will be established, and it will be known as a kindred body by similar organizations in other places. Brother and sister artists, and visitors from sundry lands, previously known to the Club and worshiped from afar, may then be naturally drawn to the Sketch Club by that magic magnet which is wielded by the broad spirit of Art.

N. L. Murtha.



Helen Hyde.

THE DEVIL'S APPRENTICE

A LITTLE WAR OF THE GREEKS



WHAT for you coma here, hein?" Antonio was talking to be heard, or he would have hailed Guiseppe in the Italian tongue.

There was a group of the curious looking down into the fishers' boats, and these loungers were Saxons, so Antonio was anxious to show that he was

a good scholar and that the evenings spent at billiards or pool at the "Stella D'Italia" had given him some knowledge of the English language. These fishermen are always quarreling, and little attention was given their growls. There was a rapid interchange of words between the cousins as they relapsed into the Latin tongue for sake of speed in expression. Guiseppe jumped into the felucca, and seizing a boat hook, pushed the boat out between the wharves, while Antonio labored with the oars heading the boat for the open for a free run through the Heads and out the Golden Gate.

"May the devil take me for his apprentice if ever I venture to sea again with you," rattled out Antonio to his partner.

The other did not reply, but set to work arranging the heavy felucca spar to catch the wind. The tide assisting, the boat was quickly drifting in the desired direction.

In a business way this partnership had been very successful and there was no complaint to be made. But there was always that one bone of contention, Paulina, the girl across the way whom both loved. How complacently that girl received the attentions of either of the rivals only she or they could tell. She was a coquette and no mistake,—had not Rappoli died for her? And had not Antonio come in as his successor and then this Guiseppe loomed up?—he, the least expected of all, a man who had al-

ways been satisfied to do Antonio's chores although a partner, but who now began to spruce up, wash his face, and had come to pose as Paulina's lover. And the quarrels were bitter between the two men.

The wind filled the sails and they passed quickly out, past the Heads and beyond into the expanse of the Pacific in the direction of the fishing ground near Half Moon bay, until the felucca looked like a bobbing cork just outside the line of surf, soon after entirely to disappear behind a headland.

OUT of the fog and drizzling rain came bitter words and loud talk. The day was dark and the two men were in no pleasant mood. The continual quarreling had now become a serious matter; no attention was paid to the boat and the roar of the breakers on the shore came only as an indistinct murmur to the quarreling men. From time to time came an angry gust of wind that flapped the half raised sails and threw the felucca on its side. The sky scowled and there was an ominous metallic rustling of the flag grass on the dunes. The men stood glaring at each other, ready to spring forward for a trial of strength.

At last the culminating outburst of rage came, and they rushed at one another with all the energy of wild beasts. They struggled back and forth on the slippery deck, Antonio finally reaching for a sharp knife.

But it was not used. The boat had drifted toward shore and was now lifted high on a breaker and came down with a bang, one end suddenly arrested by lodging on a rock. One of the heavy slide covers to the deck had loosened and the force of the fall threw it into the air, a sharp corner striking Antonio in the temple.

Guiseppe was in the water, trying to save himself by hanging on the slippery rock. There was a gleam of fiendish joy in his eyes as he noted the deathly pallor



“ Reaching for a sharp knife.”

spreading over Antonio's face. He laughed aloud when Antonio fell backward out of the boat and out of sight into the depths of the sea. The breaker had now come, it raised Guiseppe free of the rock and the boat drifted shoreward on the roll of the surf.

With the sudden rise of the water Guiseppe gasped for breath. Something had struck him in the face. It was a scapulary, attached to his neck by a dirty string. The saint whose face had originally ornamented its surface was obliterated by the grime of years, but to Guiseppe it shone like an illuminated missal and was potent for good; for when the water slapped it up on Guiseppe's forehead, it stuck there a moment and that was why he gasped, "I must save him or I am damned!"

With that he began two or three wild attempts at diving that left him well nigh exhausted. After a great effort he caught at a floating rag and reached a rock that seemed higher than the rest. The waves did not wash over it and it was flatter than the others at the top.

With the limited knowledge at his command he tried to resuscitate Antonio. He raised his arms, pounded his chest, and rubbed him. With every recurrent wave he was drenched. His senses were very acute in all directions but one, — he could not realize that his companion was dead.

The waves would thump the body down on the rock, but Guiseppe still maintained an iron grip of Antonio's neck cloth. In a dreamy sort of way he counted that each ninth wave was the strongest and highest. It seemed to him as if he could individualize each little rivulet of salt water as it ran down his hairy chest, first cold and then hot as molten lead.

Never had the night felt so cold to him, never had he looked upon the winking red light above Fort Point with such terror. It was to him like the blinking eye of some demon. The red eye that flared out to sea from time to time struck right into his heart and burned there; the only warm place in his body.

He crouched lower and lower and shook with the cold. Only once did he take his eye off the beacon that showed him the lurid depths of hell within himself, and that was when he heard the felucca smash into the rocks on the shore. Then he smiled. The white wraith-like mist-rags were torn again and again, and they piled into space like rolling wash and the red eye blinked. With his hands raised in prayer, his gaze still fixed in the direction of the demon's eye, Guiseppe was caught by the rising tide, and with the shape that was with him was taken gently into its arms. And the beacon light on the fort seemed to wink in quicker cadence as they sank in the salt foam.

Pierre N. Boeringer.

TWILIGHT

HOW still the world is. All the after-glow
Is fading from the sunset; and the slow
Night-shadow creeps across the silent sky.
My spirits are at twilight-ebb — most low.

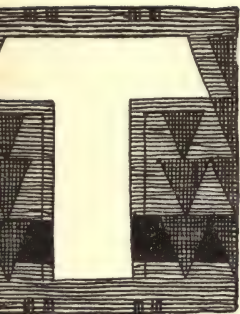
The day is dying, — solemn mystery
Enacted through the ages, and to be
Enacted through the ages till old Time
Totters at last into eternity.

The day is dead. Night-creatures are astir;
Night-voices break the silence; and the whirr
Of some winged thing of darkness passing near
Dissolves my gloomy-spell, — ah, strange comforter!

William H. Anderson.

IN NATURE'S LABORATORY

DRIVING AND FISHING IN YELLOWSTONE PARK



HE bags and overcoats were piled on the seats; the rods and fish-basket stowed away; a gruff "All aboard," a few puffs of the engine, and the train pulled out of the mole, — off for the Yellowstone National Park!

Next morning, we looked out upon the beautiful pools and rapids of the Upper Sacramento. By noon, we had passed the Craggs, Mossbrae falls, and were up among the Selkirks. During the afternoon, we ran through the Valley of the Rogue river, looking out upon its vast wheat and hop fields. The cool of the evening found us following Cow creek, and by bed-time we had passed the famous Cow Creek slide.

Portland was reached just after breakfast the following morning. Here we were to spend the better part of a day, and of course, did Portland Heights, where we found the city laid out as a map at our feet, the river seeming to cut it in two and yet holding it together and connecting it with the great world of commerce.

Two nights and a day of travel over the Northern Pacific took us across Washington and Idaho into Montana; along the border of Lake Pend d'Oreille with its lily pads and broods of young duck; up Clarke's fork with its deep gorges and rugged cliffs, until upon the morning of the second day, we found ourselves at Livingston for breakfast. Here we were to take the branch line to the edge of the Park, and by noon were to be at Mammoth Hot Springs. After breakfast a few hours of travel took us to Cinnabar, where we transferred to the stages of the Yellowstone National Park Transportation Company. The word "stages" may to some bring back memories of the days when the Pullman was of the future. For many, the stage-coach is associated with

long, hard, tiresome, dusty rides; associated with rides in the heat of the day and the cold of the night; associated with discomfort and displeasure. The stages one finds in the Yellowstone have none of the above disagreeable elements. They are all that skill and money can produce, and are drawn over government roads by some of the best horses Montana can raise, and that State is famous for its horses.

A drive of about five miles took us into the Park, and five miles more up the Gardiner river brought us to Mammoth Hot Springs hotel. Lunch eaten, we sallied forth to the hot spring formation. This was the first view we had of a real, live Yellowstone hot spring. The general effect was beautiful. The formation is an immense mound of a grayish white, porous material called silica. This has all been deposited by the hot waters of the springs, which bubble over continuously. The silica is held in solution by the hot waters, but upon cooling, is deposited. The great beauty of the formation is its coloring. That portion of the great mass which is kept moist by the water is colored in a way that is indescribable. The tints shade from the dull gray where there is the least water up to the bright red and orange where there is a steady flow. Of course, the steady flow of water is at the top, thus causing the brightest colors to be on the top and the more solid, somber ones at the base. We had really commenced to see Yellowstone.

The next morning found us seated in a surrey behind two well-kept blacks. Our traps, including rods and basket, were packed in, and we started forth into the land of wonders. The morning drive of about twenty miles took us through the famous Golden Gate and past Rustic falls, which are just beyond, across the Gardiner river, and up Willow creek, which is said to be the home of the Eastern speckled beauties, along the base of the towering Obsidian cliffs, by the borders of Beaver lake, and by noon, we



YELLOWSTONE LAKE AND PAINT POTS.

had reached Norris geyser basin, where we were to lunch. Norris basin is the home of the famous "Larry." None of the wonderful sights is any more talked of or any better known than this "Irish Larry." He has a cheery welcome and a friendly josh for each and every traveler, be the traveler fat or thin, ugly or beautiful, poor or wealthy.

Lunch finished, the guide took us in hand "to turn on a 'Gieser' for us" as Larry said, and we went forth to view our first of Nature's fountains.

It is a curious fact that in sight-seeing in the Yellowstone, one is shown first the things that are least wonderful, and the more wonderful later. This is noticeable in viewing geysers. The first that one sees are the smallest and least pretentious. Little by little they increase in size and beauty, until the last day with the geysers one sees the great Giant and Giantess. The first geysers we were shown were the Three Sisters. They were all three of the same size, but different in color, one being green, the other blue, and the third reddish. By their side was the Minute Man, which, as might be inferred from the name, plays every minute. Further on, we saw the blue depths of the Congress spring, which is supposed at one time to have been an active geyser, but is now simply a great, bubbling basin about fifteen feet in diameter. The Growler, with its low, rumbling sounds, and the Slum Kettle, with its muddy, repulsive-looking liquid, were next brought to our view. The crater of the Monarch was seen in the distance ;

but time is money, so we were satisfied with having seen it in the distance, and returned to our surrey, to be driven down the Gibbon river, past its beautiful falls and over the divide on to the Firehole river and up along its banks to the Fountain hotel, where we were to spend our second night in the Park.

After dinner, we were rushed into a 'bus and driven about three miles to the crater of the Great Fountain geyser, which was expected to play at about eight o'clock. We waited until after ten, and then drove back to the hotel, a somewhat disgusted crowd. Geysers do not always play just when one wants them to. Of the Great Fountain, I shall have more to say later on.

Our third day in the Park we shall call "Geyser day." The morning found us in our surrey by eight o'clock. We had the rods and baskets under our seat. I wonder why we kept carrying these fishing things, especially when we were going to see geysers. Perhaps we carried them for luck.

The first geyser we came to was the Excelsior, or what is sometimes called Hell's Half Acre, and a very appropriate name for it we thought as we looked down into its deep chasm with boiling greenish-blue water at the bottom, giving off vast clouds of steam that came up and surrounded us. We could hear the subterranean explosions, which seemed to us like distant cannonading, after every one of which there would be an upheaval of the water and a fresh cloud of steam.

From the Excelsior, we drove past the



RIVERSIDE GEYSER.

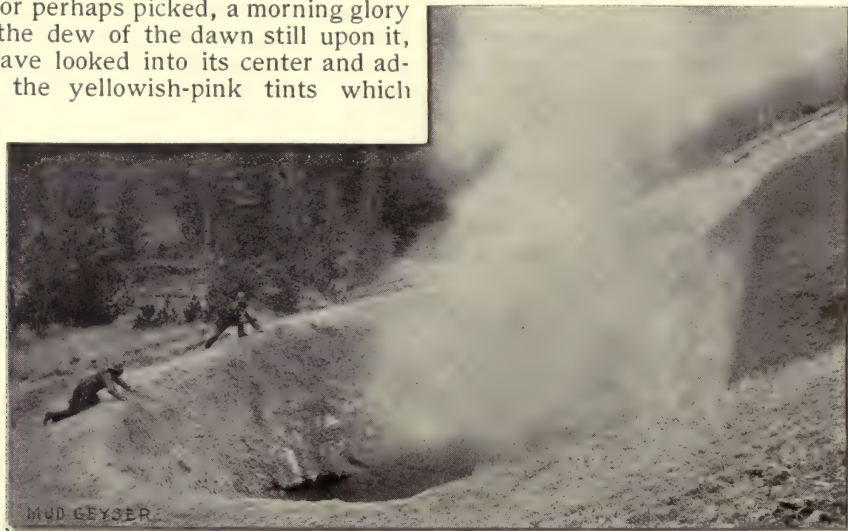
Gem pool, with its clear water and its green depths. Our next stop was made beside the Morning Glory. As we looked down into its trumpet-shaped crater, we exclaimed, "How beautiful! How perfect! How well Nature has copied one of her own creations!" You have, of course, seen, or perhaps picked, a morning glory with the dew of the dawn still upon it, and have looked into its center and admired the yellowish-pink tints which

shade into white. You have perhaps admired its symmetrical form and grace. Imagine before you, if you can, a pool of water, say about two feet in diameter, and formed after the shape of the morning glory you have seen in the fields. Imagine those selfsame colors, a little intensified, transferred to this pool, or rather, perhaps, imagine Nature dipping her brush into the delicate tints of an autumn sunset and painting them upon the sides of this pool. Then imagine the whole filled with a crystal liquid—we will not call it water, for it is far too clear—that gives one the impression of being solidified air, and you have before you the Morning Glory of the Yellowstone.

We next drove to the Grotto, and were fortunate in finding it in eruption, and a most interesting sight it was, shooting steam and water out from its grotto-shaped crater with a rush and a roar. From the Grotto, it was only a short distance to the Castle, with its white, towering walls giving out puffs of vapor at short intervals. By the side of the Castle was the Giant, and across the river could be seen its mate, the Giantess, and also the Beehive.

The end of our morning drive found us at the lunch station at Upper geyser basin.

Everyone who has ever been within the borders of the Yellowstone has heard



THE MUD VOLCANO.



LIBERTY CAP, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

of, and probably seen, Old Faithful. Even those who have only been to the Park through the eyes of their friends or the pages of books count Old Faithful among their friends; and well they may, for he is a friend indeed of every tourist to Wonderland. "Men may come and men may go, but Old Faithful goes on for ever." With the regularity of a clock, he pours out his soul toward heaven every sixty minutes and then sinks back to regain new strength.

From the porch of the lunch station, we could see Old Faithful steaming and puffing. We were told that there would be an eruption in about two minutes. A few minutes walk brought us to the side of the crater where we were to watch the eruption. As we stood there watching the puffs of steam pouring out of the crater, every nerve was set and every eye watched for the changes that were to occur. Each puff of steam seemed to be larger than the former, until all of a sudden there appeared to be no action. That was the lull before the storm. Next, sounds like distant subterranean cannonading reached our ears, and large bubbles rose and broke on the

surface of the water in the crater. Then came a very noticeable rise and bulging of the surface of the water until it overflowed the edge of the crater. Immediately thereafter, the whole of the water in the tube shot into the air to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, the column being about six feet in diameter, forming a fountain of dazzling splendor. The eruption of water was immediately followed by the escape of steam with a roaring noise. This great natural fountain continued to play for nearly fifteen minutes; the sunlight falling upon the spray, forming beautiful rainbows. It was a sight worth traveling a long way to see, — a sight, which once seen will never be forgotten.

From Old Faithful we returned to the porch of the lunch counter. As we sat there and looked for miles in all directions, and saw wherever we looked steaming caldrons sending off dense vapors, jets of steam and boiling water shooting into the air every here and there, the coloring of a formation bright and glaring, and heard the rush and roar of escaping steam, it seemed as if we were looking upon a panorama of the Inferno. We were watching the forces of Nature putting on the finishing touches of a continent. Nature was before our eyes forging the last link in the chain, which was to bind the continent together. We were there upon the continental divide, and Nature was welding both halves into one whole.



GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.



GIANT GEYSER.

Perhaps you, who have watched us traveling from San Francisco to the Park, and have seen us get into our surrey every day with that ugly-looking fish-basket and those long rods under the seats, and have noticed that travel-worn leather bag, have wondered why we carried them, and perhaps may have been thoughtless enough to say it was only for effect. So far, it had only been for effect; but the effect upon us was to make us uneasy to set up those rods, to get out the fly-books and reels, and to drop a speckled beauty or two through that queer-looking little hole in the top of the basket.

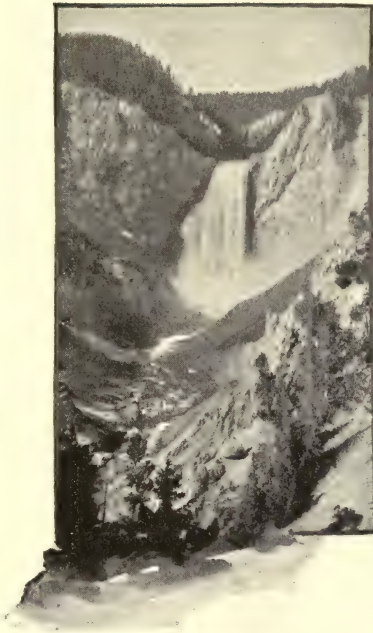
One of the main reasons why we had taken the trip to the Yellowstone was to have some of its fishing — to have a try at that wonderful fishing we had read so much of. In the guide-books and folders, we had read sentences like the following, —

Referring to the unequaled trout-fishing now found in the Yellowstone Park, one who has recently experienced the pleasure of it and who is an authority, and "knows whereof he affirms," says that nothing like it exists elsewhere in the world.

We had our private opinions of the fellow who "affirmed," and to say the least, considered him a very fine fisherman and a good writer. When we reached the Park, every one told us we could catch fish anywhere and everywhere, but still those rods remained under the seat, and as the days passed by, we wished we could tell some of those people what we thought of them. When we looked into the hot springs, we saw no signs of fish, and in the geysers the finny tribe was missing. Still we went bravely on, now and then casting a longing glance at the rods, and hoping, at least, that we might some day find some place where we could take them out of their cases and look at them, if nothing more.

As we turned our backs upon Old Faithful and his companions that afternoon, and drove down the Firehole river toward the Fountain house, the shadows were just commencing to lengthen. Through the pines, I could catch here and there tantalizing glimpses of the river as it ran along between its meadowy banks. Now and then, it formed rapids which ran into beautiful pools and then out again into long, open riffles. Here, there would be a log extending out into the water, at the end of which I could see a tempting eddy from which I was almost sure I could coax a "big one." Next, there would be a long bend with a riffle above and below it. In those riffles, I could imagine I saw several "beauties" waiting for a fly to drop upon the water that they might jump at it.

Well, I stood all this just as long as I could. I was going to get out my rod and make a try, even if I failed. My companion was a little, in fact, very sleepy,



YELLOWSTONE FALLS.

and did not care whether there were fish or no fish; what he had his mind on was that long, quiet nap he was to have when he reached the hotel. By promising him that I would only make a few casts, and that he could sleep in the surrey while I tried my luck, he consented to wait just a minute or two. I pulled on some overalls, a fishing-coat, a pair of "gums"; set up my pet rod; tried the reel to see if it still knew its song; ran the line through the guides; tied on a leader; picked a brown hackle, a royal coachman; and a black gnat, out of my book; and sallied down to the river. Before me was a beautiful pool, one of those long, deep ones with just enough current running through it to make the flies work well. On both sides of the river there was a flat, grassy strip about twenty yards wide, and back of this came the pines. I crept up as close to the pool as I dared, took the rod in my right hand, and made a long, pretty cast out past the middle of the pool. The flies had no sooner straightened out than there was a break in the water and a streak of gold and black passed over the end hackle and into the water. He had missed it; but he was a beauty. I felt like letting out

an Indian whoop—there was a fish in the river anyway, I had seen him. The next thing to do was to catch him. I was all of a tremble, for if ever I wanted a fish in my life, I wanted that one, if for nothing more than to give me some cause for yelling to my sleepy companion to bring down the landing-net. Once more I drew back and made a long cast, but the flies struck a little too far up stream and had to travel with the current a little distance. No sooner were they over the spot where I had had the first rise than, zip, something struck the end fly and started up stream, making the line hum through the water and the reel spin. I did not think, as some people tell, that I had a whale or an elephant, I knew what it was—it was a good big trout. There is only one thing that acts the way this something on the end of my line did, and that is a gamy trout. He ran up stream until the current and strain of the rod was too much, and then he left the water. You can imagine the way he left the water. You know the way a big trout acts. Well, he acted as they all do. When he was back in the water, he started down stream, and when he reached the end of the pool, he broke again and then came toward me and then away from me. By this time, the first rush was over and I let out a long, deep yell for my sleepy friend. As soon as he heard that yell, he knew just what was up, and he came down that hill with the landing-net in his hand just as fast as a man who was not a bit sleepy. His first words were:—

"What have you got? How big is he?"

After a little sulking, a few dashes, and a break or two, came the fight around the landing-net, and at last I had him kicking in the grass on the bank. He was a



FOUNTAIN HOTEL.



UPPER PULPIT TERRACE.

beauty! A Loch Leven that measured nearly twenty inches and weighed over two pounds and a half. As he lay there in the grass, his yellow stripe and red spots upon the black made a very pretty picture. He was a beauty, and he was ours.

Thoughts of a nap left the mind of my companion, and fishing was declared the order of the day. He soon had his "Leonard" set up, and before many minutes had a mate to mine bending it almost double. I never saw any one wake up so quickly in my life. He never had a thought of sleep the rest of the afternoon. The fact was, he did not have time for such thoughts, the fish kept him too busy.

From the time I hooked my first fish up to a little while before dark, we had the finest fishing I ever heard of. When I say it was the finest fishing I ever heard



STAGE AT LIBERTY CAP.

of, I mean it, and I have heard some very tall fish stories. We fished almost side by side all afternoon, and one was working with a fish all the time, and part of the time both of us had our hands full.

We lost the biggest one we had hooked, of course; one always does. When we left the stream, we had twenty-two fish that would average over two pounds apiece. Some were Rainbows; some were Loch Levens; some were Cut-throats, and they were all beauties, every one of them a work of art. I never hope to catch such a gamy, beautiful mess of trout again. Such fishing one only has once in a lifetime.

The next morning, we were up before daylight and at them again, and still they came. The better part of the day, we were shipping the pools and riffles of the



BEEHIVE GEYSER

Firehole. There would be a lull now and then, when we struck a stretch of still, open water, but most of the time we were working hard with them and bringing to net many a beauty. That afternoon when we drove up to the hotel, we were two tired, happy fishermen. We had had fishing that, even in our wildest hopes, we had never fancied. Those two days will always be bright spots in my memory. When I look back now upon the broad river with its beautiful pools and long, open riffles, upon the pines and the grassy banks, and see those big fellows jumping at my flies and making the line hum through the water and the reel sing, it seems like a beautiful dream to me. I almost believe I have been to the happy hunting grounds.

As I have said before, immediately after dinner the first night we were at the Fountain hotel, we were rushed into a 'bus and driven to the crater of the Great Fountain geyser. On our way, we passed the wonderful Paint Pots, which are immense bubbling springs or caldrons about thirty feet in diameter, of a liquid that looks very much like white lead in one and pink lead in the other. The tints upon the sides of the caldrons are truly beautiful, and the puffs of steam that are given off add to the whole an ethereal, mystical appearance that is peculiar to the formations of the Yellowstone.

Soon we arrived at the famous Great Fountain, which is one of the largest geysers in the Park. Its crater is about twenty feet in diameter, and one can see down into its clear, blue water at least fifteen feet, and watch the bubbles ascend and break upon the surface. Surrounding the main crater is a secondary, flat basin, and it is in the formation of this border that one sees the most beautiful tints that Nature can produce. The shapes and forms are of the most fantastic and artistic. The coloring is of the lighter and more delicate hues, being upon the pink and amber shades. The forms, colored as they are with the beautiful tints and seen through the clear, still water, which gives one the impression of looking through a pure crystal, make one think of fairyland, they are so beautiful and artistically ideal.

After viewing these more gentle elements, we became impatient for the grand. We had come to see an eruption, — had almost been promised it at seven o'clock, — and here it was nearly eight. We watched the indicators, but they gave no sign of sounding the alarm. We watched the bubbling water of the crater rise and fall, hoping that each rise would be the last grand spurt, and that each fall was the lull before the storm. We asked questions of the guide; talked among ourselves; carried wood, and built a fire. Time passed, the night grew colder, and still there was no eruption. About ten-thirty, it was the general opinion of the party that we had better give the moon and stars our proxies and let them watch the never-ceasing bubbling of the Fountain, and we re-

turned to the hotel, a cold, tired, and disgusted lot.

The next day, as we were returning from our visit to the Upper Basin, we saw a vast column of steam ascend toward heaven from the vicinity of the Fountain, which was a sign that there had been an eruption, and we had just missed it.

The third evening that we were at the Fountain hotel, we were again told that there was to be an eruption of the Great Fountain. We thought perhaps there might be luck in odd numbers, having missed two eruptions. We piled into the 'bus to make a try for the third. Again we viewed the beauties of the border; again we watched the fluctuation of the water of the crater, and again we became impatient. The hours passed slowly because we expected every minute to be the last. Nine o'clock came and no eruption. Ten o'clock came and no eruption. The moon rose and cast its mellow light upon the water of the crater and the outer basin. The stars blinked and twinkled and watched over us and the geyser. It was a beautiful sight, with the great geyser before us slowly and deliberately preparing for a mighty effort, the pines back of us sighing and whispering to one another, and that little knot of impatient watchers moving to and fro in the firelight. The question was raised, "Shall we go or shall we stay?" and it was decided we should stay with it until the "bitter end." There was more wood piled upon the fire, and we settled down to wait in earnest. We had gotten to that "don't care" state, when those who were standing at the edge of the crater rushed back with a cry of, "Here she comes!"

Slowly and deliberately the water in the crater overflowed into and filled the outer basin. This was an unfailing indication that an eruption was coming. More wood was piled upon the fire, and the flames leaped with joy and reflected themselves in the moving water. The moderate bubbling increased to violent convulsions. There was a low, sullen rumbling; a bulging of that great mass of water, and with a rush and a roar, the whole mass shot into the air one hundred and fifty feet. It was a sight worth the many hours of waiting to see that great

volume of water, twenty feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty feet high, rise and then fall and rise again and continue to play. As it rose toward the spangled blue and the reflected glow of the fire fell upon the water and steam, it seemed like a most beautiful and grand electric fountain; then the steam would drift to one side and the moonlight would play upon it. It was a grand and overpowering sight!

The geyser continued to play for nearly an hour, but the first twenty minutes it was at its best and showed its greatest power, making grand spurts which would be followed by the little lull that came before a renewal of vigor. Then, little by little, the spurts became more feeble; the water subsided, the fire smoldered and went out, and the eruption of the Great Fountain was over.

The following morning, we were up bright and early and rolling along on our way toward Yellowstone lake. We had a last glimpse at Old Faithful and his companions, passed Kipler's cascade, crossed the continental divide, and by noon were at the Thumb lunch station on the border of the lake. In the afternoon we boarded the little steamer which makes the run to the Lake hotel. A most enjoyable trip it was after the long ride of the morning in the hot sun.

Yellowstone lake is a beautiful sheet of water with its wooded islands and numerous inlets. It is the largest expanse of water at such an altitude in the world. It is 7,741 feet above sea level. It reminds one a little of Lake Tahoe, but one misses the beautiful clear blue of the water of that lake. On our trip, we landed at one of the islands and saw some elk and mountain sheep, both most interesting. We reached the Lake hotel at a little after four, and we were soon in a boat with our fishing clothes on, bound for the outlet, where we caught more fish than we wanted. The outlet reached, we anchored our boat in the current, and commenced catching fish on our flies as fast as we could haul them out. We caught two and three at a time, and they all weighed about a pound. In an hour and a half we caught twenty-nine fish that weighed a little over thirty pounds. There were so many fish that there was no great pleasure in catching them; it was all too easy,

and we still look back upon the fishing in the Firehole as the best fishing we ever had.

The next morning we were in our surrey by nine and driving down the Yellowstone river toward the Grand cañon. At last we were approaching the famous, great, and only Grand cañon.

We had been following the broad river all morning. Slowly and steadily it had run through an open, level country between green, grassy banks. It had been wasting none of its energy, but at every turn gaining force for the grand effort which it was to make in a few miles.

As we drove along, suddenly the general appearance of the banks of the stream changed. They were no longer flat, grassy banks; rugged, rocky cliffs had taken their place. The water of the river commenced to surge and foam. One heard a low, sullen roar; saw the rushing mass of foam and water ahead, and then it was lost to sight,—it had taken the Upper falls of the Yellowstone.

We left our surrey and walked to the brink of the falls. There before us was that great mass of water tumbling at one leap over one hundred feet. It was an impressive sight. The trees around and above, the black rocks, the cañon beyond, through which the eye sweeps, make an artistic frame for that tumbling, surging, foaming cataract as it falls in majestic folds and then rebounds to almost half its original height. The mist clouds float away and are struck by the sunlight, and show the most beautiful colors of the rainbow. With it all comes that sullen, thundering roar.

Between the Upper and Lower falls there is a stretch of cañon and river about a mile and a half long. Here the water goes dancing along, singing its song of happiness as it goes. It is proud of its first great effort and becomes ambitious for more power and more glory. As it approaches the last great leap, its song changes to a steady, defiant roar. Just at the brink, parts of the great whole seem to become timid and unwilling to go further. They wriggle and writhe and would turn back, but the determination of the great whole carries them on, and with a grand cry of exultation and a thundering roar, the great mass leaps over the brink into the surging, whirling basin below; a grand leap

of over three hundred feet. Then the spray rises and seems to be carrying upward the souls of the unwilling ones, while the great body runs joyfully on through that Grand cañon. It has done its work in life,—has made its one great effort, and goes on its way, rejoicing and dancing.

As one stands there at the brink of the falls and watches all this go on, and hears that never-ceasing roar, he is overpowered. It is grand. One feels so feeble, so insignificant, beside that great power. One looks over the brink upon the falling water and into the whirling basin and is at first fascinated, but then draws back overpowered and appalled; it is too mighty, too wonderful.

Inspiration point is at the edge of the Grand cañon. If you have been there, you know what the view is; you have a colored picture of it in your mind. If you have not been there, reading this will give you no idea of it. To know and to appreciate one must stand there for himself; must breathe the air; must feel the coloring and the distances, and get the effect of the whole.

We had heard of the Grand cañon of the Yellowstone ever since, and before, we started toward it. We had seen pictures of it; had read of it and been told of it; but in seeing it, we fully realized how little prepared we had been for the realization of its grandeur. As we stood there at Inspiration point, we held our breath and were silent. Before us was the sight we had traveled hundreds of miles to see. At our feet was the Grand cañon of the Yellowstone. Its wonderful coloring was there in reality, and of it, what shall I say? Some call it the coloring of the tints of the morning; others give it those of the sunset. To me, the walls and cliffs seemed to be colored with all shades of red, maroon, yellow, and orange, beautifully combined.

There was before us a picture that the artist had tried to paint, but has failed; one that the poet has tried to describe, but has found words insufficient. Those cliffs and colored spires,—those crumbling slides and crevasses with the green river at the bottom with its white foam cannot be pictured by tongue, pen, or brush; to know, one must go forth and see for himself. It is magnificently grand. Who

could say more? Who would be foolish enough to attempt it? More would be mockery, for it is beyond expression. It overpowers man and is beyond him.

Our last day's drive in the Park found us at Larry's by noon and he was still talking of "turning on a 'Gieser' for the lady." The drive in the afternoon took us over the same road we traveled the morning we left Mammoth hot springs. Again we passed Beaver lake and the Obsidian cliffs, and once again drove through the famous Golden Gate and were again at Mammoth Hot Springs hotel.

We had completed the tour of the Park; had seen many strange, interesting, beautiful, and grand sights. We had seen the power of Nature displayed upon all sides and in many forms. It had been a trip where Nature was the chief theme. Nature had made and provided; man went to see and enjoyed. The skies had been blue, the sun bright, the grass green, and the sights beyond our expectations. We had enjoyed it immensely; but it was all over, we could not take it with us except in our memories. We must leave the great geysers, the beautiful rivers with their splendid fish, the lakes and that Grand cañon behind us. As we drove that evening down the Gardiner, these thoughts filled our minds. We were leaving it all, perhaps forever.

As these thoughts passed through our minds, the clouds which had been gathering all afternoon suddenly blackened at the sinking of the sun. The wind became colder and increased in violence. A storm was gathering. Then came the sound of distant thunder. Nature was to give us a final exhibition of her powers. Gradually the sound of the thunder increased, until, crash! came a bolt that seemed to crack the clouds above our heads. The lightning flashed and seemed to play with the peaks that stood upon that bleak, open country. Crash! came another peal and the storm was upon us. Back of us, it was as dark and black as an Egyptian night, and just as we pulled up at the station and were in our sleepers, the rain came down in torrents. The end was a fit closing for a grand trip. We were leaving Yellowstone and its wonders behind, and the powers of Nature were thundering a grand goodby!

Frank B. King.



EDWIN FORREST.

FORREST, McCULLOUGH,—AND MYSELF

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT DAYS OF THE STAGE

THE "genial John" was fresh from supporting great Forrest, when he was called upon to perform the same service for her majesty—myself. He told me afterwards, that it seemed so funny to obey the commands of such a little body; for you must know that a "star" is absolute monarch of the stage while the engagement lasts.

McCullough was a great favorite with both men and women. He was very companionable and generous-hearted. Congratulating me after my sixth call

before the curtain, on the night of my first appearance in San Francisco, he said,—

"I am so glad you are an American, for everything good seems to come from England or Ireland."

He was Irish himself, you must remember. Although the papers had it that I was born in three different States, he should know the truth, so I whispered:

"Sh! Bend down your head—I was born in England."

"Oh! I'm so sorry," he replied, and



JOHN MCCULLOUGH.

I was sorry too, only for his disappointment though.

Well, we played "Fanchon," and "Barefoot," and "Telula," and "The Little Devil," and everything went swimmingly, and even when I vanquished him in the sword fight and received three cheers and a tiger, with waving of handkerchiefs, from an immense audience, he was not jealous.

He always knew his lines, and never neglected the "business" of the scenes, — but once.

One night after he had dined with a party of gentlemen at the Cliff House, — it was quite a fashionable, rather sporty resort at that time, — he came smiling on

the stage as "Landry." I noticed from the wings that on his entrance he had seized the chair, — which I always used to climb on the table with and take Fanchon's chicken from the high clock, — and remained up stage during all the dialogue between himself and Father Barbeaud (Dave Anderson) and Mother Barbeaud (Mrs. Judah). I motioned for him to go down stage; but the more I motioned, the more he clung smilingly to that chair, his right position was in the L. corner, 1st entrance, and his being up stage would completely spoil my scene, but with all my gesticulating, I could not make him stir. So with my "Chickee, chickee, chick! Come, little chickee!" I scam-



Manager's Office,
JOHN McCULLOUGH, Manager and Proprietor

San Francisco, May 22nd 1876

*My Dear Mrs. Coolidge
Very truly your friend
John McCullough*

bled through the window upon the table as best I could, but "genial John" remained up stage, so I had to talk to him over my shoulder. When the scene was over, I went to my room and had a good cry. McCullough acknowledged afterwards that he felt the effects of that dinner, and did not dare trust himself from the support of that chair.

"Everything looked dim to me but that chair standing in the middle of the stage, and I went for it," he said with a laugh, as the effects wore off. The dancing around the may pole did it. And how he danced, and how jolly he was, as he dared the village boys and girls to fight, backed by poor Billy Barry as Didier, — poor Billy Barry who broke his heart and died a few years later. Because he was getting so old that the manager cast him out of his accustomed part, the first grave digger in Hamlet, and put him in as the second ditto, there was nothing left him to live for, so he died that night, broken-hearted and alone.

I had come for a ten nights' engagement, — which was grudgingly given me, — but made a "hit" — a very palpable hit, — acknowledged even by the gruff Tom Maguire. I shall never forget how he told me my two and one-half white satin boot "looked as big as McCullough's." But he became more pleasant and agreeable as he grew older, and used to say,

when he met me dressed in my best, "coming down Market street: —

"Ah! Little Cricket, you look as nice as silk!"

Well, he extended the engagement month by month until it reached eight, and he wanted me to play still longer, but I craved to see my children and home.

Besides my own repertoire there was "The Orange Girl," "The Mariner's Compass," from which a popular dramatist is said to have stolen his plot, "The Long Strike," and a host of other pieces, in all of which Mr. McCullough had a part. Then in return for playing out of his line, I let him perform his repertoire, and in my re-engagement that genial gentleman, scholar, and finished actor, Harry Edwards, played with us: first as Othello, John as Iago, myself as Desdemona; then as Mercutio to Mr. McCullough's Romeo, and my Juliet. Then we played Hamlet, John as the melancholy Dane and Edwards as the King or the Ghost, myself the Ophelia. Up country some one laughed in this same play when I came on in the straw wreath, but the papers, — in theatrical parlance, — "roasted him" for it, for I played Ophelia pretty nicely. I thought so; so did the papers. I always liked tragedy, and played Lady Macbeth once, yes, and doubled it, too, with the first singing witch. McCullough was a superb Ingomar, and I felt



HARRY EDWARDS.

rather insignificant beside him as Parthenia.

Matthews and Hutton make a mistake in their book, "Actors and Actresses," when they say that McCullough first played Virginius in the California Theater,—he performed it with me as Virginius in 1867, several years before the California Theater was thought of.

A gambling place adjoined the "star" dressing room at Maguire's Washington Street theater, and it was uncanny to hear the solemn voice of the dealer, as I sat there alone, ever repeating the self-same words, "A—ll up!" Then a pause of a few seconds, when thousands were lost or won, then again,—

"A—ll up!" And so for hours that sad voice repeated these words, like the cry of a lost spirit, "A—ll up!" which proved true to many who staked their last dollar on the turn of a card. But while they were losing fortunes in the next room I was making one for myself and the manager. Maguire told McKee-Rankin in my presence that we each made forty thousand dollars, but that was a small estimate for his receipts, as he took in over sixty-seven thousand dollars called "expenses," besides our shares.

Forrest was McCullough's idol, and he wore his hair in the same manner. He never used a wig, but had a barber come to the theater and dress his hair in whatever style he needed for that evening.

Mr. McCullough was a robust actor; in that, too, he resembled his prototype. He used to like to have me watch him from the wings, and tell him where he could improve his Hamlet. I told him to be more subdued in the Ghost scene, and to whisper in tones of awe and terror when the specter of his father appeared. He did so, and became more natural and satisfactory, and the papers of the day gave me the credit of the change.

But how queer it must have been to his admirers to see the young tragedian skipping about in "Fanchon," and polkaing with "Barefoot,"—yet *he* seemed to enjoy it.

I was asked not long since to hear McCullough's ravings in a phonograph, and to tell if it was really his voice that had uttered them. I did so, and emphatically say, "No!" There are tricks in the



ALICE KINGSBURY-COOLEY AS TELULA.

phonographic ravings that *never* came from McCullough's voice. I played Virginia, as I said before, to his Virginius, and other characters with him continuously for eight months, and ought to know his voice. Those "ravings" were spoken into the phonograph as a matter of dollars and cents, and are, I firmly believe, an ungenerous fraud on a once loved actor's memory.

McCullough did not carry the actor into everyday life, as Forrest did. Forrest was always "the great tragedian," and after his divorce, generally moody and silent, but when he spoke it was in deep tragic tones, and with shakings of his black curly locks that impressed the listener with unbounded awe.

No one, I think, ever dared to joke or be familiar with the great Forrest. When "alimony day" came around and he had to pay a good round sum to his divorced wife, it was better to keep away from him, for then he allowed his temper and "ugliness" to have full sway.

Nowhere in American dramatic history does an actor stand out with the prominence of Forrest. His individuality was so pronounced that no one who once met him could ever obliterate that meeting from his memory. Forrest is also a part of history, for there are many who remember the "Macready riots," incited primarily by Forrest hissing Macready in Hamlet, for introducing some business he did not like,—waving a handkerchief and dancing on in the players' scene,—which Forrest sarcastically dubbed, "the *Pas de Mouchoir*." This was in London, and the news spread like wild-fire, so that after playing a magnificent first engagement all over England, his second was made a failure by Macready's friends, hissing, groaning, and interrupting his plays.

Macready's second engagement in America was treated likewise in retaliation. On May 7th, 1849, he was not allowed to go beyond the third act in Macbeth, but being encouraged by friends, he essayed it again on the 10th. But the mob assaulted the doors and windows of the Astor Place Opera House so outrageously that the police were unable to protect the building, and when every remonstrance failed, the Seventh Regiment was ordered to fire into the mob, with the result of

thirty dead, according to James Rees, but Lawrence Barrett says one hundred and thirty-four killed and one hundred wounded.

Macready had a "nasty" temper, and he really bemoaned it all his life, his diary containing constant allusions to his prayers and efforts to control it, but he was deeply grieved by the riot and its tragic results.

My father once witnessed a performance of his in London, in some play where he has to be held up while dying. A little man had that duty to perform on this particular night, and my father, being near, heard the stage whisper of the great Macready, "D—n'ee, hold me up!"

"D—n you! hold yourself up," said the plucky little man, and dumped the great actor down on the stage amid the laughter of the audience.

Some years ago, a friend of mine was traveling from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and the cars being crowded, he stood in the aisle near two seats occupied by a lady and gentleman on one, and a gentleman and various pieces of luggage on the other. The lady smilingly moved the baggage and invited my friend to sit down. He did so, and naturally conversation followed. The three strangers were very entertaining, and it did not take my friend long to discover that the gentleman and lady were the great Forrest and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, and the gentleman with the luggage was the polished tragedian, and nature's nobleman, E. L. Davenport,—peace be to his ashes. Well, these four people so enjoyed themselves that their pleasure was contagious, and the passengers near them laughed and enjoyed the wit and anecdotes, as if they too, were of the party. It was the time of the first production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a play, and Mrs. Davenport spoke of the performance that they had witnessed the night before of that drama, played by the colored waiters of Barnum's hotel, and it was funny. Forrest laughed, as he saw it again, pictured by Mrs. Davenport's words, then my friend said,—

"Well, Mr. Forrest, give us your opinion of Uncle Tom's Cabin, as a literary work."

Forrest replied, "I will never lend a helping hand to circulate the works of an authoress who has done so much to tra-

duce the fair fame of her own country, as Harriet Beecher St—o—o—ow!" with a tragic shaking of the head, and a prolonging of the vowels, that was never forgotten by the listeners.

Mr. Davenport, thinking my friend might feel hurt, nudged him and whispered, "All right; my boy, all right!" and Mrs. Davenport gave him a merry twinkle from her eye.

That night my friend was invited to dine with them, and presented with tickets for the play. After dinner as they were walking across the hotel—the "La Pierre"—to go to the theater, about three hundred yards distant, Mr. Forrest said in his best melodramatic style,—

"Mr. Davenport, where is the carriage?"

"But it is such a short distance, that I—"

"When a gentleman is invited to go to the theater, a carriage is usually provided."

But my friend declining the honor, they all proceeded on foot, much to Forrest's apparent disgust.

John McCullough used to tell a story of Forrest that I have seen printed in various forms, but John's version is the best.

One day at rehearsal an actor in a subordinate part, could not declaim a certain speech to suit the great tragedian.

"Do it again," said the G. T.,—but again it did not suit.

"Again!" With the same result. At last the G. T. gave the speech himself in his best style, then said,—

"There my man, can't you say it that way?"

"If I could, Mr. Forrest," replied the actor, in a little squeaky voice,—remember he was a *very* subordinate,— "I should n't be here working for three dollars a week."

"Is that all you get?—then say it as you d—n please." And the great Forrest bothered him no more.

Alice Kingsbury-Cooley.

HUSTLETON

A STORY OF THE BOOM TIME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

VI.



NOT in all the history of the boom in Southern California was any town-site put upon the market with a greater flourish of trumpets than that which preceded the first auction sale of lots at Hustleton. Flaring advertisements in the newspapers, descriptive articles, news items, big posters upon walls and fences, "dodgers" innumerable, all served to keep the public interested in the new attraction.

For several days before the sale, a wagon bearing a large transparency was conspicuous upon the streets of Los Angeles. The canvas bore the announcement of the sale, with an invitation to everybody to enjoy the free ride and the free lunch upon the grounds. This transparency

was illuminated at night, and at all hours a trumpeter concealed within it sounded his bugle notes with might and main. At the hotels and about the streets men were talking of the coming sale, and predicting a great advance in the prices of lots within a short time after the auction. Some of these talkers were so much devoted to the subject that one might have supposed they had been retained as boomers, had they not adroitly shifted the scene of their efforts at frequent intervals. Had they been watched, they could have been seen occasionally to enter the office of the Hustleton company, to gather fresh inspiration from the General or Major Hornblower.

The General had by this time become one of the best known figures in the city. Rumor credited him with some sort of mysterious connection with the Gould railroad interests, and there were

frequent hints that his town-site enterprise was merely introductory to something much more important. The story grew that Hustleton would shortly have direct rail connection with Santa Monica, or some other point on the ocean, as yet undetermined. To all inquiries on these subjects, the General merely laughed by way of answer, declaring that he had nothing to say about them, yet contriving by his manner to deepen the impression that there was more development contemplated by his financial associates than the prospectus of Hustleton had indicated.

A banquet given by the Board of Trade, on the evening preceding the auction sale, brought the General prominently before the public. The entertainment was in honor of some visiting dignitaries from the North, and the General was one of the guests, present by invitation and the purchase of a ticket. No one knew just how he came to be called upon for a speech, but certain it was that his response was one of the most happy that could have been made, to the toast of Southern California. He manifested the ease, the readiness, and the tact, united to good humor and vivacity, that make the successful after-dinner speaker. He deprecated extravagant praise of "Our New Italy," yet declared that no one could fully describe or appreciate its marvelous advantages and attractions. He touched upon the causes of the wonderful growth of population, taking the ground that the influx of people from the East had barely begun.

"If," said the General, "we narrow our gaze to the people already here, we shall fail to understand the greatness of our future. We should take into consideration the fact, that for every person now in Southern California there are ten outside of it who wish to be here, and eventually will be among our inhabitants. It would be a very conservative estimate that would limit our population to but a single million, by the close of the present century. I have referred merely to the people of the United States, but we must not forget to consider the millions of Europe who have yet to learn of Southern California, and of the charms and rewards of existence in this garden of the gods."

The General permitted himself to drop for a moment into statistics, but simply for illustration, and was careful not to use too many figures. He had predicted that the demand for oranges could never be fully supplied, at least with fruit of such quality as that which could be produced in the foothills of Southern California, all the way from Hustleton to Riverside and Redlands.

"If we estimate," said the speaker, "that the inhabitants of the earth number fifteen hundred millions, we get a moderate basis for an opinion respecting the market for our oranges. The time is fast approaching when everybody will eat oranges. Steam is annihilating distance; railroads are penetrating the heart of Asia and of Africa. But to be conservative, let us say that only five hundred millions, or one third of the human race, will demand our golden fruits. And suppose that each person is allowed only one orange a day. That would be 182,500,000,000 oranges a year. Do you realize how many trees it would take to produce such a quantity? Let me tell you, if you never thought of it, for I was myself astonished today, when I chanced to work out the result. It would require 182,500,000 trees, allowing an annual yield of 1,000 oranges to the tree. At one hundred trees to the acre, no less than 1,825,000 acres of orange orchards would be requisite to satisfy this exceedingly narrow estimate of but a single orange a day for five hundred millions of people. You all know that there is not sufficient acreage of orange lands to supply such a demand. And so, with the unerring certainty of mathematics, it is demonstrated that there can never be overproduction of oranges in Southern California.

But let us admit that we may find land and water enough for a million acres of orange orchard in the course of time. Think of the revenue that means. There are orchards now returning their fortunate owners no less than a thousand dollars an acre annually. And let us be moderate, or more than conservative. Let us call five hundred dollars an acre the average return. That means a yearly income of five hundred millions of dollars for Southern California, from oranges alone. When we are brought face to face with such figures, can we wonder that

Eastern capital is flowing into this favored land, and can we doubt that this new Eden is destined to be the richest, the most densely populated, the most cultured, the most blessed and happy spot beneath the sun?"

The General's intense earnestness of manner, his air of profound conviction, and apparent effort to keep within the most moderate bounds, helped to deepen the impression created by his enthusiasm and his eloquence.

"I noticed," said the Major afterwards, "that you did not forget to mention Hustleton."

"Certainly not," the General answered in his most jovial fashion. "That's what I was there for."

The next Saturday proved a perfect day. It was just warm enough to tempt everybody out of doors. The coming of March had added fresh glories of wild-flowers to the hillsides, and the prevailing green of the landscape had yet scarcely begun to merge into the brown that summer would spread impartially over upland and valley. The orchards of peaches, apricots, plums, and other deciduous fruits, were in full bloom, the fig trees had burst into sudden fruitfulness and luxuriance of green leaves; the meadow lark warbled its sweet notes on every roadside, and the song of the linnet filled the groves.

The sale at Hustleton was to begin at ten o'clock. Round-trip tickets, free of charge, had been given out from the city office of the company to all who chose to go by the train leaving at half-past nine. The omnibuses and carriages, however, were the preferred means of conveyance, as they were the most convenient, and deposited their passengers directly on the spot where the auctioneer displayed his maps and diagrams. Before nine o'clock the largest and best brass band in Los Angeles, drawn by four white horses, went through the principal streets of the city, playing lively airs. Behind it was the transparency announcing the sale, and following this were the vehicles for passengers, each with its Hustleton flag displayed. These turnouts were the best to be had. They picked up passengers along the streets, and principally at the hotels and lodging houses frequented by "Eastern" people, as all persons from

beyond the Sierra Nevada are called in Southern California. Many of these strangers had no intention of bidding at the sale, but were attracted by the inducements of the free ride and the promised lunch, or by sheer curiosity. No small proportion of the crowd that gathered at Hustleton was composed of residents of Los Angeles or its vicinity.

When the Chesleys arrived, in the family carriage, with Pat upon the driver's seat, the sale was about to begin. The brass band was in full blast, the auctioneer was holding a final conference with General Hustler and Major Hornblower, and the multitude had gathered about the maps of the town-site.

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed Colonel Chesley. "There must be at least six hundred people here."

He was not far from right. And carriages and 'busses continued to add to the crowd, which grew and diminished, by turns, during the remainder of the day, until the close of the sale.

As the auctioneer was about to take the stand, a shout went up for General Hustler. It was seemingly spontaneous, and came from a number of men scattered through the crowd. The General came forward instantly, bowing and smiling. He stepped upon the stand, and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am delighted to meet so many of you here, but feel sure that you have come to bid, and not to hear any speechmaking. I will, however, take the opportunity to say that you stand upon the site of a second Pasadena. I dare not tell you all we have in store for this beautiful city that is born today, but the printed information in your hands will hint to you something of our preliminary undertakings. I will only say, at this time, that the Hustleton Land and Improvement Company means development; that it has come to stay, and that nearly all the proceeds of this sale will be devoted to permanent improvements, such as will add materially to the value of every lot within the limits of Hustleton. Contracts for the hotel and the academy or college will be let tomorrow, and the construction of the street railroad will begin as soon as the rails can be procured.

The General stepped down, amid much

hand-clapping. Then the auctioneer, a sharp-featured, wiry little man, with a big voice, took the stand and announced the terms of the sale. These were: one third cash; one-third in six months, and the remainder in twelve; ten per cent to be paid upon the spot. It was further announced that the title had been perfected, and that a trust company well-known in Los Angeles would issue certificates of title for the usual fee.

This, on the part of the auctioneer, was merely a concession to custom. As a matter of fact, no one of those who meant to bid cared a jot about the title; the intention of all the buyers was to sell again at an advanced price, within a short time.

"Now," said the auctioneer, when the usual preliminaries had been disposed of, "we shall start the sale with the northwest corner lot at Fifth avenue and Fillmore street, one of the very finest corners in the coming city. The street-car line is to run on the avenue, from end to end, and this avenue is expected to be the principal business thoroughfare. How much for the corner?"

"Two hundred dollars," said a man directly in front of the stand, the moment the call was made for bids.

"Come, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, with an appearance of annoyance. "No joking, please."

"Two hundred and twenty-five," shouted a man on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Two, thirty," called another, away over on the left.

"Two, thirty-five," said the first bidder, more quietly.

"It's a bargain at three hundred," declared the auctioneer, as he began his sing-song of "two, thirty-five, give me forty; two, thirty-five, make it forty."

The bidding was lively, and the lot was quickly run up to three hundred dollars, at which figure it was sold.

"Joseph Peters is the lucky man," bawled the auctioneer to the clerks. And Joseph promptly stepped forward with his cash deposit of thirty dollars. He was one of the men who had been talking up Hustleton on the streets of Los Angeles for a week previous to the sale, and was on the ground with a number of other assistants to see that the lots got a "fair start," as the auctioneer expressed it.

Now that a criterion of value had been established by the sale of the first lot, the bidding became more general, and the auctioneer made quick work of it. There was plenty of money represented in the crowd, which embraced no small number of persons more than usually well-to-do. In fact, among the Eastern people present were a few who could be called rich. These were business men who had been disposed to pooh-pooh the Southern California boom, but who had begun to yield to the temptation to buy for the sake of making "a good turn." The speculative fever increased in the assemblage as the sale went on, and by noon lots were bringing better prices than when the bidding began. A stop was made for luncheon, the auctioneer saying that the sale would be resumed immediately afterwards.

It was no niggardly repast that awaited the multitude. Tables were spread in the old Chesley farmhouse, as well as under the trees in the dooryard. There were kegs of beer, demijohns of claret, heaps of sandwiches, cold joints, bread and cheese, pie and cake, tea and coffee, with chicken for a favored few.

"Why, it's a regular picnic!" exclaimed one of the New England ladies, with astonishment. "These Californians are the most liberal people I ever saw."

"It's strictly business," said the auctioneer, in an undertone, to the clerk who sat beside him. "You'll see if they don't bid better with a little wine or beer aboard."

General Hustler moved about among the crowd, keeping an eye on the service and chatting in his genial way with prospective buyers. He declared that lots had been going at low figures, and that the office prices would be much higher. It was a mistake, he said, to start the business with an auction; the company should first have had a sale in the office; first come, first served. But now that the auction had got under way, there would be no reserve, as long as bidders desired to be accommodated.

"Ah, Colonel Chesley," he remarked to that gentleman, "what a goose I was to let you have all those lots of yours at such ridiculously low figures! You see how things are going, but just think of the prices you will get next year, if you put your lots on the market!"

The Colonel was immensely pleased at the prices that had been had at the morning sale, but now regretted that he had lacked the foresight to take a larger proportion of lots in payment of his ranch.

"I have half a notion to buy a few good corners at the auction this afternoon," he said.

"You could n't make a better use of your money," the General remarked. "I don't mind telling you, in the strictest confidence, that we have decided to raise prices an average of one third over the auction rates, when we open the office doors tomorrow. But I would n't be in a hurry to sell if I were you. Hustleton lots are good things to hold, let me assure you."

"That's exactly my idea," responded the Colonel, "and I thank you for the information."

Profiting by the confidence reposed in him, the Colonel secured a few eligible business lots, later in the day, at about three hundred dollars each.

"Do you regard this wine as intoxicating?" asked an elderly deacon from Boston, addressing Major Hornblower, who sat opposite him at a lunch table.

"Certainly not, sir," was the response, in the Major's most impressive tone. "This is simply the pure juice of the grape, our California *vin ordinaire*. It would n't hurt you to drink a gallon of it; it has only two or three per cent of alcohol, and it would take a chemical test to detect that proportion, you know."

And the Major tossed off a gobletful, without so much as a wink.

"I find you are right," said the deacon a little later, after he had gradually emptied his glass. "There is certainly much to say in favor of these light wines, which cheer but not inebriate, as we remark of tea. This claret seems to be very strengthening. I never felt better in my life than I do at this moment."

"It's the glorious Hustleton air, I think," rejoined the Major. "Everybody feels exhilarated out here. Los Angeles is a little too low, and Pasadena a little too high, but Hustleton is just high enough—the happy mean. Try another glass, sir. It will do you good."

The deacon felt so well after lunch that it seemed to him his youth was returning, and with it the confidence and hope of his

younger days. He was an enthusiastic bidder when the sale re-opened, and gathered in ten lots before sundown.

The sale was resumed at one o'clock, and went on briskly through the afternoon. It was five o'clock before the bidding began to fail, and then the auctioneer announced that no more lots would be offered, as he was too weary to go on.

"I am instructed by General Hustler to say," added the auctioneer, "that the sale of lots will be continued this evening and on Monday morning at the company's office in Los Angeles. He is dissatisfied with the prices obtained today, and has determined to advance the lots one third over the average auction rates. Any purchaser at the present sale may obtain an advance of one third on the money he has deposited, by surrendering his lots at the company's office."

The buyers were delighted at this, and went home happy. Nearly all of them decided that if prices were going up at such a lively rate, Hustleton lots were good things to hold, at least until the auction prices could be doubled for cash.

"It was a big killing," chuckled the General, as he drove into town with the Major, "but I do believe that the boom is growing, and we must n't think of cleaning up for a long time yet. We must make Hustleton hum along all summer. Seven hundred lots sold, to begin with. That's pretty good. And the prices were double what I expected to get, when I bought the ranch. Major, your salary is raised to two hundred and fifty dollars a month."

VII.

"THIS boom beats anything I ever saw," said Colonel Chesley, with enthusiasm, as he came in late for dinner on Monday. "I've been down at the company's office nearly all day, and the way people have flocked in after lots is ahead of all calculations."

"And were the prices advanced?" asked his wife.

"Well, I should say so. There was n't a lot sold today for less than \$260, and some were as high as \$400. Did n't I do well to buy a few on Saturday at the auction? I could have sold them today at a snug profit."

"I would n't be in any hurry to sell, if I were you," remarked Mrs. Chesley.

"No indeed. If I put the money in bank it would be drawing no interest, and there is nothing else I could invest in that is advancing so fast as real estate in Hustleton. I shall hold on, and don't expect to sell a lot at less than a thousand dollars. At that rate, my two hundred lots would be worth two hundred thousand dollars. But they should easily bring a quarter of a million. Good lots at Pasadena are away ahead of one thousand dollars apiece now, and Pasadena won't be a patch to Hustleton, the General says, in the course of a few years."

"Thank you for the beautiful piano, papa," interposed Kate. "It was delivered this afternoon. I am delighted with it, and am going to take lessons from Professor von Steuben."

"Kate will not have much time for society," said her mother. "Her music and singing lessons, with languages and painting, will keep her pretty well engaged. Then there are riding and dancing, and other things, to add to her accomplishments."

"She will have enough of society, by and by," declared the Colonel. "There's no hurry about that."

"I think society is a big humbug, anyway," put in George.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his mother, whose chief ambition was to have the family shine in a social way. "Everybody should cultivate society; that is, everybody who can afford it. We shall entertain a good deal, before long, and you and Kate must accept invitations, if you want to be considered in society."

"O yes, George. Indeed you must," said his sister.

"I don't see how I can study law, and mingle in 'the giddy whirl' at the same time," he grumbled, half facetiously. He had just begun a course of reading in the office of a local firm of attorneys, much to his father's satisfaction.

"It will soon be summer," Mrs. Chesley remarked, "and everybody will be out of town. We must decide where we shall go, Robert."

After much talk on this point, it was agreed that the family should spend the summer months at Santa Monica. It was only half an hour's ride by rail from the city, so that George and Kate could continue their studies without inconvenience.

Mrs. Chesley wrote the next day to engage rooms at the best hotel in Santa Monica, for the months of June, July, and August, which in Los Angeles are a little too warm for comfort.

Before the change in the fortunes of the family, Kate had intended taking a course of instruction at the normal school. But now that there was no longer occasion for her making provision for the future, her mother had acquiesced in the abandonment of this design. And Kate, who had just attained her eighteenth birthday, rebelled at the suggestion of "finishing" her education at a seminary for young ladies. So, as a compromise, she had arranged to take private lessons at home, in such accomplishments as she desired, and was otherwise to be allowed to consult her own tastes in the disposal of her time. She had been an apt scholar, and under the painstaking instruction of Arthur Weyman had acquired a much better education than is ordinarily to be had in a country school.

Those who saw her now, in the bloom of young womanhood, could scarcely have found cause to wonder had they known that her teacher had insensibly become her lover. It was not merely her beauty; there was a charm in her frank and sympathetic nature that had completely won his heart.

Kate's first tailor-made gown was a revelation. It cunningly displayed, in the fashion of those days, those curves and graces that her mother's rather crude dressmaking had concealed in masses of plaits and wrinkles. Thus arrayed, and with a dainty hat upon her well-poised head, the girl was the object of many admiring glances wherever she appeared. She could not be unconscious of this tribute to her charms, but had far too much good sense and good breeding to seem to observe it; much less to court such attention. The circle of her acquaintances was fast expanding, in harmony with the financial horizon of her father, and she soon became the recipient of attentions and flatteries to which she had been wholly unaccustomed in the quiet days on the ranch.

In these new joys of existence, and with the intoxication of their novelty still in her veins, a less sensible girl would have quickly lost her head. Her keen

sense of humor served her well in this transition period. She did not fail to see the amusing side of the transformation which the Chesley family was undergoing. And at times there was something irresistibly comical to her in the seriousness with which her mother regarded the purely artificial distinctions of society. Had this young observer not been brought up in the country, the social phenomena which she noted in Los Angeles might have seemed to her less curious and fantastic. The elements of society appeared to have become so much mixed and mingled by the rush of new blood and the whirl of speculation, that it seemed as though years would be required for any regular stratification to occur.

A novel that Kate read at this time exerted a deep influence upon her. It had excited great interest everywhere, and many editions had been sold. This was a story in which romance and religion were curiously blended. The chief character was a fervidly pious young man, educated for the church, who had conceived it to be his mission to discard all conventional methods of evangelization, and to follow as closely as possible the ways and teachings of the Saviour. The distresses, the griefs, the ridicule and social ostracism, the cruel disappointment in a love affair, which were visited upon this impassioned soul, in consequence of his strange departure from the well-trodden paths of orthodoxy, were described in this volume in a style at once vivid and pellucid. Critics had accorded it high praise, and there had been much speculation as to the identity of the anonymous author.

What most excited Kate's attention, in this story of "A Modern Apostle," was the resemblance she noted between the character of the principal actor and that of Arthur Weyman. It was as if the aspirations and ideals of the latter had been carried into actual attainment by this hero of fiction. "The Modern Apostle" had undertaken, as exhibited by the story, the very course of conduct which Arthur might have essayed, save for his shrinking sensitiveness and dread of hostile criticism.

The girl spoke of this new book to General Hustleton, and asked him if he had read it.

"I picked it up the other day," he said carelessly, "and ran my eye over a few chapters. I must confess I have no patience with these religious cranks and idealists. The book would better be called 'A Modern Lunatic.' What the world needs is more men of force and action. Say like myself," he added with a mellow laugh.

"Have we too much real Christianity, do you think?"

"Fortunately, we have very little of the genuine article," he said good naturedly. "If our pious rich men were to obey the divine injunction, selling all they have and dividing the proceeds among the poor, the world would be vastly worse off in a short time, and the improvident poor would be as needy and dependent as before."

"But don't you think the world would be better worth living in, if people would try more to help one another, and be less taken up with their own selfish interests?"

"No doubt you are right," he rejoined, smiling at her earnestness, and wishing to avoid the dangerous ground of argument—especially argument about religion, which he knew had brought many a pleasant intimacy to a disagreeable close. The General enjoyed the girl whose fortune he had made and he adroitly shifted the talk into another channel, and she resumed her usual light, vivacious manner; an airy, spontaneous grace, which served to mask the underlying seriousness.

VIII.

THE week following the sale of lots by auction was one of great stir and bustle at Hustleton. The name of the new town appeared to have been well chosen. A dozen teams of horses, with gangs of plows, were used in the grading of the streets and avenues. More than a score of men were engaged in planting shade trees along the sidewalks. The foundation for the Hustleton Heights hotel was laid, and the framework began to rise under the active exertions of a contractor and his force of carpenters. Like progress was made on the Hustleton College, which structure was to serve both for common school and academic

purposes. Several wagon-loads of ties for the street-car line had been dumped on Fifth avenue, where they would be noticed by any visitor. In the cañon from which the creek issued, masons were laying the foundations of a dam, under the supervision of the engineer whom General Hustler had employed to investigate the water supply. This dam was constructed of rough stone, cobbles, and mortar, and rested upon the bed-rock. It was designed to intercept the flow which continued at all seasons through the gravel and detritus in the bed of the channel, even when no water appeared at the surface. The supply proved to be larger than the engineer had expected, and by means of a pipe line the water would flow by gravitation to the highest lot in the town-site.

"It 's a perfect bonanza," said the General, when he found that water could in reality be brought to Hustleton in this way, though he saw that the volume was very scanty compared with the liberal estimates of it that had been made in the published announcements.

"A little water will go a long way here," he remarked to Major Hornblower. "We must have a fountain or two to spout it up into the air. That will indicate the abundance of the flow, and give everybody to understand there is no occasion for being niggardly with the allowance."

It was only two weeks later when the fountains began to play. In the mean time the sheet-iron pipe had been laid from the dam and reservoir. It was the thinnest pipe ever used in Southern California for a water supply, but there was very little pressure, and the General had explained that in the course of a few months the company meant to put in a permanent conduit of cement. The main point at that time, he insisted, was to get the water into Hustleton, where people could see it flow. The day that the water was turned on, and the fountains began to throw their crystal spray into the sunshine, the price of Hustleton lots was again advanced. The water development was advertised, according to the General's instructions, for "all it was worth," and the Major took care not to underrate its importance. A town-site with a developed water supply was a

thing to attract particular attention, and people who had been a little skeptical as to the future of Hustleton were now among the purchasers of the lots. Corners were in demand at from five hundred to six hundred dollars, and "inside" lots were sold at from three hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars.

"Things are going on famously," General Hustleton reported to his fellow directors. "Of course we don't want to draw out any money for a while yet. It will be time enough next winter to make a clean-up. My idea is to put the money into improvements right along, and make a final big killing when the rush comes from the East after next Christmas. Then Hustleton will be in fine shape for a complete sell-out."

This plan of campaign suited the others. They saw that sales were keeping up well, at the advanced prices, and accepted the General's conclusion that they might as well get one thousand dollars, or more, for each remaining lot the next winter, as to accept a comparatively small price at an early date. Every dollar spent in improvements on the site was seemingly adding ten-fold to the value of the remaining property of the company.

The cash proceeds of the auction sale were about sixty thousand dollars, and in the month of March the first payments on the lots sold at the company's office amounted to as much more. The General's first care was to draw out the ten thousand dollars which had been credited to himself as advanced to Colonel Chesley, though that credit was based merely upon the hundred shares of stock which had been delivered to the latter by the General, in addition to the sum of ten thousand dollars actually disbursed. This was the first money which the General obtained from the sale of Hustleton stock. But in the course of the next few months he contrived to negotiate the sale of nearly all his remaining stock, or to hypothecate it with persons more eager to lend money at high rates of interest than careful regarding the value of security offered.

General Hustler had always lived up to the maxim of making hay when the sun shines. But though he had the industry of the bee, the prodigality of the

butterfly was also his. He was now living like a lord. His days were given to business, but when evening came he surrounded himself with congenial and convivial spirits, and gave himself up to revelry. He was the chief buyer of champagne in Los Angeles, though his crony, the Major, outranked him as an actual consumer. Both were inordinately fond of poker, and here again the Major excelled the General; though when "farmers" took a hand against them, the pair had invariably a little problem in division to dispose of after the conclusion of the game.

The *Hustleton Hummer* made its appearance late in the month of March. It was a trim little four-page journal printed on heavy, glossy paper of creamy tint, with a striking view of Hustleton reproduced from an artist's dream of the future city. This illustration did full justice to all the magnificent possibilities of the "coming sanatorium." The paper was filled with glowing articles, in the Major's best manner, descriptive of the "unrivalled" attractions of Hustleton, and of the great work of development there in progress. The *Hummer* contained advertisements, and had the appearance of a regular weekly newspaper, with Major Hornblower's name as editor at the top of the second page. It was dated at Hustleton, but was printed in a job office at Los Angeles. Copies were distributed on all passenger trains coming to Los Angeles from the east or north. It was a genuine delight to the Major to pen the articles for this ornate publication, and to exercise his imagination in the effort to do justice to the "vast potentialities" of Hustleton.

In the first number of the *Hummer* particulars were given of the plans of the Hustleton Homestead association. This organization had General Hustler for president and Major Hornblower for its secretary. In brief, its purpose was to construct dwellings on "carefully selected" lots in the new town, which dwellings were eventually to be distributed by lot among the members of the association. The association began business by the purchase of five hundred lots from the original Hustleton company. On ten of these lots houses were to be built; one at a cost of \$10,000, one at \$7,500,

one at \$5,000, and seven at \$2,500 each. There were five hundred shares in the association, and each membership or share entitled the holder to one of the lots. The shares were offered at five hundred dollars each, or the "naked value" of a lot; while the holder might be fortunate enough to draw the lot bearing the ten thousand dollar residence, or one of the ten dwellings of a smaller cost, but yet "highly desirable." It was explained that the association had the privilege of obtaining lots at a "substantial reduction," because of the improvements it would make, the original Land and Improvement Company "being strongly desirous of promoting, in all possible ways, the speedy realization of the manifest destiny of Hustleton as the model residence city of Southern California.

"Good morning, Colonel Chesley," said the General a few days after this opportunity to secure "a sanitary home" had been unfolded to the public. "The shares in our Homestead association are going off like hot cakes. Better take in a few before they are all gone."

"When are the houses to go up?"

"They are going up now, my dear Colonel. Suppose you take a drive out with me, and see how things look."

They were soon upon the ground, and the Colonel could scarcely find words to express his surprise at the transformation in progress. The streets had all been laid out in perfect order; the long rows of young trees were giving promise of abundance of shade; fountains were playing in "Frémont Square"; the hotel and the college were well advanced, and on the association tract the frames of the ten houses were rising as fast as a large number of carpenters could push the work. Wagons heavily weighted with lumber and other building materials were moving about, the noise of hammer and saw filled the air, and there was a lively stir in the kitchen of the big frame boarding house that had been hastily constructed for the accommodation of the mechanics employed upon the buildings. The old home of the Chesleys had also been converted into a boarding house, but was much too small to accommodate the large number of men now at work.

"Most of these carpenters own shares in the association," explained the Gen-

eral. "We make membership a condition of getting work on the houses, so far as we can ; we don't mind paying members a little higher wages than they can get in the city."

"And this is my old ranch!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I can scarcely believe my eyes."

"O, this is nothing to what you will see here next year," remarked the General with his impressive smile. "If I were a family man, I would sooner have

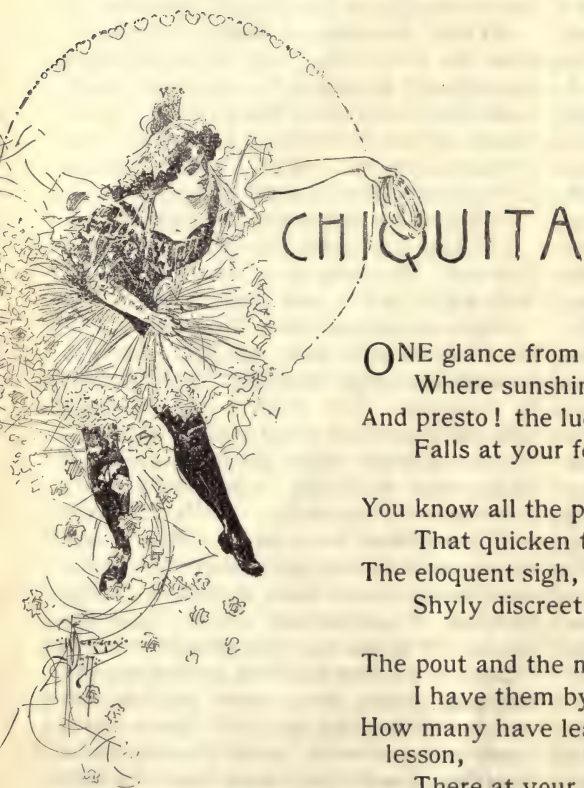
a home here than in Pasadena or Los Angeles."

"I believe I will take five shares in the Homestead association," said Colonel Chesley, when they had returned to the office in the city." I may as well take five shares as one, and then my chances of getting the \$10,000 house will be so much the better."

"A capital idea," Major Hornblower remarked, as he filled out the certificate of membership.

William A. Lawson.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



ONE glance from the witching eyes,
Where sunshine and shadow meet,
And presto! the luckless caballero
Falls at your feet.

You know all the pretty arts
That quicken the pulses' beat,—
The eloquent sigh, the languorous glances,
Shyly discreet.

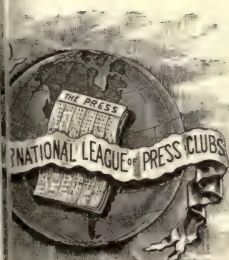
The pout and the mocking smile —
I have them by heart, my sweet.
How many have learned the self-same
lesson,
There at your feet?

J. Torrey Connor.



MURAT HALSTED.

THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF PRESS CLUBS



THE International League of Press Clubs, embracing the membership of over forty of the largest Press clubs in the United States, was founded in the year 1891, in the city of Pittsburg, by Thomas J. Kee-

fraternal thrift, it has impressed itself and its essential purposes upon the journalistic profession throughout the world.

The story of its conception is the plain tale of having something to do, and doing it. Its founder had in mind what lingered in the brain and hope of the men and women who have for years unobservedly sown words upon the public field, that they might fructify in thought, opinion, and the proper activities of human life. It was the gregarious instinct intelligently directed which assembled the first

an, Jr., editor and proprietor of the Pittsburg Press. In the six years of its



HARRY D. VOUGHT.

convention of Press Club delegates at Pittsburg on January 27, 1891, to organize the institution which is now known as the International League of Press Clubs.

In response to Mr. Keenan's first proposition to the members of the New York Press Club and other Eastern societies of active newspaper men and women, about forty delegates convened in the Common Council chamber in Pittsburg, on the day indicated, and inaugurated the business and social sessions, which have since characterized the annual conventions of this

¹HARRY D. VOUGHT, three terms secretary of the League and during the past year its president, has been railroad editor of the *Buffalo Courier* for about twenty-one years. He was president of the Buffalo Press Club during several terms of its greatest prosperity. He has been its real leader for many years in all its early commendable enterprises. The most successful fair ever given in Buffalo was under the auspices of the Press Club and his personal direction. He is an excellent marshal of detail in whatever position he is placed. He is a popular lodge man and for many years an official in such fraternities. He is the secretary and treasurer of the Central Railway Club, a position which at once brings him into personal contact with the servant and

League. The attending newspaper men and women were received with a distinguishing hospitality; their every comfort had been thoughtfully provided for, and the reason for their gathering intelligently propounded by Mr. Keenan in his opening address.

The Mayor of Pittsburg, the Hon. J. H. Gourley, uttered a speech of welcome which betrayed a sane appreciation of the purer purposes of the press.

Free pulpits, free schools, and a free press, are the great agencies in the reformation of the world and the education and elevation of the human race.

Mayor Gourley's address was inspiring in the wisdom of its prophecy for the League, which, like every good cause, had its champions and its sycophants.

Its first committee on permanent organization reported and received acceptance of the following nominees:—

President, Foster Coates, New York *Mail and Express*.

First Vice-President, A. Anderson Boyd, of Montreal, Canada.

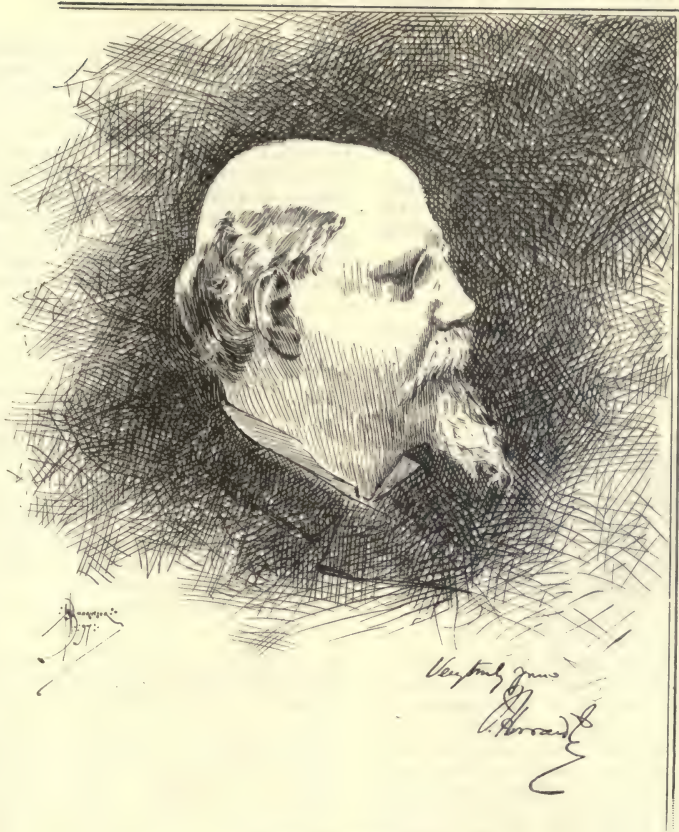
Second Vice-President, W. B. Weston, of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Secretaries, Mrs. Margaret Peeke, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Doctor John Friederich, of New York.

Foster Coates, perennially happy in speech and manner, directed the proceedings of the convention. The object of the League was defined as "a purpose to bring into close and friendly relationship the Press clubs of the world, and promote a fraternal and helpful feeling among their members."

To perfect plans of League organization, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee: Thomas J. Keenan,

official of the large railroads in the country. In fact, Harry Vought is many things in all places; a kindly, affable man; a diligent, conscientious worker; a writer of grace and incision. His long residence in Buffalo, his public and private labors there, have made him a familiar figure in that town. His great popularity is shared by a charming wife of exceptional talent. Mr. Vought combines the maturity of his less than fifty years with the buoyant spirit of youth. As secretary of the League he was the constantly active machine of its affairs. As its president he has inspired many progressive reforms, and added many wholesome features to its scope and aim. These, if developed, will more than attest the success of his administration.



JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.¹

Pittsburg; C. W. Price, New York; Chas. Harrison, Toledo; A. Anderson Boyd, Montreal; Dr. Joseph Senner, of the German Press Club of New York. This committee presented a constitution and by-laws which, in a measure, embodied the rule of conduct under which the or-

ganization flourishes today. These are of concern to every literary and newspaper worker in the country, whose desire may be to enlarge his own career by lending his work and presence to the enlargement of the League. They are here presented nearly in full:—

¹JOSEPH HOWARD, JR., journalist, was born in Brooklyn, New York, June 3, 1833. The family came to this country from England in 1700, and for generations, resided in Salem, Massachusetts. His grandfather, Joseph, and his father, John T. Howard, moved from Salem to New York State in 1820, taking up their residence in what was then the village of Brooklyn. Joseph Howard, Jr., was educated at Farmington, Connecticut, and in the Troy, New York, Polytechnic Institute, where he was a member of the class of 1857. After sundry experiments he began journalistic life in February, 1860, on the *New York Times*, over the signature "Howard." That year was memorable for the great national political conventions, all of which were reported by him. The Prince of Wales and suite, who visited Canada and the United States in the fall, were accompanied by him as correspondent of the *Times*. Mr. Howard was present at the first bat-

tle of Bull Run, at the terrible disaster of Ball's Bluff, and did other duty as war correspondent until called to the service of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, on which he served as city editor. At the same time he was city editor of the *New York Sunday Mercury*, and a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Independent*, the *Leader*, *Noah's Sunday Times*, and the *Citizen*. In 1864 he wrote and published what is known as the "Bogus Proclamation," purporting to be an order from the government for 500,000 men, each State to furnish its allotted quota. It was intended as a burlesque, but was regarded as serious by the government, which, without form or ceremony, arbitrarily arrested and confined him in Fort Lafayette fourteen weeks. He was then appointed official recorder at the military headquarters of the department of the East, and as such reported the famous trials which resulted in the conviction and execution of captains Young and Ken-

ARTICLE I.

NAME AND OBJECTS.

SECTION 1. The name of this Association shall be the "International League of Press Clubs."

Sec. 2. Its objects are to bring into close and friendly relations the Press Clubs of the world, and promote a more fraternal and helpful feeling among their members.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. The officers of the League shall consist of a President, six Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer (who may be one person), and an Executive Committee of nine members, who, with the officers, shall constitute the Governing Board of the League.

Sec. 2. Officers shall be elected by ballot at the annual conventions of the League, and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are duly qualified. The President shall not be eligible for two consecutive terms.

Sec. 3. The Governing Board of the League is empowered to fill any vacancy that may occur in its membership.

nedy, both of the Confederate service. He resumed his connection with the *New York Times*, which, with the exception of a brief service on the *Brooklyn Eagle* and the *Brooklyn Press*, was uninterrupted until August, 1868, when, as managing editor, he started and continued the publication of "Brick" Pomeroy's *New York Democrat*. January 1, 1869, he took editorial charge of the *New York Star*, with which he remained connected as editor, publisher, and subsequently, chief proprietor, until the spring of 1875. Then, after a year's work on the *New York Sun* he went upon the staff of the *New York Herald*, where he continued until February, 1886. While in the employ of the *Herald* he did its chief descriptive work, reporting the trial and execution of Guiteau, the uprising of Louis Riel, the Garfield campaign and inauguration, and the Cleveland campaign and inauguration. He also procured a mass of letters and telegrams sent by men of influence in the Republican party to Stephen W. Dorsey, and described the death and funeral ceremonies of General Grant, and the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. He made a digest of the books of Grant and Ward, which filled many columns of the *Herald*, and which was copied the world over. At the same time he kept up a daily correspondence with the *Boston Globe*, wrote regularly to the *Chicago News*, and furnished matter to the *United Press*. During a brief engagement on the *New York World*, he wrote the trial and execution of the Chicago anarchists. In 1880, resolving upon an independent course, he took offices, and announced himself as ready for work, which he has continued from that time on, giving to publishers of books, pamphlets, and newspapers, such contributions as they desired, but always insisting upon the publication of his signature, "Howard." This led to the establishment in the *New York Press* of a feature known as "Howard's Column," which was subsequently transferred to the *New York Recorder*.

Sec. 4. The President of the League shall preside at all meetings of the League and of the Governing Board. In case of his absence the First Vice-President shall preside, and after him the other Vice-Presidents in the order of their numerical succession. In the event of no officer being present, the meeting shall select its presiding officer from its own members.

Sec. 5. The officers and Executive Committee of the League shall be honorary members of the convention held during their respective terms of office, with full powers as delegates.

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. The League shall be composed of Press Clubs possessing an active membership of not less than twenty-five, each Club being entitled to one representative at the annual conventions of the League for each fifty of membership, or major fraction thereof; and ex-Presidents of the League, elected prior to 1895, shall be entitled to seats and votes as Delegates-at-Large in all subsequent conventions, and shall be ex-officio members of the Governing Board for one year succeeding their term of office.

Sec. 2. Two or more adjacent Press Clubs

Mr. Howard's first appearance upon the platform was in 1886, when he delivered, for the benefit of the burial fund of the *New York Press Club*, a lecture, entitled "Reminiscences of Journalism," which netted over \$4,500. Since then he has lectured in various towns and cities on "Journalism," "Cranks," "People I have Met," and other popular topics. He married Anna S., a daughter of Doctor Samuel Gregg, the introducer of homœopathy into New England. Mr. Howard's eldest daughter, Grace, established a mission for Indian girls in Dakota, the first of the kind known in the country. Mr. Howard is a member of the *New York Press Club*, the *Electric Club*, the *Tenderloin Club*, the *Philadelphia Journalists*, the *Brockton, Massachusetts Press Club*, and the *Boston Press Club*.

Such, in brief, is an unadorned account of the career of interesting and characterful "Joe Howard," as every New Yorker from Mott street to Fifth avenue insists on calling him. There is not another writer, journalist, free-lance, and pen autocrat, quite like him. He has become as privileged and popular as the air, and what he says in print is read by more people than the audience given to any editorial writer in the country.

During the life of the *New York Recorder* he maintained "Howard's Column" with the regularity of the sun. His day's work is one of the enormous outputs of New York city. His income is and has been many times greater than the largest editorial salary paid in New York, or elsewhere, for that matter. He is as virile and energetic as ever, — and as subtle! A life of "Joe Howard" will be an interesting work to the biographer who may know him intimately.

He is the President of the *New York Press Club*. He has been twice elected to that honor. He is as masterful in his official capacity as he is the most independent, best-paid free-lance in the world. His good fellowship sustains his great popularity among men.

containing less than twenty-five members each, may, for the purpose of being represented in the League, establish a common headquarters and act as one Club, sending delegates to the annual convention in the proportion of one delegate to fifty members and one additional delegate for each fraction above twenty-five.

Sec. 3. Every Club accepting membership in the League shall pay into the hands of the Treasurer the sum of five dollars, or its equivalent in the money of other nations, as an initiation fee.

Sec. 4. All Clubs possessing a membership of one hundred or less shall pay annually to the Treasurer of the League the sum of ten dollars as dues. Clubs with memberships of more than one hundred shall pay the sum of five dollars for each additional fifty members or major fraction thereof, said dues to be paid semi-annually, in advance.

Sec. 5. Clubs shall be admitted to membership in the League by a two-thirds vote of the Governing Board; provided that the members of the League, in convention, shall have the right, by a two-thirds vote, to reverse such action.

Sec. 6. Clubs that are members of the League are expected to extend to active members of League Clubs of other cities, on their presentation of proper credentials, the full courtesies of the Club visited.

Sec. 7. Particular assistance and recognition are asked for members who visit other cities while on duty.

Sec. 8. Preference should always be shown by members of the Clubs in the League to members of other Clubs in the League, over all other literary workers in the matter of mutual assistance, encouragement, and information.

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1. Annual conventions shall be held at such time as shall be designated by the Governing Board, on sixty days' notice to every Club in the League; the place of meeting to be selected by the preceding annual convention.

Sec. 2. Special meetings of the League may be called by the Governing Board, whenever deemed necessary, upon not less than thirty days' notice.

Sec. 3. [Order of Business.]

ARTICLE V.

AMENDMENTS.

All amendments to the Constitution shall be

¹GEORGE F. LYON was born in New York in 1857, and after he had graduated from Miller's Academy he was placed in an ecclesiastical school by his father, who intended that he should enter the ministry; but the newspaper instinct was too strong, and when only fifteen, the youngster left home and school, and secured employment in Stout's old "New York News Agency," the Pioneer of city press associations. After a few months with Stout, young Lyon was engaged to report for O'Rourke's "New York City Press Association," which afterward supplanted the older concern as the local agency for the associated press. Mr. Lyon remained with the institution for over eight years. In 1880, he established the "Lyon News Bureau," which is still in existence, and became political reporter for the old *Evening Express*. When the



GEORGE F. LYON.¹

submitted in writing at an annual convention, to be acted upon at a subsequent session of the convention. A two-thirds vote will be required for the adoption of any amendment.

One of the happiest results of the Pittsburg convention was the election of Thomas J. Keenan, Jr., to the presidency of the League. Under his energetic enterprise the organization put a thorough foundation under its project, and the International League of Press Clubs thereupon prospered in reality far beyond the expectations of the framers of its structure. The first set of officers were:

paper was merged with the *Mail* and became the *Mail and Express*, Lyon retained the position of political reporter. Aside from making a reputation as one of the best informed political reporters of the day, and a remarkably successful political prophet, he gained both fame and shekels by writing metropolitan sketches for the *New York Sun* and other papers. In 1886 Mr. Lyon was appointed clerk of the New York Supreme Court, and still retains connection with journalism. He was Corresponding Secretary in 1887, Financial Secretary in 1889 and '90, Second Vice-President in 1891.

In 1896, he was elected Secretary of the International League, in which capacity he has shown his ability as an executive of diligence. He has been with the League since its inception. He is one of the most popular men in the profession.

JAMES S. MCCARTNEY.¹

¹ALTHOUGH Mr. James S. McCartney, of Philadelphia, has been connected with the journalism of that city but seven years, his remarkable executive ability, business tact, and somewhat uncommon grasp upon details, have resulted in placing him in a position of great responsibility and influence.

He was born in the city of Philadelphia in 1852, and graduated from the Central High School in a class noted for the large number of its members who afterwards gained high rank in the affairs of the State of Pennsylvania.

In 1890 he was induced to sever his connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, to become associated with the Philadelphia *Record* and was one of the incorporators of the *Record* Publishing Company, being made Treasurer of the organization — a post which he has held until the present day.

Mr. McCartney has not only largely directed the business of that influential newspaper, but he has also been entrusted with the financial details of the various enterprises in which Mr. William M. Singler is personally interested, including the Singler Pulp and Paper Company, of which Mr. McCartney is also the Treasurer. He is the *Record's* representative to the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, and at the various conventions of that body he has suggested many important measures looking towards the betterment of the newspaper professions and the more comprehensive management of the business end of the journal.

Mr. McCartney has always taken a most active interest in affairs relating to the profession and his efforts in this direction resulted in his election several years ago to the position of

President, Thomas J. Keenan, Jr., Pittsburg Pennsylvania.

Vice-Presidents, Lynn R. Meekins, Baltimore, Maryland; John Anderson Boyd, Montreal, Canada; Dr. Joseph H. Senner, New York, of the National Association of German Press Clubs; Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett, Chicago, Illinois, representing the Women's Press Clubs of America.

Secretary and Treasurer, Charles W. Price, New York.

Executive Committee, William R. Worrall, New York; M. H. DeYoung, San Francisco; W. B. Weston, Grand Rapids; H. D. Vought, Buffalo; Doctor John Fiederich, New York; S. G. Lapham, Syracuse; Thomas F. Anderson, Boston; William Berri, Brooklyn; General I. R. Sherwood, Canton, Ohio.

The Convention lasted three days. Its social features were gratifying. There are indeed a few good things in this life which the newspaper faculties do not relish. So the junketing was of a varied kind, with many humors and delights.

Treasurer of the International League of the Press Clubs. Although the other officials of that organization are changed yearly, Mr. McCartney has been unanimously re-elected upon three different occasions. He is also the Treasurer of the famous Pen and Pencil Club, of Philadelphia — an organization composed of newspaper men — and he has held that office for four consecutive terms, his election in each case being unanimous. As far as these two organizations are concerned, Mr. McCartney is constantly giving them surprises. The International League of Press Clubs is already indebted to him for his remarkable ability as a financier and his books have always shown a healthy balance when least expected; while in the case of the Pen and Pencil Club he turned up at one meeting with three thousand dollars invested in interest bearing city bonds when the members of the club really thought that the treasury had been entirely exhausted by the enormous expenses attendant upon the entertainment and reception of the International League of Press Clubs, whose convention was held in the city of Philadelphia in 1895, when the Pen and Pencil Club fairly outdid itself as host.

Mr. McCartney is the Secretary of the almost world-known Clover Club, of Philadelphia, and has been an important factor in the success of its recent banquets. In fact the city of Philadelphia — a town which is noted for organizations of the kind — has no individual who so largely enters into the spirit of club life. Mr. McCartney was a member of the old Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, and as a member of the Board of Governors instituted many improvements of a noteworthy character. He is also an active member of the Catholic Club, the Manufacturers' Club, the Fellowship Club and several other associations. Perhaps no man in the City of Brotherly Love has a larger list of friends than Mr. McCartney, and he always retains friendship when once made, as he is a man peculiarly fitted for "sticking up for friends."



MRS. LOULIE M. GORDON.¹

Then the finale! A feast fit for Lucullus, an elaborate banquet, closed the festivity which attended the birth of this sturdy organization of newspaper and literary workers.

¹MRS. LOULIE M. GORDON, of Atlanta, Ga., has been a devoted and an intelligent League worker since her advent at the St. Paul Convention. She had just returned from Europe when the Georgia Woman's Press Association bade her go to the North with a bunch of Southern azaleas and her charming womanhood and bring the next convention to Atlanta. How well she performed her mission the St. Paul delegates have since attested. Mrs. Gordon makes no journalistic pretense, but her social life in the South is allied with the brains and pens of that prolific district, and these help her in her womanly reforms among the working souls of her native South. She is notable as an executive, a writer of much grace, but most of all a woman who dedicates her position and means to the intellectual side of Southern enterprise.

Mrs. Gordon is of a notable Southern stock. Her husband was Captain Walter Scott Gordon, the youngest brother of General John B. Gordon. Captain Gordon was the youngest officer in the Confederate army, being only fifteen years old when commissioned. Afterward he was on the staff of General Clement A. Evans. He was president of large coal interests, vice-president of banks, and by profession, a lawyer. Mrs. Gor-

The banquet board had attracted attendance of the wit and eminence of the State. Eloquence ran loose among three hundred agile minds. Notable in his attendance was the Hoosier poet, James

don's father was Major McClendon, of the Confederate army, a wealthy planter before the war. On her mother's side, she is related to the Wilkins, Pickens, Terrell, Kirby, Jefferson, and Randolph families of Virginia and South Carolina. She is a Daughter of the American Revolution, Director General for Georgia of the Children of the American Revolution; the first woman chosen by the Cotton States and International Exposition in Atlanta to organize a Woman's Department, and was a member of the Executive Committee; she was Representative-at-Large and Chairman of Woman's Congresses. It was through her work at the League Convention in Atlanta that the newspaper fraternity throughout the country added so materially to the success of the Southern Exposition. Last summer she read a paper at Saratoga to the children of the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution. She is a Commissioner-at-Large of the Tennessee Centennial, a Commissioner on the Atlanta Board and Chairman of the Press Committee. Through Mrs. Gordon Director General Lewis has set a League day at the Centennial, to which newspaper men are invited.

Mrs. Gordon is a type of Southron to which men offer their homage, women their sisterhood.

JOHN A. COCKERILL.¹

Whitcomb Riley, favored wherever the sun shines and the brooks purl, and men and children find their joys with Nature.

¹THE late John A. Cockerill, was foremost among the founders of the League,— John A. Cockerill, five times elected President of the New York Press Club. Colonel Cockerill was born in Adams County, Ohio, in 1845. He entered his present profession as a boy in a country newspaper office at the age of fourteen. Two years later he enlisted in an Ohio regiment, and served under Generals Rosecrans, Reynolds, and Buell. In 1865 he became the owner of a weekly paper in Hamilton, Ohio, in which he gained a varied experience as editor, reporter, foreman, and business manager,— these functions devolving upon him simultaneously. In 1872 he was managing editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, resigning in 1877, to visit Europe as correspondent of that newspaper during the Russo-Turkish War. From 1879 to 1883, he was managing editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. In the year last named he came to New York on the invitation of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, to accept an editorial position on the *World*, remaining with that paper for the following eight years, during the greater portion of which period he was its editor-in-chief. In May, 1891, he took the position of Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* and the *Commercial Advertiser*, its evening issue. Both of these papers were brought to a foremost rank in metropolitan journalism under his skillful management. With independence of character, and remarkable clearness of intellect, Colonel Cockerill combined, in an immense degree, warmth of heart and a sunny disposition, which rendered him extremely popular among his associates and subalterns. To

The enthusiasm of his reception was significant. Riley is forever new; his subtle searches are in the dew of every day. On this occasion he surprised his company. He was called upon to respond to the toast, "Our Kind of a Man." Prefacing the beautiful tribute which followed, with a prose analysis of Our Kind of a Man, one listened to Poe in the moment of his matchless mastery. Riley's heart was deeply pulsing that night.

"But I will turn briefly," he said, "to a local illustration of Our Kind of a Man, most happily furnished by your own State,— your yet prouder city, since this is his adopted home, and your still prouder club that holds him as a brother. Therefore, with his simple name for sponsor, I would read a homely poem, inspired by his most wholesome personality, affectionately inscribed to your beloved friend and mine and all humanity's.

'RAS WILSON.

"'Ras Wilson, I respect you, 'cause
You're common, like you allus was
Afore you went to town and s'prised
The world by gettin' 'recko'nized,"
And yit p'servin', as I say,
Your common hoss-sense ever' way!

this circumstance, unquestionably, is attributable his repeated election as President of the New York Press Club, a formality which might have been continued indefinitely had he not peremptorily declined a renomination.

He became president of the International League in 1893, being elected at its convention held in St. Paul. Until his death in April, 1896, he was an ardent aid in the management of affairs. Through his influence its benefits to the profession were largely extended. He died in Cairo, Egypt, while war correspondent for the New York *Herald*.

"Cockerill dead.

The astounding word that John A. Cockerill is dead comes flashed across the waves from Cairo, Egypt. A bright brain, a loving nature, an intelligence, are gone from us forever. The Press Club waited his return to extend to him the right hand of cordial fellowship; a newspaper proprietor expected his infusion of enterprise and push and dash in the veins of his journal; and a multitude of friendly acquaintances anticipated a renewal of delightful intercourse and rarely equalled comradicity. All are doomed to disappointment, for Cockerill is no more. The brief word from Cairo tells us he died in a barber's shop, an apoplectic shock having seized him.

God bless him!"

Joseph Howard, Jr.
in New York Recorder.

No man in journalism ever lived more in the hearts of men than John A. Cockerill.

And when that name o'yourn occurs
On hand-bills, er in newspapers,
Er letters writ by friends 'at ast
About you, same as in the past,
And neighbors and relations 'low
You're out o' the tall timber now,
And 'gittin' there 'about as spry's
The next! — as I say, when my eyes,
Er ears, lights on your name, I mind
The first time 'at I come to find
You — and my Rickollection yells,
Jest jubilant as old sleigh-bells —
'Ras Wilson! Say! Hold up! and shake
A paw, fer old acquaintance sake!

"My Rickollection, more'n like,
Hain't overly too apt to strike
The what's-called cultchurd public eye
As wisdom of the deepest dye,—
And yit my Rickollection makes
So blame lots fewer o' mistakes,
Regardin' human-natchur and
The fellers 'at I've shook their hand,
Than my best judgement's done, the day
I've met 'em,—'fore I got away,—
'At—Well, 'Ras Wilson, let me grip
Your hand in warmest partnership!

"Dad-burn ye! Like to jest haul back
A' old flat-hander, jest che-whack!
And take you 'twixt the shoulders, say,
Sometime you're lookin' t'other way!—
Er, maybe while you 're speakin' to
A whole blame courthouse-full o' thu —
Siastic friends, I'd like to jest
Come in-like and break up the nest
Afore you hatched another cheer,
And say: 'Ras, I can't stand hitched here
All night — nor would n't ef I could! —
But little Bethel neighborhood,
You ust to live at, 's sent some word
Fer you, ef any chance occurred
To git it to you,—so ef you
Kin stop, I'm waitin' for ye too!'

"You 're common, as I said afore—
You 're common, yit uncommon more —
You allus kindo' 'pear to me,—
What all mankind had ort to be—
You allus kindo' 'pear to me,
Jest natchurl, and the more hurrahs
You git, the less you know the cause—
Like as ef God Hisself stood by,
Where best on earth hain't half knee-high,
And seein'-like, and knowin' He
'S the Only Great Man, really.
You're jest content to size your height
With any feller-man's in sight —
And even then they's scrubs, like me,
Feels stuck-up, in your company!
Like now:— I want to go with you
Plum out o' town — a mile er two,
Clean past the Fairground — where's some hint
O' pennyrail er peppermint,
And bottom-lands, and timber thick
Enough to sorto' shade the crick!
I want to see you — want to set
Down somers, where the grass hain't wet,
And kindo' breathe you, like puore air—
And taste o' your tobacker there,
And talk, and chaw! Talk o' the birds

We've knocked with cross-bows. Afterwards
Drap, maybe, into some dispute
'Bout 'pomgrannies,' er cal'mus-root—
And how they growed, and where — on tree
Er vine? Who's best boy-memory! —
And was n't it gingsang, instead
O' cal-mus root, growed like you said?—
Er how to tell a coon-track from
A mussrat's: er how milksick come —
Er ef cows brung it? Er why now
We never see no 'muley' cow—
Ner frizzly-chicken — ner no clay
Bank mare — ner nothin' that away! —
And what's come o' the yaller-core
Old worter mellons? — hain't no more—
Tomattusus, the same — all red —
Uns nowadays—all past joys fled —
Each and all jest gone k-whizz!
Like our days o' childhood is!

"Dag-gone it, Ras! they hain't no friend,
It 'pears-like, left to comperhend
Sich things as these, but you, and see
How dratted sweet they air to me!
But you, 'at's loved 'em allus, and
Kin sort 'em out and understand
'Em same as the fine books you've read,
And all fine thoughts you've writ, er said,
Er worked out, through long nights o' rain.
And doubts and fears, and hopes, again,
As bright as morning when she broke, —
You know a teardrap from a joke!
And so, 'Ras Wilson, stop and shake
A paw, fer old acquaintance sake!"

Mr. Riley's poem was an embarrassing surprise to his friend Erasmus Wilson, who was present, and instantly the esteem in which both these talented men of real value were held, found its expression in many succeeding personal greetings as the guests departed. Thus, under these propitious auspices, the International League of Press Clubs was firmly founded.

The second convention of the League was held in San Francisco, in January, 1892; whither Mr. M. H. de Young and the proverbial hospitality of Californians had lured it. The features of this junket were exceedingly enjoyed. No excursion party was ever more sumptuously stocked with good things in palatial traveling coaches. The trip from New York to the Coast was all too short and the pungency of wit too fleeting for the Eastern contingent.

The reception in San Francisco augured well for the succeeding four days of the convention. Its business session was characterized with spirit, and while the harmonies in the election of a presi-

dent were not attuned to all ears, the League derived a freshened impulse for another year's progressive work.

Socially, no company could have been treated with greater cordiality, than were the visiting newspaper men and women. The Coast was explored from Portland to San Diego; wineries were tapped, and the land of flowers and fair women heartily enjoyed under the gracious *espionnage* of the San Francisco Press Club.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—

President, M. H. de Young, San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Vice-Presidents, John A. Cockerill, New York *Morning Advertiser*; Gen. Charles H. Taylor, Boston *Globe*; George W. Childs, Philadelphia *Ledger*; Gen. Felix Agnus, Baltimore *American*; P. B. Deuster, Milwaukee *Seabote*; Mrs. Sallie Joy White, President New England Woman's Press Association.

Secretary and Treasurer, Charles W. Price, *Electrical Review*, New York.

Executive Committee, T. J. Keenan, Jr., Pittsburgh *Press*; Dr. John Friederich, New York *Amerikanische-Schweitzer Zeitung*; Wm. V. Alexander, Boston *Transcript*; P. C. Boyle, Toledo *Commercial*; H. P. Hall, St. Paul *News*; H. D. Vought, Buffalo *Courier*; William Berri, Brooklyn *Standard-Union*; John P. Dampman, Reading, Pennsylvania, *Herald*; S. O. Lapham, Syracuse, New York, *Courier*.

The third convention was held at St. Paul, Minnesota, in May, 1893. The attendance there was large and significantly representative of the larger journals in the country. Colonel J. A. Cockerill of New York was elected President. Many cities were bidding for the 1894 convention. By the tact, grace, and eloquence, of Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon of Georgia, Atlanta won the honor. The officers serving during the year 1893-94 were:—

President, John A. Cockerill, New York *Morning Advertiser*.

Vice-Presidents, George W. Childs, Philadelphia *Ledger*; Joseph Pulitzer, New York *World*; William Berri, Brooklyn *Standard-Union*; Fred. E. Whiting, Boston *Herald*; A. E. Chantler, St. Paul *Dispatch*; Mrs. Sallie Joy White, New England Woman's Press Association, Boston.

Treasurer, Charles W. Price, *Electrical Review*, New York.

Secretary, Harry D. Vought, Buffalo *Courier*.

Executive Committee, T. J. Keenan, Jr. Pittsburgh *Press*; M. H. de Young, San Francisco *Chronicle*; Dr. John Friederich, New York *Amerikanische Schweitzer Zeitung*; P. C. Boyle, Oil City *Derrick*; Wm. V. Alexander, Boston *Tran-*

script; L. F. Thoma, National Association German-American Journalists and Authors, New York; T. V. Powderly, Scranton, Pennsylvania; Charles H. Grasty, Baltimore *News*; Mrs. E. A. Conner, American Press Association.

The Atlanta Convention, in May, 1894, surpassed the expectation of every delegate. The attendance was nearly four hundred persons directly and indirectly from the ranks of the profession. The Georgians are great and kindly hosts. In the world of letters they have place which silences my feeble commentary. Under the spell of Atlanta's entertainment, the business and practical side of League work and aim was again empowered. The question of the real substance of the League was thoroughly debated, and plans were laid to make that substance evident. The relation of the active newspaper and literary worker to the public, to the League, and to the journalism which maintained him, were themes which started intelligent discussion.

The personnel of the Atlanta Convention was happy. It brought to view and acquaintance many distinguished writers, authors, and scholars. Their addresses were heard with relish, and their personal friendship given here and there to attending members of the guild, has endeared the brief time of that Atlanta session.

The Southrons were an excess of heart and mind on that occasion; an excess that nature indulges with delight. Their frank hospitality, their soulful mental intercourse, their fine native courtesies; the beautiful women, gallant men, and precious homes, identified them as the salt of the earth.

So there was nothing to do in appreciation of all this but to elect one of Atlanta's native sons president of the League and one of her rarest daughters a vice-president. The officers for 1894-95 were:—

President, Clark Howell, Atlanta *Constitution*.

Vice-Presidents, Murat Halstead, Brooklyn *Standard-Union*; Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, Georgia Woman's Press Club; Hon. John A. Hennessy, New York *Mail and Express*; A. B. Cunningham, Baltimore *Morning Herald*; William V. Alexander, Boston *Transcript*; Louis N. Magarree, Philadelphia *Times*.

Ex-officio Member Governing Board for ensuing year, Col. John A. Cockerill, New York *Morning Advertiser*.

Treasurer, James S. McCartney, Philadelphia *Record*.

Secretary, Harry D. Vought, Buffalo *Courier*.
Executive Committee, T. J. Keenan, Jr.,
Pittsburg *Press*; P. C. Boyle, Oil City *Derrick*;
Dr. John Friederich, New York *Amerikanische
Schweitzer Zeitung*; E. J. Carpenter, Boston *Ad-
vertiser*; Jean I. Charlouis, New York *School
Journal*; Harry W. Wack, St. Paul *Globe*; W.
J. K. Kenney, New York *City Record*; Herman
Dieck, National Organization German-American
Journalists and Authors, Philadelphia; Mrs. E.
A. Connor, American Press Association.

Then came a time when even a glorious past should dim. In 1895, the League hosts ventured into Philadelphia, a town on which years of rumor and repute had showered some gross libels about the lethargy of Quakerdom. We were told that water would n't run in that place; that everything was dated yesterday; that there was no Now and would not be till the following month. The young men from the East and the wise men from nowhere prepared to wear crape and the lachrymose eye of the post-mortem tomato.

The first evidence that the Philadelphia Pen and Pencil Club had more influence than the Atlantic ocean and a persuasive power mightier than Aspasia's, was in their privileged use of Independence Hall, which theretofore had never been dedicated to a private or public purpose of a non-patriotic or ceremonial nature. We inquired not how this honor had been obtained, but speedily and in reverential awe, carried on our deliberations in that grand old structure, torn and tarnished, but all untainted in its simple relation to the greatest epoch, the most precious parchment, in our national life.

The Philadelphia Convention is memorable for many things. The measures introduced there for League extension, legislation in the interest of editors, reporters, and publishers, the vigor of other business matters before the meetings, and the magnificence of its social features, combined to fix the belief in the journalistic mind that Philadelphia was the city of "cyclonic celerity,"—as one of our wags declared,—and that its Pen and Pencil Club contained a surer genius, a swifter talent, a readier wit, and a happier, heartier good-fellowship, than all the clubs of America, the 'societies of



GENERAL FELIX AGNUS.

Britain, or the tongs in the land of Li Hung Chang.

It was at the Philadelphia Convention that General Felix Agnus, of the Baltimore *American*, advocated a libel law which would throw about the reporter, editor, and writer of news, the same protection involved in the relation of attorney and client, physician and patient, husband and wife. It was ably contended that it was unreasonable to search a writer for the source of his information, given to him in confidence and good faith. Reporters have been arrested and imprisoned for refusing to divulge the source of their lawful publications, and the proposed law was designed to avoid the summary application of an unjust penalty before trial of the merits involved in each case.

The League adopted the movement and at once propagated it in all the States of the Union. Maryland, where the law was conceived, was the first State to pass the following bill:—

Be it Enacted by the State of Maryland:—

Section 1. No person engaged in connection with or employed on a newspaper or journal shall be compelled to disclose in any legal proceeding or trial, or before any committee of the Legislature, or elsewhere, the source of any news or information procured or obtained by him for and

published in the newspaper or journal on which he is engaged, connected, or employed.

Sec. 2. This act shall not abridge or impair the right of the people to commence and maintain a criminal prosecution for libel, or the right or remedy of any person to maintain an action for damages on account of said publication.

The State of Utah has followed, and Massachusetts passed its Senate with an excellent bill, but met defeat in the House. Minnesota has been attracted to the measure, and the promise is that a similar bill will become its law at the next session of the Legislature. The League is now bending its energies to enact a uniform libel law in every State. That it will before long accomplish this, the prospect assuredly indicates.

Seven hundred persons, including many distinguished men and women in the official, professional, and social life of Pennsylvania, attended what has been remarked as the most beautifully appointed banquet ever tendered in the city of Philadelphia. The radiance and glamour of that night has been an interesting light in the pathway of the League. Graced by his Reverence the Archbishop of Philadelphia, its Mayor, the Governor of the State, his staff, the editors and proprietors of Pennsylvania's largest newspapers, the occasion was one of impressive force upon those who are observing what the International League of Press Clubs may become if its purposes are fully carried into fruition.

The annual election in Philadelphia installed the following officers:—

President, Louis M. Magargee, Philadelphia *Times*.

Vice-Presidents, Joseph Howard, Jr., New York *Recorder*; General Felix Agnus, Baltimore *American*; Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, Georgia Woman's Press Club; William V. Alexander, Boston *Transcript*; John W. Keller, New York *Recorder*; John P. Dampman, Reading, Pennsylvania *Herald*.

Ex-Officio Member Governing Board for Ensuing Year, Clark Howell, Atlanta *Constitution*.

Treasurer, James S. McCartney, Philadelphia *Record*.

Secretary, Harry D. Vought, Buffalo *Courier*.

Executive Committee, T. J. Keenan, Jr., Pittsburgh *Press*; P. C. Boyle, Oil City *Derrick*; Dr. John Friederich, New York *Amerikanische Schweitzer Zeitung*; Jean I. Charlouis, New York *School Journal*; Harry W. Wack, St. Paul *Globe*; Robert B. Cramer, Philadelphia *Times*; Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, Cleveland Woman's Press Club; Mrs. Helen H. Gardener, *The Arena*, Boston; Eugene J. Fleury, Buffalo *Express*.

The Convention in Buffalo, in June,

1896, was also fruitful of earnest endeavor and a renewed zeal for progress. The assembly was happily entertained in the city and at Niagara Falls, in the latter resort by the Hon. David Isaacs, prominent in newspapers and other large enterprises in that district.

The Convention resulted in electing to the League presidency Harry D. Vought, secretary of the League for the three preceding years, and for twenty-one years the railroad editor of the Buffalo *Courier*.

President, Harry D. Vought, *Courier*, Buffalo, New York.

Vice Presidents, Jean I. Charlouis, *School Journal*, New York City; William V. Alexander, *Transcript*, Boston; Mrs. Ellen S. Cromwell, Chicago *Times-Herald*, Washington, D. C.; Max Ways, *Herald*, Baltimore; Frank C. Roberts, *Post*, San Francisco; T. Henry Martin, *News*, Philadelphia.

Treasurer, James S. McCartney, *Record*, Philadelphia.

Secretary, George F. Lyon, Press Club, New York City.

Ex-Officio Member of the Governing Board, Louis M. Magargee, *Times*, Philadelphia.

Executive Committee, T. J. Keenan, Jr., *Press*, Pittsburg; Mrs. Marian Longfellow O'Donoghue, *Post*, Washington, D. C.; P. C. Boyle, *Derrick*, Oil City, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, Woman's Press Club, Cleveland, Ohio; Col. A. B. de Frece, Press Club, New York City; F. W. Ford, *Transcript*, Boston; Robert B. Cramer, *Times*, Philadelphia; Harry W. Wack, *Dispatch*, St. Paul, Minnesota; Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, Georgia Woman's Press Club, Atlanta.

Mr. Vought's administration closes this month. It has been marked with the inauguration of many plans, the consummation of which during the term of his successor should redound to the benefit of the League and the personal advantage of all its members. The Constitution of the League prohibits re-election of its president to succeed himself. The inceptions of one in all likelihood devolve upon the other for fulfillment. In view of the many interesting measures pending, the gentleman who succeeds the present incumbent becomes the bearer of the hope and concern of those who urge the enactment of some reforms, the diligent prosecution of League possibilities, and the actual practise of those principles upon which the League was founded. No member of the profession could be occupied with a more commendable work. The fraternity inspired by the League aims to dignify the individual

and his profession, to enlarge the public estimate and the personal respect of both, to bring kindred spirits, minds, and hands, into social relation, to elevate the standard of journalism, and wipe it—aye! scour it—of some of its recent stains, to recall it to sanity by example, to repress its indigestible display of paint-plashed-Nothing.

A unity of the American Press Clubs will rear an organization of tremendous power. The wise direction of this power will right many wrongs which now avoid a ready distinction between brains and brass. The brain market is the only industry which is as yet unorganized. A strange reality indeed, that the primal force under every marketable thing, should itself remain without a union of its factors. The newspaper conditions in New York, the methods and standards employed in their editorial and reportorial forces, their congestion and daily-output, is an astounding study of the utter futility of real worth when matched against a delirium which is indefinable. If you are suspected of carrying concealed brains about your person, you are looked upon with suspicion; but if you display an olfactory capacity which will detect compost at a range of twenty-seven miles against an East River gale, you are a thing desired and a toy forever, at an insulting wage per week.

The following clubs have membership in the League:—

Albany Press Club.
 Atlanta Press Club.
 Brooklyn Press Club.
 Buffalo Press Club.
 Boston Press Club.
 Cleveland Woman's Press Club.
 Chattanooga Press Club.
 Georgia Woman's Press Club.
 Grand Rapids Press Club.
 Illinois Woman's Press Association.
 Journalists' Club of Baltimore.
 Milwaukee German Press Club.
 Milwaukee Press Club.
 Minneapolis Press Club.
 Manchester Press Club.
 New York Press Club.
 New York German Press Club.
 New York Woman's Press Club.
 National Organization German - American Journalists and Authors.
 Newspaper Club of Boston.
 Pittsburg Press Club.
 Pittsburg Woman's Press Club.
 Pennsylvania Legislative Correspondents' Association.



JOHN W. KELLER.¹

Pen and Pencil Club, Philadelphia.
 Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association.
 Portland (Oregon) Press Club.
 Reading Press Club.
 Rochester Press Club.
 San Francisco Press Club.
 Syracuse Press Club.
 St. Paul Press Club.
 St. Louis German Press Club.
 Southern Rhode Island Press Club.
 Scranton Press Club.
 Salt Lake City Press Club.
 Toledo Press Club.
 Texas Woman's Press Association.
 Woman's National Press Association.
 Western Pennsylvania Press Club, (Erie District.)
 Western Pennsylvania Press Club (Pittsburg District.)
 Wilkesbarre Press Club.

¹JOHN W. KELLER was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, in 1856. While pursuing his education at Yale College he founded the *Yale Daily News*, the first daily college newspaper ever published. After graduating, in 1879, he became a reporter on the *Daily Truth*, and afterwards was for five years editor of the New York *Dramatic News*. While so engaged Mr. Keller wrote the well-known play of "Tangled Lives," which was performed with brilliant success. Later on he became a member of the staff of the New York *Times*, besides contributing to other papers. In February, 1891, he left the *Times* to take the editorial management of the New York *Recorder*, which position he held during the life of that paper. Mr. Keller has always been an active worker in the interest of the League of Press Clubs, having served it as Vice-President.



JEAN ISIDORE CHARLOUIS.



THOMAS J. KEENAN, JR.



PATRICK C. BOYLE.



MRS. MARION LONGFELLOW O'DONOGHUE.

On June 1st, the Seventh Annual Convention will be held in New York City under the auspices of the New York Press Club. The literary exercises planned will call out distinguished members of the profession in America and England, and perhaps a delegation from France and Germany. The social features should be gratifying. Important measures directly bearing upon the profession will be introduced and furthered. The indications are that this convention will be the largest yet held.

Sketches of some of the League leaders have been given with their portraits, but there are others that must not be forgotten.

JEAN ISIDORE CHARLOUIS is a Frenchman by birth and a jolly good fellow by temperament and disposition. Years ago he was prominent in educational circles. He conducted several successful private schools, and thus won the title of "professor," which he has since borne. In 1878 he joined forces with the *School Journal*, the oldest educational publication in the country, and assumed its business management. His knowledge of the paper's special field, wide acquaintance among teachers, and exceptional business ability, speedily bore fruit, and under his management the *Journal* has become one of the best-paying class newspaper properties in America. Mr. Charlouis is an old-time member of the New York Press Club, and is one of the most active workers in its Board of Trustees. He was twice elected a member of the Executive Committee of the League, and last year was its first vice-president. He is an excellent official; kindly, affable, and generous as a man. When Mr. Wack withdrew as one of the two delegates to the foreign Press League, whose convention will be held in Stockholm, Sweden, this month, Mr. Charlouis was elected to the representation.

THOMAS J. KEENAN, JR., journalist, was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, November 22d, 1859. His family has borne, for several generations, an honorable part in public affairs, both civil and military, numbering a governor and adjutant general of Pennsylvania, important members of the diplomatic service, and noted officers in the Mexican and Civil wars.

His father, Thomas J. Keenan, A. M., a prominent member of the Allegany county bar, founded and conducted the *Legal Journal*, and was, for fifteen years, prothonotary of the Supreme Court for the western district of Pennsylvania. On his mother's side (Sophia Latimer Gaskell), he comes from one of the oldest families in the State, tracing its lineage back to William and Margaret Cooper, who, in 1679, settled Cooper's Point, New Jersey, now the upper wards of Camden, before the city of Philadelphia was surveyed. By marriage, the Gaskells were related to William Penn.

Thomas J. Keenan, Jr., was educated at the Western University of Pennsylvania. In 1880 he began his life's work as a reporter on the *Morning Times*, and in less than three years, was promoted to the editorship of that paper. In 1884, he organized a stock company to publish the *Press*, the first successful penny paper issued in Pittsburg, and has, since then, been thoroughly identified with its success as editor, director, and one of its principal owners. He is deeply interested in works of charity. Through the *Press*, he raised a fund of over thirty thousand dollars for the establishment of a Newsboys' Home and lodging house, which was completed and occupied in 1893, and secured for its maintenance, a State appropriation of ten thousand dollars. Besides holding the presidency of the Newsboys' Home, he is a director in the Free Kindergarten association, and a director and vice-president of the Waif Saving Association of America.

After the great Johnstown flood, where he personally directed his own staff of correspondents, and where he was in temporary charge of the first relief station opened on the banks of the Conemaugh, he was instrumental, two years later, in joining the scattered associations of Johnstown flood correspondents into one national organization which elected him its president at the succeeding annual reunion.

In 1881 he helped to organize the Pittsburg Press Club, in which he afterwards filled every executive office.

Mr. Keenan is an officer in a number of other newspaper organizations. He is a prominent member of the Chamber of Commerce, of Pittsburg, and other locally representative bodies. Though taking an active and influential part in Democratic politics, Mr. Keenan has never sought political preferments, and has repeatedly declined important nominations tendered him.

Within the past two months, Mr. Keenan organized, and materially assisted in the successful operation of, the News Publishers' Press Association, an organization comprising more than fifty afternoon newspapers, lately connected with the United Press.

Appointed by Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania, Secretary and Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Commission at the Atlanta Exposition, Mr. Keenan had active charge of, and superintended the erection of the State buildings, and the collection and exhibition of the wares from the Keystone State, and the universal verdict was that outside of Georgia, no State exhibit equaled that of Pennsylvania. Notwithstanding this favorable showing, the appropriation made by the State was not all expended, Mr. Keenan having turned over a balance of more than seven thousand dollars. Governor Hastings, in his message to the Legislature, in January last, commended Mr. Keenan for his excellent work as Secretary and Executive Director.

Perseverance, indomitable will, aggressiveness, keen foresight, tireless activity, and honesty of purpose, are a few of the characteristic traits of Thomas J. Keenan, Jr., which have given him a high position in the regard of his myriads of friends at home and abroad.

PATRICK C. BOYLE, three times elected to the League Executive Committee, is the owner and editor of *The Oil City, Pennsylvania, Derrick*. He is an Irishman and a money maker. He was born in Donegal in 1846, and being brought over the ocean to Brady's Bend, Pennsylvania, by his parents, was educated there. He served during the war, and at its close began newspaper work as a reporter on the *Pittsburg Leader*. In 1868 he became connected with the *New York Tribune* and was with that paper ten years. He then started a paper called *Labor's Voice* at Martinsburg, Pennsylvania, and a few months later started the *Petrolia Press*. In 1881 he founded the *Oil Echo* at Richburg, New York, and between 1885 and 1889 he bought the *Oil City Derrick*, *Bradford Era* and the *Toledo Commercial*.

MRS. MARIAN LONGFELLOW O'DONOGHUE, *née* Longfellow, is a native of Portland, Maine, and a niece of Henry W. Longfellow, the poet. On her father's side of the family she is a lineal descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Molines, and numbers six signers of the famous Mayflower Compact as her ancestors. Through her mother's side she is a lineal descendant of Governor Bradstreet of Salem, Massachusetts, and of Anne, his wife, who was called the first New England poetess.

For many years Mrs. O'Donoghue has written verse under the *nom-de-plume* of "Miriam Lester." She has written upon the various reforms of the times, and while she has no desire to pose as the "new woman," she is essentially a woman's woman, finding her greatest pleasure in being able at any time, to aid another woman.

Mrs. O'Donoghue is a charter member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and an active member of the Elizabeth Wadsworth Chapter, D. A. R., of Portland, Maine, a chapter named for her great-grandmother, the grandmother of the poet Longfellow. She is also a member and ex-officer of the Woman's National Press Association; an ex-director of the Choral Society of Washington, District of Columbia, and a member of several other clubs. She took an active part in presenting to the Senate of the United States, the question of the "Legal Status of Women in the District of Columbia," for which a bill fixing this status was passed, later. In June, 1896, she went to the convention, held at Buffalo, New York, as a delegate from the Woman's National Press Association, and was elected a member of the Governing Board. It was owing to her good offices that California had a representative on the Board.

Mrs. O'Donoghue has written for a number of papers, amongst which are the *Boston Transcript*, *Boston Herald*, *Washington Post*, and others. She has also written several stories for children, and some translations from the French. For the past seven years, she has been a resident of Washington city, but is distinctly at heart, and in feeling, a New England woman, though she laughingly says she has been taken for almost every nationality,—a Frenchwoman, an Englishwoman, an Irishwoman, and a Southern woman. This



ROBERT BARRINGER CRAMER.



FRANK C. ROBERTS.



MRS. ELROY M. AVERY.



COLONEL A. B. DE FRECE



WILLIAM V. ALEXANDER



MAX WAYS.



MRS. ELLEN S. CROMWELL.



CHAS. W. PRICE.

would seem to class her as cosmopolitan, rather than local, in spite of her Puritan ancestry.

MR. ROBERT B. CRAMER was born on July 30, 1871. He was an early military graduate, and an enterprising editor of a school paper. At the age of eighteen years he became a reporter on the New York Press. Leaving Gotham, he attached himself to the Philadelphia Times and remained there five years. Within the year he went to Atlanta, Georgia, to take charge of the *Evening Constitution*, which owing to the collapse of the United Press, suspended publication in April.

Mr. Cramer has that type of masculine enterprise which is forever going. You can't stop him, and his work in newspapers and in the humorous journals is crisp, direct, and always happy.

The picture presented of him shows what the International League of Press Clubs may unconsciously do for a fellow. That baby is a League flower, and came to Mr. Cramer with the fondest time in his life. In 1894, the League was entertained in Atlanta. Miss Ida Howell, the beautiful daughter of Captain E. P. Howell, proprietor of the *Constitution*, met "Bob" Cramer in the brilliant social intercourse of that convention. That settled it! She became his wife; as several other beautiful Southern women became the wives of attending "callow youths, of the daring pen."

Mr. Cramer has been a member of the Executive Committee the last two terms.

MR. ROBERTS, the fifth vice-president, is an editorial writer on the San Francisco *Evening Post*, and has had a wide experience in newspaper work in various sections of the country. He was formerly vice-president of the Buffalo Press Club.

MRS. ELROY M. AVERY of Cleveland, Ohio, is the wife of State Senator Elroy M. Avery, Ph. D., LL. D. and daughter of the Hon. Julius Tilden, a well known lawyer of southern Michigan, twenty-five years ago. She is a member of the Art and History Club and the Conversational, two important literary clubs of Cleveland; of the Sorosis, the Woman's Relief Corps,—her husband having served through the war,—and of the Woman's Press Club. She held for two years the office of State Regent for Ohio of the Daughters of the American Revolution, from which office she retired to become vice-president general of the order, receiving the largest number of votes cast at the late Continental Congress. She was chosen to represent the eighteen thousand Daughters of the American Revolution, and to respond for them to Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson's address of welcome at the continental congress.

She was the first woman elected to a civil office in Cleveland,—that of member of the school board. It is principally through her efforts that the kindergarten has been made a part of the public school system.

She was chosen to represent the women in an address to Major McKinley on the occasion of the Woman's Pilgrimage to Canton. The address was copied in nearly every paper in the United States. She is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Department of the Cleveland Centennial Commission. Some of the work of this committee has reference to the future as well as the past. Notably, the sealing of an aluminum box, beautifully engraved and containing the record of woman's work during Cleveland's first centennial. This box was sealed with appropriate ceremonies, to be opened by the women of Cleveland's second centennial, in 1906. In the meantime it remains in the custody of the Historical Society. Under their auspices, the historian, Mrs. Wickham, has prepared a history of the pioneer women of the Western Reserve, four volumes of which have already appeared. In this work the historian had the assistance of women all over the Reserve.

Mrs. Avery has a clear, far reaching voice and can always be heard. For this reason and because she is a ready speaker, she is much called upon.

Last but not least, Mrs. Avery is a member of the Executive Committee of the International League of Press Clubs.

COLONEL A. B. DE FRECE, a graduate of the University of New York with highest honors, has been a representative business man in New York for twenty years past, achieving success through his intelligence, enterprise, tenacity of purpose, and strict integrity. His successful administration of great undertakings attracted the

attention of the late Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, who induced him to become the business manager of the *Mail and Express*, in which position he has shown his unique administrative capacity.

To recite half the events in Col. de Frece's active career would be to engage the reader far beyond the limit and purpose of this brief sketch of the League. His enterprises in behalf of charity are numbered by the hundred, and their aggregate result to such institutions is accounted at millions of dollars. He has few peers as a manager of gigantic enterprises, and his talents are versatile. He has been an active participant in League affairs, and was last year elected a member of its Executive Committee.

WILLIAM V. ALEXANDER, of the Boston *Transcript*, has been twice a member of the Executive Committee of the International League of Press Clubs, and once a vice-president. No honors were ever more worthily bestowed, nor assumed with greater ability. The League has been fortunate in his service, a service at once progressive, intelligent, and self-suppressing. In his modesty, chiseled manner, and firmness in official enterprise, Mr. Alexander typifies the New England life of gentility and force.

He was president of the Boston Press Club two terms, and his enlargement of that body of newspaper men and *literati*, distinguished his incumbency. In addition to his continuous connection with the Boston Press Club and his long service as city editor of the *Transcript*, he was an original member of the Press Rifle Association and has been its secretary and president; was an original member of the Newspaper Club and has been its president; is a member of the Franklin Typographical Society and has attended the conventions of this League for three years. He enjoys a preferred social position in Boston, is genial to everybody, helpful to his fellows, and of marked ability as an editor.

MAX WAYS is a friend of men generally; of clever women specifically. He lives in a State where the purer types of human beauty thrive. He is the city editor of the Baltimore *Herald*, and his newspaper career has occupied twelve enterprising years. His ability bespeaks an older man than thirty-one; but such he is, landing somewhere in Seifersburg, Maryland, in 1866. He is a deep, calm, and retiring young man with an abundant reserve force for intellectual drudgery or pleasure. His place in the journalism of his State is in the fore rank of sound and stable newspaper endeavor. His work in the councils of the International League is praiseworthy. His goodfellowship is a distinguishing trait.

MRS. ELLEN S. CROMWELL is the president of the Woman's National Press Association, of Washington. District of Columbia, and has been in journalistic fields for many years. She is a native of Virginia. Her first work was for the Detroit *Free Press* at the time when William B. Quimby, now United States Minister to the Netherlands, was managing editor. Mrs. Cromwell was a daily reporter for the papers during the Electoral Commission of 1876, and is one of the women who appears in Mrs. Fassett's picture of the Electoral Commission at the Capitol. In

1886 Mrs. Cromwell was accredited to the reporters' gallery, when Gen. H. V. Boynton was the chairman of the Press Committee. Mrs. Cromwell has been for many years connected with the Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald*, and has also contributed literary work under the title of "Romance of History." She is chairman of the publication bureau of the association, and president and business manager of the Potomac Series Company; a charter member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and a charter member of the Mary Washington Chapter of that society. She is a woman of large heart and sympathies, and it has been said of her that she combines the "push" of the Western woman with the grace and suavity of the Southern one.—*Washington Post*.

CHARLES W. PRICE, a trustee of the New York Press Club, is the editor and chief owner of the *Electrical Review*, New York city. He was born in Ohio, thirty-eight years ago, and at sixteen years of age was engaged in the printing trade on the Barnesville *Enterprise*, where he occupied successively the positions of "devil," compositor, and editor. In 1879 he assisted in establishing the *Daily Capital*, in Topeka, Kansas, of which he was an editor until 1882, when he was made manager of a large telephone company in Kansas City. In 1885 Mr. Price came to New York, and purchased an interest in the *Electrical Review*, of which he is now the editor. He was Secretary and Treasurer of the International League of Press Clubs during the two first years of its career.

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, fifth president of the International League of Press Clubs, for several terms president and wit-in-chief of the Pen and Pencil Club of Philadelphia, is the managing editor of the Philadelphia *Times*. Mr. Megargee's aversion to the publication of his portrait, accounts for this bleak paragraph concerning him. But his Boswell needs no pictorial aid to account him an interesting character, an able writer, a versatile genius, a keen satirist, a kind and generous fellow, and a man of genuine impulses.

His position in Pennsylvania journalism is first among active editorial chiefs, and perhaps the best commentary upon his occupation of that place is the report of his popularity with the subordinates who serve him, and the esteem accorded him by proprietary interests. His newspaper life has been wide, varied, and prosperous. As an organizer of men and an instructor of their good fellowship, his record as the sun and breeze of the Pen and Pencil Club will permit him some peers, but no superiors. His daily reminiscent column in the *Times* bespeaks his intimate touch with the affairs of men.

MR. F. W. FORD is actively engaged in the newspaper life of Boston. His counsel as a member of the League Executive Committee has been of value in many ways. He well represents the best spirit of his Press Club and what should be the principles of the profession.

MR. T. HENRY MARTIN of the Executive Committee is a member of the Philadelphia Pen and

Pencil Club, and one of Mr. Megargee's graduates in his prize class of convivial cyclones. He has proven a helpful League Executive, and lends his service with effect.

The author of this brief and desultory history of the League, has been of the craft about ten years. He formerly re-

sided in St. Paul, where he perpetrated many things in an active career. For some reason or none he has been thrice elected to the Executive Committee. He is now a resident of New York, aged twenty-nine years, unmarried, and still at large.

Harry Wellington Wack.

LURA

STORY OF A SMUGGLER'S LIFE



HE usually calm waters of Puget sound were rolling in great, turbulent waves upon its western shore. A northeasterly gale swept the waters and tossed the spray from the billows. Now and then the fast-flying storm clouds scattered and a dying moon faintly outlined the heaving waste and wooded slopes. Then the

black gloom came down again, broken only by the phosphorescent glow from the surges.

The frail craft used for the navigation of this beautiful inland sea had sought safety from the tempest, and the great highway tossed itself in impotent fury upon the sandy beaches.

On the bank of a little cove into which flowed a tiny stream of fresh water, not far from the old mill of Port Madison, and sheltered somewhat from the blasts which at times stir the waters of the sound, stands a dilapidated structure, too small to dignify by the name of building, and apparently unfit for permanent habitation. Constructed of rough cedar shakes and chinked with a mixture of clay and coarse grass, it seemed but an uncertain refuge from the elements.

Here lived, however, for many years an old half-breed woman and her daughter, subsisting largely upon the fish so abundant in the waters and by selling the clams which they dug from the beach. The interior of the house consisted originally of a single room, but a low partition now enclosed a corner in which was a small bed.

A rough fir table, a few chairs, some cooking utensils, and a cracked stove, comprised the bulk of the other furniture.

The old woman sat in the couching posture natural to those in whose veins flows the Indian blood, and the girl moved restlessly about, occasionally pressing her face to the little window in a vain endeavor to penetrate the gloom and storm without.

Her face was a curious one, and at first glance not pleasing. A skin hardly darker than that of the Scandinavian, but tanned and roughened by exposure, formed a strange contrast to the black hair and peculiar dark eyes which betrayed the taint of the aborigine.

It was when she spoke that she appeared to best advantage, for then the possibilities of her nature were reflected in her features. Her strong white teeth and well shaped mouth indicated stubbornness of purpose; yet the stolidity of her ancestral race was wholly lacking and her lithe form, clothed in coarse, ill-fitting garments, retained the grace and agility of the child of nature.

The wind shook the frail structure and rattled the loose shakes, and the smoking old ship's lamp seemed sometimes on the point of going out in the strong current of air.

"Lorrie 'll be here tonight," said the old woman, lifting her heavy face. "Keep the fire up and the water hot. He 'll want his coffee when he gits here."

"It's an awful night," returned the girl. "Maybe he 'll never get here." And her look of anxiety deepened.

"He 'll come, if he ain't at the bottom of the sound or the cutter ain't got him."

And the old hag chuckled as she lapsed into her customary silence.

The night wore slowly on and the two women waited,—one impatiently, the other indifferently. It was nearly midnight when the younger one suddenly arose and exclaimed:—

"Something has happened. Some bad luck has come to them. I'm going out."

"Don't be a fool!" replied the other, as her daughter, throwing a shawl about her, went out into the night.

She went rapidly down the beach until she reached a long, low sand spit extending some distance out into the open sound. Making her way to the end of this, she sat down on a water-soaked log. The wind tossed her long black hair and the salt spray wet her garments, but she did not notice it.

"Can they have given it up?" she muttered. "It was to be tonight, no matter what the weather, and that could n't be better for their purpose."

"What is that?" she gasped suddenly, as the dim moonlight penetrated the darkness for an instant and she saw a black object on the water.

It was a boat, but instead of the trim little schooner she expected, she saw a long low hull, without masts, which she instantly recognized. The craft displayed no lights and passed so close to the girl she could have tossed a pebble on its deck. Slowly it worked its way into the little bay and disappeared in the gloom.

The girl did not move from the log. What should she do? What could she do? Some one had turned traitor. Of that she was sure, for there a hundred yards away lay the revenue cutter. Someone had told the officers where to come—someone familiar with the place had piloted them in past the dangerous spit, and they were now awaiting the coming of the smuggler.

As a moment before she had longed for a sight of the white sail of the "Wanderer," she now prayed that it might not come. She brushed the damp spray from her face, and strained her eyes in a vain endeavor to scan the tossing waters. No sound from the cutter reached her. The music of the storm was unbroken by human discord, but she well knew that in that noiseless black shadow sharp eyes sought and loaded guns, in the hands of

men who knew how to use them, waited for the transgressors of the law.

An hour passed, and the acute sensation of despair inspired by the arrival of the cutter had given way somewhat to the hope that the men she sought might not come. The dangers of the storm were to be feared, still there was hope of rescue even for a capsized crew, but the girl knew that to fall into the hands of the revenue officers meant long years of imprisonment, if not death, to at least one of the smugglers. Lorrان Williams had been guilty of too many infractions of the revenue laws to escape a heavy sentence, once they caught him, and it had been hinted that a charge of murder awaited him for killing a government officer who had been found dead on Richmond beach across the sound. But of this crime he had told her he was innocent and she believed him. Why should she not? He had always told her the truth! She knew all his secrets, at least she thought she did; and she could not think of him as having blood on his hands. Smuggling a few paltry dollars' worth of "dope," or illegally "bringing over" a batch of Chinamen was, to her, but a legitimate way of making a precarious living, but as for murder, she knew Lorrie could never do that. And did she not know him better than any one else? From the time she had first seen him, more than seven years ago, he had always been the same manly, fearless fellow, and for the three years he had called her wife had he not shown to her the tender-hearted, generous nature which perhaps others did not see?

No—he had not killed anyone. She was certain of that. But if they caught him what might they not prove against him? As chief of a bold band of smugglers they would hesitate at nothing to deprive him of liberty or even of life.

Another hour passed, and the faint hope in her heart had grown until now she began to feel a sort of hysterical joy at the presence of the officers. They would stay there until dawn, and then, drenched, disappointed, and baffled, they would go away. And she would go down and laugh at them,—laugh at their stupidity. Did they expect to catch her Lorrie? What simpletons! Did they think he was fool enough to fall into their

traps? The blundering idiots. She wanted to go and tell them,—she wanted to say:—

“Why, you are only children! How do boys like you expect to catch a man like my Lorrie?”

She involuntarily started up. Then she sank back on the wet sand, limp and nerveless, in her strained eyes a look of terror as she discerned in the uncertain light a boat under reefed canvas, scudding before the wind toward the stretch of sand upon which she crouched.

He had come. If only he could be warned he might even yet put about and escape, aided by the darkness. She knew it would be futile to shout. He could not hear. She could not save him. She could only lie there and see him dragged, manacled and helpless, aboard the cutter.

The thought maddened her. In desperation she stood erect and wildly waved her hands. He could not see her. She knew it and dropped her arms.

Down came the little schooner on the wings of the wind. She reached the spit of sand. The reefed sail swung round preparatory to her entering the cove. Oh, he was lost!—he was lost! A moment more and he would be at the mercy of the cutter's guns.

Frantically, despairingly, she rushed to the water's edge and into the salt brine until the choppy sea reached her waist.

“Lorrie!” she shouted. “Lorrie! the cutter!—the cutter is here!”

Her cry was answered sooner than she thought. A flash of light from the cutter, an explosion of gunpowder, and a

cannon ball went skimming over the water.

She hesitated and regained the beach. The schooner's sail came over again and she swung into the wind. Another shot, followed by the crack of several rifles,—but on went the little boat, and in a moment was swallowed up in the darkness. Then the exhaust of the cutter's engines rose above the noise of wind and water as she plunged through the waves in pursuit. Then she was gone too.

Morning dawned. A dull gray mist enveloped land and sea. The wind had given way to a drizzling rain. The old woman sat before the cracked stove,—her head bowed, her heavy face expressionless and stolid.

The door opened, and a great, red-faced man, wearing a seaman's jacket and rubber cap, stepped in. He glanced nervously about the room. The old woman did not move.

“Where 's Lura?”

The wrinkled hand pointed to the bedroom. He pulled the curtain aside.

“Poor girl, she 's tired. We 'd been on McNeill's now if it had n't been for her.”

Softly he lifted the blanket, and tenderly pushing back the dark hair, stooped to kiss the white forehead. Then he staggered; his lips grew white; his frame shook; a great hoarse cry rose from his throat, and he rushed from the house.

The old woman lifted her face; arose and rearranged the blanket over the mangled, mutilated form.

“It killed her quick,” she said.

Platt Brush, Elderkin.





O GOLDEN JUNE

O GOLDEN June! I sing thy golden days.
O yellow June, I chant thy dreamy praise!
Silent the song. Silent the full-voiced stream.
But O such sunshine falls, such blue skies gleam!

Tall mountains sleep in gold and purple haze,
And God-like sunshine pours adown thy ways.
And pale gold grasses skirt thy mountains' hem.
And strange gold birds — flashing like diadem —
Flash silent, through the gently parting air,
And all is still, and calm, and golden fair.

Fresh shorn of sap, the moss-hung oaks, gold-hued,
Stand grouped in pale gold sheen by weir or wold!
And bees gold-laden, swim on gold gauze wings,
And here and there light golden laughter rings!
Whilst down the winding cañon's yellow way,
Tall golden rods make sunlight all the day.
And 'gainst the flare of wide-spread sunlit sea —
Deep mountain cups of yellow dint the lea.

'Twixt rounded foothills' deeply dimpled flow
These golden cups of flowery sunlight glow!
And gold-blown roses swing, and climb, and flare,
And golden-hearted lilies, tall and stately fair,
Uplift their shining faces in the summer air.
And time floats on, a golden dream bereft of care,
When all is still, and wondrous calm, and golden fair!

Harriet Winthrop Waring.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST

XIV—A TRAGEDY OF PIT RIVER¹



HE old man pulled up his sleeve and showed me on his forearm just below the elbow a long, irregular, cicatrix, which stood out white against the sun browned skin. The muscles beneath the hairy, tanned surface of his arm were shrunken and knotted, reminding me in some way of a dismantled battle-ship or a crumbling fort.

"There are five scars like that on my body," he said, "all of 'em made by Injun arrows."

"And yet you are alive," I commented. "I suspect that some of those who inflicted the wounds are not so fortunate."

He gazed thoughtfully toward the west, where the setting sun had turned a great pile of clouds into a saffron city with turreted orange castles, and smiled gravely.

"You may n't believe it, my boy, but between me and you, I suppose I have sent more Injuns to kingdom come than any man in California, unless it might be my old pardner 'Red,' if he is alive yet."

"You surprise me," I remarked. "I never heard before that Indian fighting was your specialty."

"I have had some pretty smart brushes with 'em in my time, but that was n't what I was thinking of when I spoke."

It is not the easiest thing in the world to get the old man to talk, and I resorted to the diplomacy of silence.

"I ain't got a word to say agen' these people who want to make Injuns useful members of society," he continued, "but let me tell you, when the country is full of painted bucks, all of 'em wild for your scalp-lock, you ain't got time to consider them matters,—all you know is to kill as many as you can any way you can."

As my friend paused I noticed the play in the muscles of his jaw, like the ripples of a brook, and I saw that his generally frank eyes had grown long and narrow and sinister-looking.

"I recollect a circumstance down in Arizona," he went on. "There was one of these here philanthropists came out from the East to take a job in the custom-house. He was a kind of half-baked preacher, this chap was, and he was fond of telling us what our duty was to our 'red brethren.'

"We should exercise kindness and forbearance towards our fellows," he says, 'for every being has some good in him and if we have patience, at length we shall touch a responsive chord.'

"That's the kind of song-and-dance, as they say nowadays, he kept giving us boys who had been fighting Apaches.

"One day some Injuns attackted a ranch a few miles from Nogales and massacred three or four men, a woman, and two children.

"As soon as we got word of it we were right after 'em, and we put up a job to get this preacher man to go along. The Apaches have invented more sickening and devilish mutilations than any tribe I've heard of. In this case they had done a mighty artistic job from an Injun standpoint. The bodies of the men were horribly carved, that of the woman was in the same condition, and even the little children had not been spared.

"That preacher's face was a study as he sized up the situation. I thought he was going to faint, but it was just the man waking up in him, and pretty soon it broke right through all his early training and moral teachings.

"'Boys,' he says,—and all the oil had gone out of his voice,—'Boys, I did n't bring a gun, but I want somebody to lend me one, and say, boys, let 's hurry, we must n't lose any time, or some of the d—d outfit may escape.'"

"And is it to the Apaches you owe these scars?"

¹In recording this "tragedy" I am acting merely as reporter. The story was told to me almost exactly as I have given it by one who took part in the affair, and in whose word I have implicit confidence. B. W.

"No, I received these little testimonials from the Pit River tribe. It was among these same Injuns me and my pardner 'Red' did the thinning out I was speaking of."

I waited expectantly.

"In early days," the old man began, "my pardner 'Red' and me went into business, carrying mail and express matter from Shasta to the mining camps about.

The work paid pretty well, because the boys knew the risks we had to take, and when we would deliver one of 'em a letter he'd come down with the dust without ever stopping to weigh it.

"About sixteen miles east of the spot where Redding now stands, there was a big *rancheria* of Pit River Injuns,—a thousand or more of 'em, I should say. They were mostly armed with bows and arrows and they had only a few scrub ponies, so a white man, well mounted and with good weapons, could stand off quite a gang of 'em.

"Me and 'Red' always traveled together, and we never came to a spot that seemed a proper spot for an ambush, without tightening our cinches and getting our guns ready for business. Many a time a shower of arrows would spring like a flock of birds from some thick copse and never a human critter would we see. It was no uncommon thing for us to come across the body of an unlucky miner, his baggage and grub gone, stripped even of his clothing.

"The Injuns were not much interfered with and they kept getting bolder and bolder, until we had to take a couple of extry men along every trip, which kind of knocked off the profits of the business. Now and then we got scratched. I was laid up six weeks once by an arrow that took me in the back, and altogether the outlook in our line of work was rather gloomy.

"One day 'Red' says to me, 'Look here, old man, we must either scatter that ranch of Injuns or go out of business. Now put your wits to work and see what you can do for the firm.'

"I considered the matter carefully, and at last I hit on a scheme. 'Red' agreed with me that we couldn't lose anything by undertaking it.

"The first step was to send to San

Francisco and get a lot of strychnine. I thought eighteen bottles would be enough though 'Red' allowed we ought to get more. Well, you would have thought me and my pardner had gone into the baker's business if you had seen us after that. We made up a terrible lot of bread, two hundred loaves, I should say at a guess, and into the dough we kneaded the eighteen bottles of p'izen. I guess the bread was a little bitter, but we knew Injuns was n't overly fastidious in the matter of grub.

"The next thing was to get the stuff to the Injuns without making them suspicious. We got three of our best horses ready, two of them for mounts and the other for a pack,—the last a fine gentle animal that would lead like a pet dog. After that we rigged up as if we were a couple of prospectors striking out for the mines. In our pack, mind you, there was n't a blessed thing but that p'izen bread, and we arranged it so that with a little jolting the loaves would come tumbling out.

"We left Shasta in the night, not caring to have everybody know what we were up to, and headed straight for the *rancheria*. We knew the lay of the land like a book, and we kept under cover until we were within a quarter of a mile of the campoodie, reaching there along in the forenoon. Then we came out on the hillside in view of the whole works.

"The Injuns got sight of us in about a second and came piling out, a whoopin' and a yellin', men, women, children, and dogs.

"We waited till they were most up, then we acted like we was scared and turned tail.

"Well, sir, as soon as our animals struck a lope the bread began falling out, and it kept on a-falling, and 'Red' laughed till he most rolled out of his saddle to see those hungry Injuns snap it up, for all the world like a lot of carp when you throw 'em a handful of crumbs.

"Did the scheme work? We did n't wait to see, but from circumstantial evidence I am inclined to think it did.

"We understood afterwards that a good many outsiders did n't approve. The Sacramento *Union* got hold of the story and sent up a man to investigate, and I was told that he roasted us brown, though

I am glad to say he never learned our names. He said that in one place he had counted ninety-three bodies, and I could have told him that that figure did n't represent the complete returns.

"Well, the *rancheria* moved. The Indians went away on up the Pit river as far as Modoc county, and never bothered us much after.

"Sometimes when they made a camp where we didn't care to have it, we would stick a loaf of bread on a pole

and put it where they would be sure to see it. The hint was enough; the next day the camp would be deserted, though the bread always remained untouched."

A little breeze had sprung up and the old man shivered.

"My blood is n't as thick as it used to be. Come into the house where it is warm and we can have a light; I hate to sit in the dark."

Bradford Woodbridge.

SANTA CATALINA

BLUER than skies that bend over
 Dim in the distance it lies,
 Backward I gaze like a lover
 As it fades from my longing eyes.

Oh island of sunshine and summer
 On the breast of the western sea,
 Can you give to the next new comer
 All you have given to me?

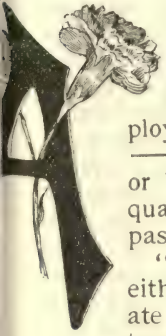
Your dawn may for him blush as brightly,
 Your mountain trails beckon away,
 The foam may for him dance as lightly,
 The waves splash as soft in the bay.

You may show him your sunset's splendor,
 For him through the white mists may gleam
 The kiss of the moonlight tender —
 But you cannot give him *my* dream.

Marion Pruyn.

ALTRURIA IN CALIFORNIA

MORRISON I. SWIFT ON THE CO-ÖPERATIVE COLONY



LITTLE group of men were conversing together on a Berkeley street about the hard times and the loss of employment and subsistence. "Say, ———, which shall we do, steal or beg?" they called to an acquaintance who happened to pass.

"What's the use of doing either; why don't you co-operate?" was the reply. "Put together what you've got and

buy some land and a little stock, and go and work it together."

The men took up the idea with enthusiasm and commanded the proposer to instruct them with a plan. This was the origin of the colony Altruria, which lived nearly two years, did valuable work, and taught important lessons.

Fifty miles north of San Francisco, in the Santa Rosa valley, the soil is rich and the climate perfect for a co-operative experiment. The founders chose two hundred acres of land beautifully encircled by hills, with plentiful water for irrigation and power, and a vein of coal running beneath. The ranchers of the surrounding country are intelligent and kindly and not averse to new ideas and methods.

This colony was to be a refuge for those strained and tired by competition or defeated in the struggle. The terms of entrance were therefore light, fifty dollars and a moral character being sufficient passport to membership. The Association proposed "to buy, sell, and hold land, erect buildings, institute agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing industries, establish schools, libraries, and institutions of art, found co-operative colonies," and otherwise labor to illustrate and extend the cooperative method. The colonists hoped that the fraternal spirit of industry would be contagious, that colony after colony would spring up, until not only the surplus laborers of society were absorbed but people of means had joined and transferred their ranches and manu-

factories to the commune. By the success of joint friendly association in production it was hoped to wean all society from egotism and individualism to a broad and practical altruism.

The colony did not do this, but it performed much else. The first year was purely experimental, finding out the right basis. The discovery was made that a carefully selected group of persons would be necessary to give form and direction to the undertaking, and a re-organization was effected, reducing the membership from fifty-six to twenty-one. With the small capital and the small amount of immediately cultivable land the larger number could not live. A probationary residence of six months was required of each applicant for admission. The members found that the colony method of co-operation had not reached a stage that would ensure success to any combination of persons formed at random, who might be drawn to the community plan of life. After reorganizing they sought to complete such an experiment, to use it to teach the importance of national co-operation, or national ownership of industries, as well as of community co-operation.

Altruria was a picturesque and attractive demonstration of society without classes. It had no servant order and no superior caste of idlers, and the gratitude one felt at escaping from these trials grew with each day's residence. The tasks were divided among all the members as the preference of each decided, and through the pleasant association of intelligent workers the ordinary irksomeness and monotony of labor disappeared. The office of "laundry-lady" was especially sought after on account of the prevailing fun in the laundry department. All ate in a common dining room and the members, particularly the younger ones, took turns in waiting upon the tables. The food was chiefly obtained from the vegetable garden of the colony, and was cooked in a manner that made the outsider envious and converted the most selfish to altruism.

Each member presented his entire property to the community and signed a contract to take away only such as the association should allow him, if he saw fit at any time thereafter to withdraw. Some of the members possessed no wealth to contribute, while others brought in several thousand dollars each.

The labor of the members was divided between perfecting the material foundations of the institution and publishing a paper. The best outdoor work centered in the land, from which several wagon loads of produce were sold weekly at Santa Rosa, beyond the consumption of the community. A large building, for the colony dwelling and as a hotel for guests, was erected but not wholly finished. Its spacious parlors were intended to provide a place for public meetings and lectures, of which a number were given. This phase of association life is to be studied in contrast with the intellectual isolation of average families. One evening a week the Altrurians met to hear an original paper from one of their number, and each Sunday morning services were held, consisting of music and an address from some member, followed by general exchange of opinion. "The coming Religion" was the subject of the discourse which I listened to there. As to religious opinion, each was at liberty to think quite as he chose, whatever that might be.

It was proposed to increase the common income by developing a number of industries, such as seed-growing, fruit-preserving, and job-printing, and by receiving visitors to board at the house. The spot was a lovely one for summer or winter guests. It was cooled by the ocean air but distant enough from the coast to escape its occasional harshness. In regions thus located many think that the climate obtains the best California quality. There was plentiful space on the Altrurian grounds for numerous cottages and tents in which visitors could lodge, while taking their meals at the general table. This form of half camping is much in vogue throughout the State.

There are many people in California who would have liked to live for a time in Altrurian surroundings, to study the doctrines and understand what it all meant. A residence there of some days

or weeks would have been the best way to learn, and if they were not converted to the full text of socialism, they would doubtless have come forth purified by some very practical information about the expense and tedium of separate house-keeping arrangements for every two or half dozen people called a family. As an experiment in co-operative house-keeping alone Altruria was worth while, but it was also a trial of co-operative agriculture, and those who are studying how to overcome the dullness and monotony of farm life and attract people from cities to the cultivation of the soil, could find much that is suggestive in this fraternal combination. The seriously curious people, who wanted to learn to live without spending all their strength at it, would have learned how in Altruria.

I inquired of an Altrurian whether they would introduce hired servants if their boarders became numerous, and thus spoil the equal charm of the place.

He assured me that if it was necessary to employ helpers for wages, these would live as members while they stayed, and their sojourn would be made an education for them in colony life. He cited one of the previous members who was afterwards compelled to serve in a private family, and who asserted that her position was hard to endure after the equality and independence of Altruria. The Altrurian idea is evidently the solution of the painful servant problem, for it makes mistress and servant co-operators.

The journal published by the community was the chief means for diffusing the principles of the colony. It was a keenly edited weekly sheet called the *Altrurian*, and while primarily devoted to the idea of public ownership it vigorously pushed the reforms embodied in the initiative and referendum, and proportional representation. It was distinguished from some reform papers in deprecating the emphasis of class antagonisms, and in teaching that social reform will be accomplished by the united efforts of the best of all classes.

Taking a general view, the colony was strongest as an educational foundation. California is stirring for something better in the social line, and it listened attentively to those who came from Altruria,

because the Altrurians had the distinction of daring to put their theories into practice. There is still some lingering prejudice against the term Socialism in California, but here were these Altrurians, hard-working, intelligent, and just like other people only better, and there was no prejudice against them. They could explain why the United States should own its railroads and trusts and nobody took offense.

The members of the experiment from the beginning say that it exploded one famous *a priori* theory,—that men will not work under other stimulus than private property. Up till the last day that the forty who left the company after its reorganization remained, they labored faithfully, although they were to reap no reward. The difficulty was to keep some of the members from working too hard.

Both the public and philosophers seem to have made a mistake on this point. Goodwin Smith says of property:—

Its economical foundation is that it is the only known motive power of production. Slavery has its whip; but, saving this, no general incentive to labor other than property has yet been devised.

But Mr. Smith omits to notice that

public property is property, and an incentive. If a man will get a better private income, or better conditions of life, by working to increase public property, why will not public property be a better incentive to labor than private property?

The colony at length came to an honorable end, the debts contracted in the beginning proving too much of a burden. It did much for Socialism in this State, more indeed than for colony co-operation. It was a center from which clear light and good work emanated, expressing that rational and genial socialism which attracts all and offends none. It trained its less experienced members, too. Some of them went there supposing it would only be necessary to have a colony to escape from industrial hardships. They came to have smaller hope in colonies and greater hope in national and municipal ownership. Now all those who belonged that are able to do so, are working actively for the inauguration of municipal and national socialism.

On the whole, it was a healthy experiment, which was thoroughly respected, and those who found colonies hereafter will gain much by studying its history and listening to the judgment of those who were in it.

Morrison I. Swift.



DEADMEN'S ISLAND

WERE there flowers in the fields of thy faraway prime
For thy beauty, mirage of the desert of Time ?
Did the olive and citron and fig ripen there
For the beasts of the billow, the birds of the air ?
Did the day waste its glory of sunset for thee,
O Summer horizon ringed round with the sea,
And thy dream in the surf never wake to its sound
Ere the storm-weary sailor thy solitude found ?

I behold from the waters a multitude rise !
There are plumes on their heads, there is joy in their eyes.
Happy harbor at last for the castaway clan
Long hunted and spoiled by their fierce fellow-man.
Be they fondlings of fortune or outlaws of fate
What know they so early, what care they so late ?
They think but one thought when their kingdom they see,
And they weep for their forests no more. They are *free*.
Behind them afar, from the brine-beaten reefs
Let their enemies curse them, the cannibal chiefs,
Let them sound the salt shallows, and stare on the flood,
Primeval Papagoes who hunger for blood,
Or the sires of the Seri swift-footed and tall —
Let them leap o'er the continent's hurricane wall,
Let them spy in the combers that break at its verge
For the flesh of sunk swimmers rolled back by the surge,
And know not, know never, by exit unguessed
That their victims have flown to the albatross' nest.

I behold them, the venturous sons of my song,
In the peace of their sheltered estate growing strong
Till the shores of that green hermit Hesperid swarm
With the life of a colony born of the storm.
There are towns, and the dwellers go out and come in
In their snowy cymars made of pelican skin,
There are orchards where harvesters clamber and pull,
There are bays, and the boats of the fishers are full,
There are glades where the isle-mates, like merry maroons,
In the moonlights of Cancer dance mad rigadoons ;
Nor a warning of human intruder or foe
To that bright ocean refuge doth wind ever blow,
For a shield were the wings of the motherly West
To the exiles of Danger who fled to her breast.

There's a blot on the vision — a mist on the glass !
 What god have my Gentiles offended, alas ?
 In the lance-wounded mer-lion haunting their capes
 Have they mocked one of Nerens' miracle shapes ?
 In the sand-hollow bonfire some gay hollow'een
 Have they blackened a foot-print of Thetis the queen ?
 Or, if darkly the angels of Christendom frown
 Where hearts to wild Nature untutored bow down,
 Has the curse of San Nicholas come with its blame
 Too soon to the strangers who know not his name ?
 Bells of time, for the unwritten race ring a knell ;
 Their joy was a falsehood, their safety a spell.
 In a nightmare has vanished that smile of the past ;
 A specter of Ruin looms out of the vast,
 There's a flashing of wings thro' the horror-hung noon
 Where the sea-fowl escape from the awful typhoon,
 There's a hum of far thunder, a terrible tone
 Like the sorrow of netherworld souls when they moan,
 And the deeps of the infinite Peace-water break
 To the rush of the tempest, and leap in its wake,
 Till the whirlwind and deluge roll black from the main
 O'er the sweet summer gardens that blossomed in vain,
 And that fair island dwelling, a refuge no more,
 Lies stark in the storm-path, a skeleton shore.

Farewell to the slain of the billow and gale,
 But wo for the living who wander and wail !
 They crawl from the sand-drifts, they drop from the rocks,
 They run on the beaches in shepherdless flocks,
 No bright waving arbors of shelter they see,
 In the wind-track of Death not a vine, not a tree,
 Not a house on the hill, not a boat on the strand.
 They are desolate lords of a desolate land.

Ye who weep when the battle-host tread as they pass
 On the nest-hidden sparrow that brood in the grass,
 Stand appalled at the rage of the hurricane when
 It tramples a tribe from the records of men,
 For the scene of the remnant in famine and fears
 Shall smite upon eyeballs too frozen for tears.

Fall, curtain of Mercy, that none can behold ;
 Why sing the sad sequel ? What more to be told ?
 A brief, bitter clamor, a silence of dread,
 A stare where the seal and the pelican fled,
 A wakening shudder, a prayer to the sky,
 A curse to the demon of Ravage gone by,

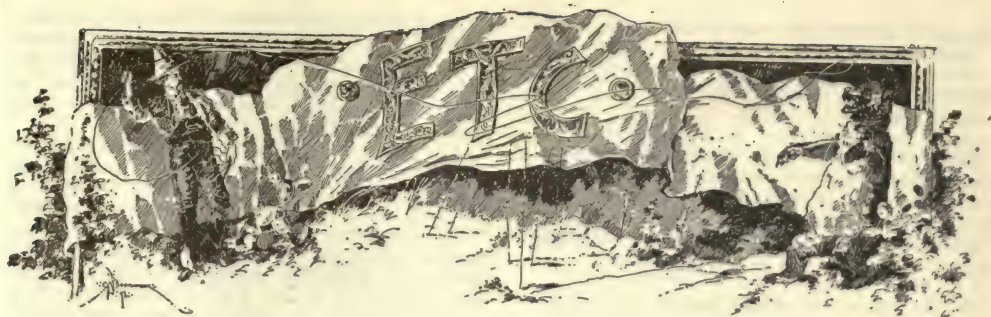
A babble of Hunger — the lunatic Shape
With its mock of the milk-nut, the almond and grape,
A snatching like ravening wolves for their prey
In the ridges of wreck that are naked as they,
A shriek of starved frenzy, a fight of the blind,
A carnage of brothers who feed on their kind!
A morn and a midnight to riot and rend,
A gasp of one lingering wretch, and — the end.

Left alone, dumb and dark in its tireless eclipse,
Remote from the wayfare of venturing ships,
With its slain in its caverns or bleached at its gate,
That holm of the sea of the sunset must wait.
Only known are the marks in the desert marine
Of the years never numbered that swept o'er the scene,
Where the sinister winds with invisible hands
From the acres of storm-furrowed graves swept the sands,
And left the pale riddle to sunshine and rain
Of an obsolete race and their charnel domain.

And the foes are forgotten who chased them away
From the paradise valleys of green Monterey,
And haters and hated, at peace long ago,
In the mist of the moonless Forever lie low,
For the gain-greedy lords of an era more new,
What cared they to fathom where gold never grew!
To the dons and hidalgos housed under the Range,
The dead were the dead — and the dead never change.
But the padres of Carmel, whose visions have traced
That white hacienda entomed in the waste,
Clamber still from their portals of melons and grapes
To gaze from the peaks of the pine-feathered capes
And waft for the exiles beyond the abyss
A sigh to their world from the pity of this.

Lost tribe of the Edens that leaned to the sun
Ere the lust for the gold of their rivers begun,
Does the earth or the ocean still hold anywhere
One leaf or one line of your tale of despair?
Send a shade — if your phantoms yet wander the blue —
With a hint of your secret, some mystical clew;
Let a gleam of your twilight flash out of the gloom,
Send a tone of your madness, a dream of your doom,
Or a breath of the prayer of your sorrow that cried
From the last living heart of a nation that died.

Theron Brown.



The Overland for One Dollar a Year.

THE most notable feature of the magazine world in the last few years has been the great reduction in prices. A few of the strongest and longest established, sure of themselves and their constituencies, have kept up to the five and four dollar a year subscription price and have lived on it, but a far greater number have come down more or less gracefully from the position of depending largely on the subscription receipts, and it would be quite out of the question to try to establish any new magazine at the prevailing rate of even two or three years ago. The number of magazines, some of them of good grade, published at one dollar a year has grown so great and to such circulation and influence as to establish that as the standard for today.

The OVERLAND has no reason to be dissatisfied with its position up to the present time. Its circulation has been large and increasing in spite of the dullness of the times, and its advertising patronage has increased steadily. It could live on them quite comfortably. But that does not fulfill the ambitions of its managers. They are not content to let this well enough alone, or with any position that is not of recognized pre-eminence on the West Coast. This month the price is reduced from three dollars a year to one dollar, and that of single copies from twenty-five cents to ten cents. Canvassers have been out testing the result of this reduction during the past two weeks, and their reports have confirmed the foresight of the advocates of the change. Many people of limited means, and that is nearly everybody nowadays, have hesitated to pay the price of three one dollar magazines for the OVERLAND, and yet are only too glad to include it as one of their list at the new rate. The news companies, so far as heard from, double and treble their orders from the outset. There is every probability that the very liberal increase in the present edition made in anticipation of this demand will fall far short of meeting it. Possibly a second edition of this number will be necessary. But the edition for July, the beginning of the thirtieth volume of the present series of the OVERLAND, will be made far larger.

How can this reduction be made? is a question naturally asked. How can a magazine be sold for ten cents, for which twenty-five cents has not been too large a price, and which on the face of it costs far more than ten cents to print? The reply is not new,—it is the advertising that carries it. If the exact cost of the white paper,

the press work, the binding, and the postage, can be got for a magazine, the large circulation the low prices insure, will bring advertising enough to pay for the making of the plates, and all the other expenditures to office force, editorial room, rent, contributors, artists, interest on capital, and still leave a margin of profit. Of course to do this, advertising rates per page will have to grow as circulation grows, but not in so rapid a ratio, and thus all parties, subscribers, advertisers, and the magazine will derive large and direct benefit from the change.

The present number is earnest and proof that the quality and quantity of the magazine will not be lowered, though, as has long been contemplated, the size of the page will be a trifle changed with the July number, to conform more exactly to the standard magazine sheet, that of the *Century*, *Scribner*, and *Harper*. The little extra length of the OVERLAND has given newsdealers trouble in displaying it with other magazines.

Finally, it remains to assure old friends, and new ones as well, that nothing shall be left undone to give them the best magazine that unstinted thought, labor, and money, can produce. More than ever, in the highest sense the words can be made to bear, the OVERLAND is to be "devoted to the development of the country."

An Old Time Overlander.

IT HAS been a pleasure to welcome to the Pacific shore again Mr. Noah Brooks, one of that group of shining lights which made the dawn of literature of the Farthest West. Mr. Brooks contributed to the very first number of the OVERLAND in July, 1868, a story, "The Diamond Maker of Sacramento," the first of that series of brilliant stories which was soon to make the name of the OVERLAND a household word all over the country. This quaint and original tale was followed in September by "The Haunted Valley"; in October, by "The Gentleman from Reno"; in November, by "Restaurant Life in San Francisco"; and in December, by "Lost in the Fog," and in the first eighteen months of the magazine nine of his contributions were printed. He was the editor of the *Alta California* from 1867 to 1871, the most respected days of that greatly respected journal, and one of the founders of the Bohemian Club, when the name meant more than it does today. With Bret Harte, B. P. Avery, Mark Twain, W. C. Bartlett, Samuel Williams, John C. Cremonney, and Charles Warren Stoddard, he helped

to make notable any enterprise in which they "took stock."

His friendship for the OVERLAND was of no ephemeral sort, and when in 1883, the first volume of the present series was issued, its May number held "Saville, A Symposium and a Tragedy," from his pen. And we have now in hand a note from him promising for some early number a paper of reminiscences of the elder day of California letters. If they prove as interesting when written as they are when told in his genial voice, they will be a treat indeed.

Hawaiian Trade vs. Beet Sugar.

OUR relation with Hawaii invades two great questions, one political, the other financial. Whether the islands shall be used as a naval base against us, or for us, for all time, is the political side of

the subject. The influence of the sea power in the future promises to be more potential than it has in the past. England is girdling the globe with naval stations, numbering now more than 300. These are necessary adjuncts to a navy, enforcing its strength. The United States has made many efforts at great expense to acquire naval stations at strategic points, but in all cases except two, has failed. The key to the Pacific is now offered to us. It would strengthen the force of our navy incalculably, so our naval authorities say. Shall it be rejected?

The other consideration is financial. The objection to our present treaty is that it is one-sided. This, however, has been so thoroughly disproved by the statements of the merchants of San Francisco, that it is surprising that it is repeated. The United States has gained great advantage from the treaty. We have built up an export trade of six million a year, much of which is the product of the farm. It is true that we remit the duty on Hawaiian exports, but this remission is a loss only in the sense that the absence of a stamp tax is a loss. In the same way we lose vast sums of money by not collecting heavy taxes from the people, but this is not a loss in the proper sense of the term, it is simply not collecting money from the people, but leaving it in their pockets.

A specious and attractive argument against the Hawaiian treaty is put forward by the pretended friends of the farmers of the country. They say that it will retard the development of the beet sugar industry of the country. It may not excite any suspicion in the minds of the farmers that the Sugar Trust is looking out for their interest, but if they will examine the subject, they will discover that the Trust is using the work of the farmer to enrich itself. The United States in 1896 produced but forty thousand tons of beet sugar. The country imported a million and a half tons of sugar, paying a duty thereon of forty per cent ad valorem. The beet sugar industry can grow till it excludes from our country this vast importation. It may take fifty years of extraordinary activity in this industry to supply this demand. Meanwhile, shall California aid the Sugar Trust in its selfish schemes, and destroy a magnificent trade that has grown up between our State and the Hawaiian Islands? The farmers of California export enormous quantities

of their products to Hawaii. They supplied them with sixty-five thousand bales of hay alone last year, more than one thousand bales a week. Besides hay our agriculturalists have sold the Hawaiians their barley, oats, butter, fruits, wheat, and many other products of the soil.

The beet sugar industry can grow and we can retain and develop our trade with the islands at the same time. It is not necessary to cut off a splendid trade to help the beet sugar grower. In other words, the farmers of the Pacific Coast should not want to sacrifice a profitable and growing market for the other products of the soil in order to try to gain a market for their sugar beets. It is a narrow and vicious policy, which ought to be condemned by all California, to tear up by the roots a magnificent commerce, in order to plant another industry, while there is ample room for both to develop and expand.

Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings.

AN ERUDITE editor of Selma, California, takes exception to the exercise of the veto power by Governor Budd in relation to the Coyote Bill, and also to the praise given to the Governor, for his creditable action, by the OVERLAND MONTHLY. It is to the point to mention in his connection that in a debate between the Young Men's Christian Association and the Oliver Wendell Holmes Society, a literary society of San Francisco, one of the points made by a speaker scarcely out of his teens, as showing the corruption of the last Legislature, was the very acts of Mr. Smith of Kern.

It is not the "writers whose whole stock in trade is senseless invective, and who consider legislators safe targets" who are to blame, but certain legislators, who, by questionable acts and combination with infamous cabals, build up reputations which become by-words even in the mouths of children.

Secretary of the Lunacy Commission.

THE election of Mr. John F. Carrere as Secretary of the Lunacy Commission has given pleasure to many people in California, who have come to recognize Mr. Carrere as an active and efficient public servant. Mr. Carrere has made a study of the management of State institutions, and will doubtless prove a most valuable man in the place. The appointment seems to have been made unanimously, which is to the credit of Governor Budd and the other members of the Commission which elected him, — three Republicans and two Democrats. Mr. Carrere is a Silver Republican.

William B. Carr.

[THE OVERLAND is glad to insert the following tribute to the memory of one of California's most notable politicians and captains of industry. Mr. William B. Carr, of the firm of Haggin and Carr, owners and developers of one of the enormous irrigating systems by which a river is taken bodily from its channel, and made to fertilize a whole county. Few, we fancy, of such men in this State — or, in any other — can com-

mand at their deaths such homage as this, by the daughter-in-law of his life long friend, Hon. John Conness.]

IN THE recent death of William B. Carr, San Francisco has lost one of her distinctive citizens. In the full vigor of health and active usefulness, by untoward accident, this valuable and unique personality is no more. Although sixty years of age, he yet appeared in the prime of manhood.

He came to California in 1852, and is identified with the history, progress, and development, of the State. But it is not as the builder of States I would review him, — the results of his activities are seen and known of men. It is the unconscious rectitude and balance of the man in his domestic and social relations; it is his ideal of womanhood to which I would render loving tribute.

He was pre-eminently the friend of woman. A wondrous insight into the workings of the human heart gave him a loving sympathy and compassion and boundless charity for the suffering, the weak and erring, of our sex, ever ready to advise and counsel, as to him seemed wise, the perplexed and halting. In this relation to women he knew no use for his strength but for the protecting and cherishing of the weak and defenseless. He was singular in that he was never betrayed into impatience or sarcasm by tiresome folly, but was ever continuously forbearing.

Abstractly to him the question of "Woman's Rights," was the confusion of tongues. Concretely, he saw what is and lent a helping hand. This clear understanding of the duties and responsibilities of man as the masculine element in human life is not a common endowment. It gave him a simple directness in the conduct of his domestic life.

One could not say that his action was altogether altruistic, although characterized by thorough unselfishness. He felt that a man best served his time and country who conserved the unity and interests of the home and family.

"Care for your own," was ever on his lips.

He knew himself, understood his limitations, arrogated nothing to himself. He had no personal ambition. The knowledge that he could lead and direct men did not make him arrogant. He estimated at their true value human ideals, and was not blinded by applause and flattery, to the true issues of life.

His friendship was warm and devoted. Those whose privilege it was to possess it loved him.

A poor boy seeking advancement without advice or assistance, without the discipline of the schools, has by an innate force of character, lifted himself to the highest place, — a place that commands respect and affection without envy. His memory is a benediction.

Glucose as a Food.

IN RESPONSE to the OVERLAND'S expressed willingness, in the "Pure Food" editorials of last month, to print both sides of that — as of every — question, we have been requested to insert the following defense of the use of glucose as a whole or partial substitute for cane sugar.

Other articles in this very important discussion are unavoidably deferred for another month.

The communication comes to us from a local house, but it does not use local authorities:—

City of New York, Office of the Mayor,
October 12th, 1894.

Mr. A. J. White,

30 Reade Street, New York City.

Dear Sir:—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of October 10th, in which you ask that the question of the wholesomeness of glucose be submitted to the Board of Health, for examination.

I have submitted your communication to the Board of Health, and in answer thereto have received from a report, a copy of which is hereto attached. Yours very truly,

Thos. F. Gilroy, Mayor.

Health Department, New York,
October 12th, 1894.

Hon. Thomas F. Gilroy, Mayor.

New York City.

Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge your communication relative to the wholesomeness of glucose as an article of food. This question is best answered in a report made by the Committee appointed by the National Academy of Science at the request of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in 1882. This Committee consisted of Professors Charles F. Chandler, G. F. Barker, W. M. Brewer, Wolcott Gibb, and Ira Remsen. These eminent scientists made an exhaustive investigation of the subject. Based upon their researches, they arrived at the following conclusion:—

"That starch sugar is in no way inferior to cane sugar in healthfulness, there being no evidence before the Committee that maize starch sugar (glucose), either in its normal condition or fermented, has any deleterious effect upon the system, even if taken in large quantities."

This opinion is so sound and so well founded that the light of science of today, twelve years later, has only served to show its wisdom more clearly. I understand it has been alleged that glucose or starch sugar is liable to cause diabetes. This is not true, and is based upon a mistaken knowledge both of glucose and the disease diabetes. In addition to certain nervous varieties, due solely to disturbed nerve functions, diabetes is divided by the best authorities into two classes, of which the one is due to excessive sugar formation in the blood and the other to diseased digestion, which prevents sugar from entering the circulation in the condition to be utilized by the system. The first of these classes is caused by disease of the liver; the second, by disease of the pancreas. The latter form is by far the most dangerous and rapidly fatal. The former variety, on the other hand, may last many years. In neither of these varieties can the ingestion of glucose under any circumstances be considered a cause of the disease, and I know of no authority who attributes to glucose such an effect.

It is true that in the liver variety of diabetes glucose does harm, but so also does starch or sugar in any form. Starch cannot be used by the human system until after the digestive organs convert or change it into glucose; consequently, if glucose is condemned, as causing diabetes, potatoes and other starchy foods must be con-

demned, for they must become glucose before they can be assimilated. To eat potatoes is to consume glucose; to eat bread is to consume glucose. Honey is but another form of glucose. Glucose is the basis of a multitude of infant foods. Malt is practically but another form of glucose. A health officer who condemns glucose cannot consistently fail to condemn bread, potatoes, malt, honey, and most of the infant foods now on the market. This is *reductio ad absurdum*.

In the form of diabetes due to disease of the pancreas the highest authorities advise the administration of glucose for the amelioration of the disease. Kulz, an eminent German physician, recommends a starch sugar called *lævulose*, which is the exact analogue of diabetic glucose (*International Medical Annual*, 1894, page 178). An excessive amount of glucose or cane sugar or of starchy food taken into the system may, of course, appear in the urine; so, also, may an excessive amount of albuminous food; but these phenomena are physiological and not disease.

Glucose may justly be called pre-digested starch, since, as I have said, it is a starch in the exact condition that we find prepared by the digestive organs for assimilation. Glucose is pre-eminently a fat-forming, heat-producing food. Under a diet of glucose a man can perform more muscular work than under any other article of food. Glucose is not only not injurious, but it is an essential article of food, without which, in some form, man cannot enjoy life.

Chemistry has shown man how to imitate exactly the products of nature. The honey of the flower and numerous other products of nature's laboratory cannot only be imitated by man, but exactly reproduced by him through the agency of chemistry. It seems a pity that we should, instead of welcoming such glorious results of science, receive them with distrust and suspicion.

Yours respectfully,

[Signed]

Cyrus Edson,
Commissioner of Health.



De Tocqueville and the Third Napoleon.¹

THE Comte de Tocqueville aptly begins his editorship of the *Recollections of De Tocqueville*, his illustrious kinsman, by a quotation from Montaigne,—

“It is always a pleasure to see the writings of those who have essayed to shape events.”

De Tocqueville was an aristocrat who, while belonging to an order of society that sided with the nobility, nevertheless, like Lafayette or Montaigne, had an overpowering love for humanity, and a high ideal of civic liberty. Added to this he had the practical good sense of a constitutional lawyer, the craft of the diplomat, and the philosophy of a great student. Just as carefully, thoughtfully, and impartially, he criticises his own motives and actions as he does those of Thiers and Louis Napoleon. This journal is probably the best history in existence that relates the events which immediately preceded and followed the elevation of the prince-president to the imperial throne of France.

The journal is written as by a man standing aloof from the crowd, in which he was a principal actor, as if the author had a fine scorn for

the men around him and at the same time an ultra sensitive desire to do none an injustice.

Speaking of the troublous times during which the revolutionaries of 1848 sought to quiet the public mind by a repetition of the great allegorical festivals of their blood-thirsty predecessors of the Reign of Terror, he says with splendid sarcasm:—

The National Assembly had not the smallest desire to see all these beautiful things; it even feared . . . some dangerous riot. . . . On that day I went early to the Assembly, which was to proceed on foot, in a body, to the Champ de Mars. I had put my pistols in my pockets, and in talking to my colleagues, I discovered that most of them were secretly armed like myself. . . . Edward de La Fayette showed me a weapon of a peculiar kind. It was a ball of lead sewn into a short leathern thong, which could easily be fastened to the arm; one might have called it a portable club. La Fayette declared that this little instrument was being widely carried by members of the Assembly, especially since the 15th of May. It was thus that we proceeded to this *feast of Concord*.²

A little farther on he writes:—

The sight of this popular enthusiasm enraptured the moderate and sincere republicans, and

¹The *Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville*. Edited by the Comte de Tocqueville. First translated to English by Teixeira de Mattos. The Macmillan Company: New York: 1896.

made them almost maudlin. Carnot observed to me, with that silliness which the honest democrat always mingles with his virtue: "Believe me, my dear colleague, one should always trust the people."

De Tocqueville gives a new and a better idea of the third Napoleon than have most historians, and probably a more truthful one.

When I had very attentively studied him, I did not despair of the possibility of establishing ourselves in his mind, for a time at least, in a fairly solid fashion. Although he never refused to admit the majority leaders to his presence and to receive their advice, which he sometimes followed, and although he plotted with them when it suited his purpose, he nevertheless endured their yoke with great impatience . . . and that he secretly burned to be free of them I know. This gave us a point of contact and a hold upon his mind; for we ourselves were determined to remain independent of these great wire pullers.

He was vastly superior to what his preceding career and his mad enterprises might very properly have led one to believe of him. In this respect he deceived his adversaries, and perhaps still more his friends, if this term may be applied to the politicians who patronized his candidature. The greater part of these, in fact, elected him, not because of his merits, but because of his presumed mediocrity. They expected to find in him an instrument which they could handle as they pleased, and which it would always be lawful for them to break when they wished to. In this they were greatly deceived. As a private individual, Louis Napoleon possessed certain attractive qualities, an easy and kindly humor, a mind which was gentle, and even tender, without being delicate, great confidence in his intercourse, perfect simplicity, a certain personal modesty amidst the immense pride derived from his origin. . . . His dissimulation, which was the dissimulation of a man who has spent his life in plots, was assisted in a remarkable way by the immobility of his features and his want of expression; for his eyes were dull and opaque like the thick glass used to lighten the cabins of ships, which admits the light but cannot be seen through. Careless of danger, he possessed a fine, cool courage in days of crisis; and at the same time -- a common thing enough -- he was very vacillating in his plans.

Speaking of his own elevation to the ministry, De Tocqueville summarizes as follows:—

But I soon discovered that, although insolence increases with certain persons in the exact proportion of the progress of their fortunes, it was different with me, and that it was much easier for me to display affability and even cordiality when I felt myself above, than when I was one of, the common herd. This comes from the fact that I no longer had the trouble of running after people, nor to fear lest I should be coldly received by them, men making it a necessity themselves to approach those who occupy posts of that sort, and being simple enough to attach great importance to their most trivial words. I had no longer to do with the ideas of fools, but

also with their interests, which always supply a ready-made and easy subject of conversation.

The translation is by Teixeira de Mattos and, unusually, has lost none of its piquancy.

The Works of Lord Byron.¹

THE first volume of the *Works of Lord Byron* in the new Macmillan edition contains his "Letters 1804-1813," edited by William Ernest Henley. It is the first reissue from the text of the collection of Byron's letters to Moore, Dallas, Leigh Hunt, and J. T. Hodgson, that has been attempted for seventy years. The "Letters" are arranged on new lines, and give the reader an intimate acquaintance with Byron's character and his achievement. They picture a "generation at once dandified and truculent, bigoted yet dissolute, magnificent but vulgar, artistic, very sumptuous, and yet capable of astonishing effort and superb self-sacrifice." The volume is to be followed by Two, "Journals and Memoranda," and Three, "Miscellanies,"—as the epistle to Roberts, the "Vampire" fragment, the "Observations upon Observations," and the like. The set when completed will be one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the year.

Short Stories by Mrs. Higginson.²

ELLA HIGGINSON'S name has made its place in Pacific Slope literature. A body of poems has come from her pen, that no lover of the music of dainty words and the subtle charm of sympathetic nature description would willingly be without. But even more than on her poems her fame rests on her short stories, published years ago in the *OVERLAND* and more recently in a wide range of Eastern periodicals. *The Flower that Grew in the Sand* is a collection of eleven of these stories in a book issued by a Seattle house. Seldom out of the great centers of publication is a book so thoroughly well manufactured. The Calvert Company has reason to be proud of every detail of print and binding. The cover is particularly attractive. It is not necessary to take up each of these stories, and analyze its power, and perhaps reveal undesirably its plot to prospective readers, but nobody whom we can persuade to read "The Isle of Lepers" with its strong appeal to the emotions of pity and terror, or "The Tak-in' In of Old Mis' Lane," with its subtle analysis of gentler feelings, or "Zarelda" with its sympathetic insight into the life of the factory girl, or the pathetic closing sketch, "Mrs. Risley's Christmas Dinner," will fail to be grateful.

Mrs. Higginson is as uncompromising with the hard sides of her subjects as Hamlin Garland himself, but in the sand of the commonplace she plants the flower of the beautiful in human nature as Mr. Garland often forgets to do. Mary Wilkins or Sarah Orne Jewett are fairer comparisons, and taking into consideration the difference in the life pictured, Mrs. Higginson does not suffer placed by the side of either of them.

¹Works of Lord Byron. New York: The Macmillan Company: 1897. \$1.75.

²The Flower that Grew in the Sand. By Ella Higginson. Seattle: The Calvert Company: 1896.

New Edition of Mathews's Works.¹

SCOTT, FORESMAN & CO., of Chicago, have brought out in uniform binding a new and handsome edition of Doctor William Mathews's valuable essays and sketches. *Hours with Men and Books, Oratory and Orators, Words, Their Use and Abuse.* In their respective fields the books are perfect cyclopedias, and are invaluable to the writer and scholar. They are illustrated with full page pictures of the eminent thinkers of the century. In his introduction to *Orators and Oratory* Mathews pleads for the almost lost art and deprecates that oratory is fast losing its hold on the feeling of all classes. The book should be in the hands of every public speaker, whether he aims to be a Cicero or simply a Grant.

A Tale of the Indian Mutiny.²

THE novel of the year is without doubt Mrs. Steel's remarkable story of the Indian Mutiny, *On the Face of the Waters*. It is hard to make one believe that there can be any second writer of Indian stories after Rudyard Kipling, hence the surprise and pleasure is doubled after a few pages of this new story-teller. In fact there is not a thing in her story that suggests in any way a Kipling influence. She writes of India, its life, customs, religion, and oddities, as she saw them, and she is every bit as close and accurate an observer as Kipling. One can hardly believe it possible for any foreigner, especially a woman, to know so familiarly so many aspects of the diversified and varied Indian life. She sketches the palace at Delhi with the same deliberate, careful stroke that she does the hovel of the bullock-driver. She enters into the thought of the *suttee* as though she were one of them, and makes you live in the bazaar as in the mosque. Not once do you catch her straining. There is rather a reserve power in all her descriptions. The cold official record of the great Sepoy rebellion is exciting reading by itself, but treated as Mrs. Steel treats it there is no more engrossing chapter in romance. Her characters are the actual characters in the terrible tragedy, and her scenes true to the day, the hour, and even the weather. It is a novel of action and does not contain a page we would wish left out.

Some Educational Books.

NOT based upon, but better still, collected from, the actual work done in class, beginning with the second year, at which time children are supposed to have mastered all combinations up to 10, exercises ranging in order from 10 to 20, from 20 to 40, from 40 to 100, and from 100 to thousands under the title of *Two Years in Numbers*³; followed by more difficult work involving much drill upon the fundamental processes and Common Fractions in the *Junior Arithmetic*; and then, by the still more difficult and practical work from Decimal Fractions to Mensuration in the *Senior Arithmetic*, have been collected by the

author into the three books which constitute the series. The topical arrangement is so natural and so logical, the gradation so very easy, and the drill and review work so abundant, as to commend the books to every teacher of the subject. Definitions are brief, though explicit, and comparatively few. No answers are given save in case of illustrative examples; and only six pages are devoted to Mensuration. Whether as text-book or as supplementary work, the books will be found of great value in the classes to which they are respectively adapted.

TO THAT teacher, whether he be versed in or whether he be unread in the subject, if he honestly and earnestly wishes to present the subject of physical science in an inductive manner; if he wishes to encourage the energetic and worthy and teach the halt and the lame to lean upon themselves; if he wishes such a carefully arranged list of experiments as will at once and continually enlist the liveliest interest and investigation—"observation lessons so arranged as to become an incentive to logical reasoning," and all culminating in a profound love for Nature, let him read and use *Inductive Physical Science*.⁴

A CAREFUL study of the *Teachers' Manual of the Natural System of Vertical Writing*⁵, a thorough examination of the books, and a study of the actual results of the system, conclusively show that the authors have most thoroughly worked out the system along the path of the least natural resistance. Beginning with position and movement, the authors have endeavored to arrive at that which is most common and natural; and it is claimed that the position and movement advocated are those habitually assumed by persons who write constantly. Legibility has been secured by approximating the print form as nearly as possible consistent with ease of execution. Vertical writing has hitherto been objected to on the ground that it is slow. Speed has been carefully worked out in the *Natural System* and the results seem to indicate that it is as rapid, if not more so, than slant writing.

THE teacher, the student, the lover of literature, the "book-worm," must all concur in the opinion of Miss Anna C. Murphy when they read *Introduction to American Literature*⁶. After reading the book, Miss Murphy writes as follows:

"I am entirely pleased with the little book, not only for the grace and ease of the author's style,—which would carry one if his theme were 'Patent Office Reports,'—but for the absorbing interest of the subject-matter chosen, the unerring art in presenting salient points, the suggestive exposition of the relations and affinities of the different men, and their works and their times, and the sturdy Americanism which preaches the doctrine of our national independence in literature.

If Mr. Matthews had worked in conjunction with the editors of the Revised California Read-

¹Works of Dr. Mathews. III Vols. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.: 1896.

²On the Face of the Waters. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: The Macmillan Co.: 1897. \$1.50.

³Two Years With Numbers. Junior Arithmetic, and Senior Arithmetic. By Charles E. White. D. C. Heath and Company: Boston, New York, and San Francisco.

⁴Inductive Physical Science. By F. H. Bailey. *Ibid.*

⁵Manual of the Natural System of Vertical Writing. By A. F. Newlands and R. K. Row. *Ibid.*

⁶Introduction to American Literature. By Brander Matthews. American Book Company: New York.

ers and Grammar, he could not have prepared a volume more to their liking to put into the hands of pupils in the eighth and ninth grades of our schools, to supplement the extracts, amplify the biographies, and strengthen the literary perspective of these text-books."

EVERYTHING essential for first year's study of German is presented in a logical order in *First Year In German*,¹ that is, the grammatical facts first needed for reading and most easily comprehended are those first presented.

A passage of connected reading is first given, — necessarily, of course, a very simple one in the earlier lessons, — so arranged as to introduce the grammar in an orderly manner. The new words are then given separately with their meanings, followed by notes which explain and enlarge upon the inflectional and syntactical points occurring in the text.

THE author of *Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry*² avoids the very common error of overloading his treatise with a mass of irrelevant matter, which results only in perplexity and discouragement to the student. The tables are a special feature of the book. They are printed from differentiated type on tinted paper easily to distinguish them and to facilitate their use both in class and field work.

The numerical examples have uniformly been computed by the author with special reference to correctness in the last decimal place. Five-Place Tables have been adopted, and the angles in the examples are given to the nearest tenth of a minute, as the arrangement is the one best adapted to the instruments ordinarily used by engineers. The illustrations and figures are beautifully executed; and the typography, paper, and binding, are of the best. The Trigonometry and Tables are furnished separately or together, as desired.

IF ONE would put something charming, something of literary, historical, or biographical value, into the hands of his child, — boy or girl, — let him subscribe for the *Young Folk's Library of Choice Literature*³. It is a semi-monthly, presented in a neat paper-covered pamphlet edition, printed in large type upon excellent paper and its stories are told in just that manner which at once delights and informs the reader.

THERE are thousands of teachers who cannot possibly attend the meetings of the National Teachers' Association; but there are few who cannot afford to secure the *Addresses and Proceedings of the National Educational Association*⁴. Of course, the published address always lacks the life, the individuality, the magnetism, of the speaker; but the facts established or discussed by him remain the same; and often the lecture

studied in the library is of more value than when delivered from the rostrum. Then, too, he who has the book has everything (for everything said and done is published), while he who listens hears but part (for the work of the Association is divided into many sections). The last report is a volume of 1088 pages — a veritable library of education. It is hardly necessary to comment. It is a known fact that the addresses delivered upon such occasions come from men who are among the very best thinkers and investigators of the age, and men, too, who can give the results of their investigations, — men who, agreeing, strengthen each other and who, differing, accord to each other the same honesty of purpose.

The Man Who Laughs.⁵

AS A story "*L'Homme Qui Rit*" is as weird as it is fascinating. At the time it was written the public, who were disciples of the naturalistic school, refused to accept it, and Hugo, piqued by this check, returned to historical fiction and wrote "Ninety-Three," one of the most remarkable historical creations of French literature. Today, however, the lovers of a good story would not exchange *The Man Who Laughs* for a library of such works. The scene of the story is London during the years 1655-1702, and the characters Ursus, Homo, Josiana, Lord David, Gwynplaine, Dea, and Borkelphedro, occupy a unique place in fiction. The new Library edition of Little, Brown & Company places the work within reach of all English readers. It is handsomely bound and printed and illustrated with full page washes by L. I. Bridgman. No better or cheaper edition of the book has ever been published.

Short Stories by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.⁶

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER, the author of "English Cathedrals," has made her name well known as a writer on art and architecture and as a worker in the cause of education. Of late her name has been attached to several short stories, and four of these are now gathered into a little volume. *One Man Who Was Content*, which gives the title to the collection, is a profound psychological study and called out a number of personal tributes upon its recent appearance in *The Century Magazine*. It preaches the gospel of contentment along the largest, noblest lines; for the hero of the tale gives as the source of his happiness the sense that he has really lived the life of a man; that he wanted and obtained, aspired and realized, possessed and enjoyed, fought with his special fate and gained the victory. The other stories in the book are "Mary," "The Lustigs," and "Corinna's Fiammetta." The last two are based upon life in the poorer quarters of a great city, founded upon Mrs. Van Rensselaer's experience as Inspector of Common Schools in New York.

⁵The Man Who Laughs. By Victor Hugo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: 11 vols.

⁶One Man Who Was Content. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. New York: The Century Co.: 1897. \$1.00.

¹First Year in German. By I. Keller. *Ibid.*

²Elements of Plane and Solid Trigonometry. By C. W. Crockett. *Ibid.*

³Young Folk's Library of Choice Literature. Educational Publishing Company: San Francisco. \$1.00 per year.

⁴Addresses and Proceedings of the National Educational Association. Secretary Irwin Shepherd, Winona, Minnesota.

Prisoners of Conscience.¹

THE scene of Mrs. Barr's last story is laid in the Shetland islands, and her characters are the fisher-folk. These people are brought up in the strictest tenets of Calvinism, hedged about, as the author says, with the "phantoms of a gloomy creed." It is this fact that explains the title of the story. A tragedy enters the life of the hero and heroine, and through its influence there are brought to them the comfort and the consolation that a milder faith has drawn from the Scriptures. The story was published, in briefer form, in *The Century Magazine*, and called out many tributes to its power and its fidelity in character portrayal. Mrs. Barr has now prefixed to it an account of the life, love, and early death, of the hero's father, Liot Borson. As the sin of the father is visited upon the son, this throwing of light upon David's antecedents still further strengthens the novel. There are a number of illustrations by Louis Loeb, who was sent to the Shetland islands to make the drawings on the spot. The book has a novel cover, designed by William S. Hadaway. The side panel shows through a rude window a storm-tossed boat, silhouetted against the setting sun.

The Macmillan Balzac.

THE last issue of the Macmillan edition of Balzac's novels is the author's historical study, *About Catherine de' Medici*². The novel was fully reviewed in a late number of the magazine. Its historical trend is too well known to require repetition. As a story it deals with a period and a group of historical characters that furnish a ready-made background which Balzac handles with the touch of a master. In the preface George Saintsbury explains the purpose of the novel. "Politically, his (Balzac's) object was, at least by his own account, to defend the maxim that private and public morality are different; that the policy of a State cannot be, and ought not to be, governed by the same considerations of duty to its neighbors as those which ought to govern the conduct of an individual." The translation is by Clara Bell. It is illustrated by three full-page half-tone reproductions of etchings by D. Murray Smith. It is printed on uncut rough-edged paper and bound in green cloth and gold, uniform with the others of the series. It is a handsome volume.

Shinn's Story of the Mine.³

NEEDS not to tell OVERLAND readers or West Coast people of the style of a work by Charles Howard Shinn. They know the clear, flowing, somewhat ornate treatment he gives any subject he touches,—they know too that he has the poetic imagination, and they are not quite sure always that a statement of fact made by him is not a bit tinged by that imagination.

¹Prisoners of Conscience. By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. New York: The Century Co.: 1897. \$1.50.

²About Catherine de' Medici. By Honoré de Balzac. The Macmillan Co.: New York: 1897. \$1.50.

³The Story of the Mine. By Charles Howard Shinn. New York: D. Appleton and Company: 1896.

In the book in hand the Comstock lode and its great place in all Pacific Coast history has given large scope for Mr. Shinn's powers. Rightly he chooses it as the most striking example in the whole field to show the methods, the vicissitudes, and the characteristic phases, of the search for a mining region, its discovery, development, exploitation, and its far-reaching effect on the movement of population, and upon the world of finance.

Even if Mr. Shinn idealizes his prospectors and miners, and invokes the myth-making spirit as his chosen muse, his book is interesting and valuable. It gives, as it never has been done before, so far as we know, a connected story of a great mining district, and enables the reader to know and enter into a life that is unique, interesting, and as far removed from common observation as the East is from the West. And Mr. Shinn's style gives charm and power to the story, for he shows the life of the "hard rock miner," its dangers and its hardships, and redeeming these, the wonderful ingenuity, perseverance, courage, heroism, and fidelity, that overcomes them.

Mr. Shinn, we are told, has achieved the triumph of writing a book that mining men themselves read with delight and accept as the prose epic of their conquest of the underworld.

A Venezuelan Voyage.⁴

MR. MORRIS's friends will be glad to read his book, they will be delighted to know that he saw so many picturesque places and peoples, made so many pleasant acquaintances, had so many invitations to elaborate social functions, and enjoyed it all so keenly. Whether people outside of the charmed circle of Mr. Morris's friends will take any deep interest in his book is more doubtful. They will look in vain for any graphic descriptions of nature or the works of man, any keen insight or large sympathy, or any new light on the political questions regarding Venezuela that have roused the world. Not that we would speak harshly of the book. Any person compelled to read it is likely in a measure to count himself in the list of Mr. Morris's friends, and be glad for him that his journey was enjoyable, but its disconnected style and cheerful way of throwing in entirely irrelevant bits of information have a way of disconcerting the casual reader. It is well, too, to read the book through at a sitting; for owing to the peculiarities mentioned, if one's place in its pages is lost, there is not much hope of ever finding it again.

Briefer Notice.

*A Story Teller's Pack*⁵ is a collection of eleven stories in Frank R. Stockton's brightest vein, and a preface which is as good as a story in itself, acquainting the reader with what is to follow in remarkably few and well chosen words. It may be pardonable to introduce Mr. Stockton's "ancient mariners," in an incident of "The Widow Cruise," one of the collection of stories.

⁴With the Trade-Winds. By Ira Nelson Morris. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1897.

⁵A Story Teller's Pack. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York: 1897.

"Madam," said Captain Bird, "we have all made a good meal, which don't need to be no better nor more of it, and we're satisfied, but that horse out there has not had time to rest himself enough to go eight miles that lies ahead of us, so if it's all the same to you and this good lady, we'd like to sit on that front porch awhile and smoke our pipes. I was a-looking at that porch when I came along, and I bethought to myself what a rare good place it was to smoke a pipe in."

"There's pipes been smoked there," said the widow rising, "and it can be done again. Inside the house I don't allow tobacco, but on the porch neither of us minds."

This is all very nice and quaint and quite like Stockton, but the long-strung-out sentences of Captain Bird would not be forgiven to a younger writer and are not natural to an old son of the sea.

The book is beautifully bound and is printed in clear large type. The illustrations are in line and half tone by Kemble, Alice Barber Stephens, Frank Small, and W. T. Smedley.

THE story of *Stephen Lescombe, B. A.*¹ as told by Julius Hurst runs smoothly through a succession of chapters that unfold as thoroughly sad and hopeless a story as could well be written. But the work is well done, and while at times there is a faint suspicion of exaggeration in the delineation of the character of Major Willings, the rest of the tale is natural even to simplicity. Given, a young girl who falls in love with Lescombe, and Lescombe, a young man, not of the period, with little self-reliance, plenty of education but not of the kind to lend him aid in a battle with the world. These two lovers are separated by circumstances and a designing mother and a rascally major, — who aspires and wins the girl's hand. It is a tale of continual disappointment for Lescombe and a chain of events which to the reader appear like a night mare that holds his unwilling attention until the end of the last chapter when the heroine answers to Mr. Harding's questions:—

"Can I see him?"

"The woman's mouth seemed to harden.

"Stephen Lescombe is not here," she said; "he died an hour ago."

"Then the lawyer noticed her eyes were red with weeping."

*A Child's History of Animals*² is a showy book of over three hundred pages, illustrated on almost every page with striking wood-cuts of a wide range of animals. A number of colored plates still further adds to the attractiveness of the book in the eyes of those whom it is designed to please. The text is made up of short descriptions of each of the animals pictured, and anecdotes about them. It is well compiled, and will help the young people to pass pleasantly and instructively many an otherwise idle hour. The problem of the age is to sugarcoat learning so that it may be administered to youthful impatient without holding their noses. This book is a

good attempt in solving its section of that problem.

This is the first book we have had for notice published by the Occidental Publishing Company of Oakland. The Company has lately started, we are told, but it begins bravely with Doctor Talmage's "The Earth Girdled" and another notable book of travels, "Two Women Abroad," and "The Elocutionist's Library." All of these are worth the consideration of school libraries.

ALL who are interested in the study of *Domestic Service*³ should read Miss Salmon's new book based on information obtained by sending out through a period of two years, a series of blanks, one to be filled out by employers, one by employees, and one asking for miscellaneous information from many who are supposed to have exceptional opportunities for forming judgments on the subject. The book deals with such topics as the following: The History of Domestic Service in this Country with its changing Aspects; The Scales of Wages paid to Domestic Servants; Difficulties in Domestic Service from the Standpoint of the Employer; from the Standpoint of the Servants; Advantages in Domestic Service; Its Social Disadvantages; Doubtful Remedies which have been proposed and occasionally Tried; Possible Remedies and General Principles underlying them. In conclusion the book makes a strong plea for a further scientific study of the industry and for the recognition of its place in the industrial field on the part of statisticians and economic specialists.

CAPTAIN KING has identified himself with the accurate and vivid portrayal of garrison life. In addition to his faithful rendition of details, he gives his readers, in *Fort Frayne*,⁴ an interesting story, where the characters are human, natural, and knowable. His personages become living realities whom you seem to have met and cultivated to the extent of forming your own judgment of their characters and motives.

Magnhild,⁵ a novel of a phase of Norwegian life by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, I am afraid will never be very popular in this country. Edmund Gosse, its editor, says in a short bibliographical note:—

"The publication of this book produced a violent impression in Scandinavia, and led to much polemical discussion. Bjørnson replied several times to his assailants."

This remark excites interest at once and keeps the reader on the *qui quise* from start to finish, but we fear to American readers it will prove to have little meaning. In fact, the book strikes one as more than ordinarily stupid. Its style is jerky and uneven, and the something that is expected never happens. All this may reflect on the present reviewer, yet if others can discover the "violent impression," they are welcome to the shock.

³Domestic Service. By L. M. Salmon. The Macmillan Co.: New York: 1897. \$2.00.

⁴Fort Frayne. By Captain Charles King. New York: F. Tennyson Neely: 1897.

⁵Magnhild and Dust. By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. New York: The Macmillan Co.: 1897. For sale in San Francisco by the Emporium Book Department. \$1.25.

¹Stephen Lescombe, Bachelor of Arts. By Julius H. Hurst. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1897.

²Child's History of Animals: Edited by Lida Brooks Miller. Occidental Publishing Company: Oakland, California: 1897.

CHARLES M. SKINNER has handled his subject in a masterly manner in *Nature in a City Yard*,¹ and has been likened by reviewers to "an urban Thoreau." Indeed, given the same opportunity, it is doubtful whether Thoreau could have made as much of his subject, though there is a certain homeliness of expression that reminds of the Sage of Walden. While a student, he is not a dreamer, and the creation of the "Mc-Gonigle boy," who climbs fences and does all sorts of unmentionable things, has a humor entirely beyond the scope of the woodland philosopher.

IN George P. Merrill's treatise on *Rock-Weathering and Soil*² the writer has endeavored to bring together in systematic form the results of several years of study of the phenomena attendant upon rock degeneration and rock formation. Although beginning with a discussion of rocks and rock-forming minerals, the work must be treated in no sense as a petrology, as this word is commonly used. What is here given relative to the origin, structure, and composition, of rock mass, is regarded as essentially an introduction to the chapters on rock-weathering. The portion dealing with the structure and composition of the resultant materials is an essential corollary to these same chapters.

The work is handsomely illustrated, written in easy popular style, and carefully sub-divided. It is a work for the library as well as for the school.

IN THE interest of its subject matter, as well as in its literary and mechanical execution, Carpenter's new *Geographical Reader*³ is by far the most attractive book of its kind. The author, who is an experienced traveler and writer, has here given the results of his recent extended journeys through the different countries of Asia, together with personal observations of their native peoples, just as they are found today in their homes and at their work.

The plan of the book, together with its charm of style, makes it specially interesting and valuable. The reader is made to accompany Mr. Carpenter on his travels, taking ship with him at Vancouver, visiting first Japan, and then proceeding to the several Asiatic countries in turn. Each chapter is as entertaining as a story, besides conveying a large amount of valuable information. Indeed the book might appropriately be called, "A trip through Asia with the Children."

The work is, however, far more than a record of travel. It is a close, intelligent, sympathetic survey of the customs, commerce, religions, government, and surroundings, of the various races of the oldest and most interesting countries in the world. Geography is thus studied from its human side, in accordance with the teachings of the best modern pedagogical thought.

The interest and effectiveness of the book is

¹ *Nature in a City Yard*. By Charles M. Skinner. The Century Co.: New York: 1897.

² *Rock-Weathering and Soil*. By George P. Merrill. New York: Macmillan Co. 1897.

³ *Carpenter's Geographical Reader. Asia*. By Frank G. Carpenter. American Book Company: New York: 1897. Sixty cents.

greatly enhanced by the illustrations, which are found on almost every page. They are remarkably good half-tone reproductions from photographs taken by the author on the ground. The work is also supplied with a number of clear, well executed maps of Asia and all its countries.

CURTIS GUILD has given us in *A Chat About Celebrities*⁴ not only a delightful volume, but a valuable one. It supplies many heretofore unpublished reminiscences and anecdotes. Mr. Guild's method is unique. Having been presented with a volume of "Yesterdays with Authors," by Mr. James T. Fields, just before the death of Mr. Fields, Mr. Guild conceived the idea of "extra illustrating" the volume, by inserting or binding up with it portraits, landscapes, and other works of art, bearing a reference to its contents. And so as a memento of his friend, Mr. Guild extended the one volume to four books, and in this *Chat About Celebrities* he tells the story of this illustrated copy of "Yesterdays with Authors."

Of course there is not much method in such a book of chatty reminiscences, but the personality of many old favorites is entertainingly given, and the reader meets in the "Old Corner Book-store," Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Rufus Choate, Henry Ward Beecher, President Pierce, and many others who used to patronize it. And from Boston he is conducted to England's memorial spots, and follows Dickens in his various haunts and shakes hands with Thackeray and Wilkie Collins. Then back in America he listens to a joke on P. T. Barnum, sits behind Daniel Webster when he makes his famous speech, and stands by the side of Charlotte Cushman when she makes her farewell appearance on the stage. We get a glimpse at De Quincey, Martin Tupper, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; descend from Miss Martineau to Tom Thumb; glance from Mrs. Siddons to Mozart; listen to Jenny Lind, and later laugh at the dry wit of Abraham Lincoln, and admire the stately Charles Sumner.

THIS *Story of Jane Austen*⁵ by Adams is of great value to book lovers and those readers who people their library with the ghosts of bygone authors, but as a book for general cultivation it is doubtful if it will ever attain even the limited editions of previous lives of the same author by other biographers.

The book is constructed on somewhat different lines from the biographies previously published, it being the intention of the author to place Jane Austen "before the world as the winsome, delightful woman that she was, and thus dispel the unattractive, not to say forbidding, mental picture which so many have formed of her." Mr. Adams has spent much time and effort in the preparation of the story, having visited all localities once familiar to Jane Austen. The descriptions of Bath, Steventon, Chawton, and other places are interesting and accurate.

⁴ *A Chat About Celebrities*. By Curtis Guild. Lee and Shepard: Boston: 1897.

⁵ *The Story of Jane Austen*. By Oscar Fay Adams. Lee and Shepard: Boston: 1893.

*Captain Molly*¹ is a story of an impossible young woman, the daughter of a rich banker who becomes a Salvation Army Captain, and of an improbable young man who joins the Army for love of her.

The story is cleverly put together and is in a measure a philippic against the churchly money

¹Captain Molly. By Mary A. Denison. Lee and Shepard: Boston: 1896.

changer and his special ministry. It will appeal to the more ascetic of the protestant faith. Meanwhile Pharisees are in many temples and will probably hold them unless some one puts up the shekels to lift the mortgage, and then it will simply be a change of masters. Miss Denison has done better work. The book is well printed and nicely bound.



Pacific Coast Advertising.

ADVERTISING, as it is known in the East, — what might be called scientific advertising, — is in its infancy on the Pacific coast. San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific coast, has but one magazine of any great moment. The advertising that is to be obtained on the coast is principally of a class that might be called local, such as dry goods houses and machinery establishments. Just at present, however, there are several enterprises that are getting into prominence throughout the United States, and which might be ranked with the better class of advertising in the East, such as California Fig Syrup, which has already been generally advertised; Ghiradelli's Chocolates, Schilling's Teas, and Paul Rieger's California colognes. Outside of this class of advertising, there is, of course, that of the great summer resorts like Del Monte, Coronado, and Castle Crags, which have been in the past, and are still, general advertisers.

What the advertisers of the coast need is such a paper as *Advertising Experience*, month after month to talk them out of a certain class of advertising which has become almost a profession. That is what we call souvenir advertising.

Souvenir advertising is a class of advertising that is carried on by means of pamphlets and small circulars and books. For example, a Christian Endeavor convention comes to San Francisco. Two or three sharp advertising men come together and publish a handsome book full of fine half-tones, containing pictures of the prominent Endeavorers, also a lot of stock cuts of beauties of the coast. On every other page they place local advertising and write-ups of locally prominent men. There is at least one of these books a week placed before advertisers soliciting their business. In fact, all the money that naturally

goes into advertising channels in the East through magazines and reputable newspapers, on the Pacific coast, is eaten up by this souvenir publication scheme.

There seems to be at present no particular field for professional advertising men on the coast. From Portland to San Diego there are only a little more than a million and a half people, and necessarily the firms are not large enough to support this class of work, however good it may be.

ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN,

In Advertising Experience.

MARK TWAIN refers to his new book of travels in Australia, India, and South Africa, a new "Innocents Abroad," as follows: "I am more than satisfied with it these latter days. I would n't trade it for any book I have ever written, and I am not an easy person to please." The book will be published in the fall by the American Publishing Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

The same house have also in preparation a new, and the only complete, uniform edition of Mark Twain's works, printed from new plates and illustrated by a number of the best American artists.

THE New York *Mail and Express* of March 29th says:—The ghosts of Beethoven and Bach would certainly be at home in New York on June 24th next were they permitted to attend the nineteenth convention of the National Association of teachers of music, at the Grand Central Palace. At the last meeting of the executive committee a prominent society leader, Mrs. Theodore Sutro, was elected national president of the woman's division. The compliment was merited in every way. Mrs. Sutro is one of the ablest, if not the ablest, amateur musician in the United States, and has a deep and sincere love for that sweetest

of all arts. She is a composer of great ability, whose compositions have been performed and approved by the great leaders of both this country and Europe. She recently compiled a charming little handbook upon the history of "Women musicians in the United States," and is the writer of many articles upon the history, development, literature, and biography, of music.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN, & CO., Boston, will shortly begin, in conjunction with Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., of London, the publication of a history of the Royal Navy, commencing with the earliest times and coming down to 1898. It will be in five royal octavo volumes, and will be choicely printed and fully illustrated. Captain Alfred T. Mahan and Theodore Roosevelt are among the contributors.

AMONG the forthcoming works to be published by Little, Brown, & Co., is a new historical romance by George R. R. Rivers, author of "The Governor's Garden," entitled "Captain Shays, a Populist of 1786." The scenes of the story are chiefly laid in Boston and Petersham, Massachusetts, and the motive is the discontent of the farmers and the noted "Shays' Rebellion" which arose from it.

THE California Lecture and Scholarship Association, recently organized by J. H. Meenach, Ph. D., in Santa Cruz, has for its purpose two most worthy objects. One is to provide the means to aid deserving young men and women to secure the advantages of instruction in some of the higher institutions of learning in the United States. The other end, which all may enjoy and profit by, is to provide, through systematic co-operation with the lecture forces of the world, a lecture service of high order and at cheap rate, for cities, towns, villages, and country places, throughout the United States.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY under Rounseville Wildman, has become more and more a typical Western product. It is a general opinion that literature is not local and should not be localized; but one cannot but think the plan a wise one in this case. Its westernness must evidently commend it to Eastern readers as well as

those of its own locality, since Western literature is even more popular here than in its home.

The editor is nothing if not revolutionary, and it is to be noted that he defiantly opens his magazine with a department—when other magazines close with them. He has reduced the well remembered bear, who always stood snarling at the suppositiously approaching train on the cover, to a very subordinate position, and introduced figures of Indians and buffalo and "such like" on that heretofore staid and sacred expanse; but he has introduced as well a swing and movement in the conduct of the magazine which should bring success—is bringing success—if one may judge by the fact that the advertising pages, the true pulse of a publication's health, show a better volume under his management.—*Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times.*

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS OR PUPILS.

For the best story of three thousand words, more or less, the OVERLAND MONTHLY offers a prize of One Hundred Dollars Cash. A second prize of Fifty Dollars Cash will be given for the second best story.

The conditions are that the contestant must be a scholar or teacher in a public school, or in a school receiving State aid, in California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho or Arizona.

Stories may be mailed until August 31st, when the contest will close, and the successful story will be published in the October number.

Stories should be written on one side only of sheets of note or letter sizes.

The name and address of the writer and statement as to connection with a school, should be placed in a sealed envelope, and the envelope pasted on the final page of the manuscript.

Address all manuscript:

Prize Editor, OVERLAND MONTHLY,
San Francisco.



THE SPERRY FLOUR MILLS AT STOCKTON.

Photograph by Rothery.

OVERLAND MONTHLY REPORTS

THE MATERIAL PROGRESS OF CALIFORNIA IV — PURE FOOD — THE FLOURING INDUSTRY

[SO MUCH interest has been awakened by the Pure Food Movement, not only locally but over a large territory, that the OVERLAND has thought it best to modify the plan of this series of Reports, by devoting it for some months to articles on food products, beginning with the great staples. We have entrusted the compiling of this series to Mrs. S. E. Rothery. They are to be constructive rather than destructive, building up worthy and creditable enterprises, and leaving it to the duly constituted authorities to expose and punish.—ED. OVERLAND.]

THE manufacturing of flour has been one of the principal industries of California since its settlement by Europeans.

The growing of wheat and the making of flour were introduced with the first coming of the Padres. In the beginning the wheat was reduced by hand grinding but very soon, little primitive mills were constructed on the water courses near the missions, and in a short time more

flour was produced than was required for their consumption, and then export on a small scale was begun. The Russians

bought supplies for their northern settlements as early as 1809, and the Hudson Bay Company for their Columbia River factories, and there was a small export to Honolulu as early as the thirties; but after the missions were scattered by the Mexican government, agriculture declined, the currents of trade were reversed, and flour was brought in here from Oregon. Afterwards, in 1848, came the discovery of gold, when under the influences of the gold fever, agriculture was abandoned and everybody flocked to the mines. Flour was imported from Oregon, from Australia, and from Chile, but after the first mad craze for gold had exhausted itself, men began to return to their old employments; farming was resumed, and by 1852, quite a little crop of wheat was raised in this State. Of course, the building of flour mills followed the production of wheat, and among the first to be erected was the Golden Gate mill, which was put up in San Francisco on the north side of Pine street just below Kearny. It was a little affair, milling probably not over fifty barrels per diem, but as time went on it was gradually increased until, in 1868, it had grown to five hundred barrels a day. Then it was moved to First street where it expanded to a thousand a day.



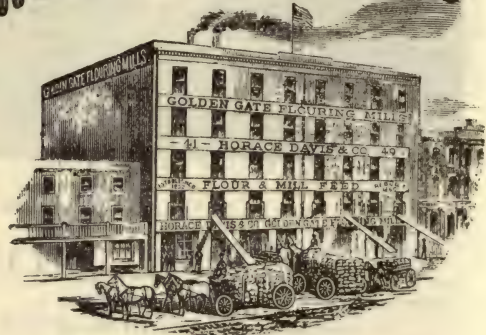
THE OLD GOLDEN GATE MILLS.

During this period the raising of wheat had spread into the interior, and in 1852, the Sperrys, Austin and Willard, put up a small barley mill in Stockton. Succeeding in this venture, they purchased the flour mill of Paige and Webster and thus started the Sperry flour mills. They were prosperous and increased their business year by year, until finally their mill reached the capacity of twelve hundred barrels a day. Other mills were erected in the different towns of the northern part of the State, and among

the earliest of them were the Pioneer mills of Sacramento, the Buckeye mills of Marysville, and the McCreary mills of Sacramento.

As population gradually spread to the

HORACE DAVIS & CO



GOLDEN GATE MILLS IN SAN FRANCISCO, 1868.

southward the San Joaquin and Salinas valleys were turned into wheat fields, and small mills were built in many places throughout this territory. Along in the



VIEW OF PRESENT GOLDEN GATE MILLS, STOCKTON, CAL.

Photograph by Rothery.



MILLS NOW BELONGING TO THE SPERRY FLOUR COMPANY.

Compiled by Rothery

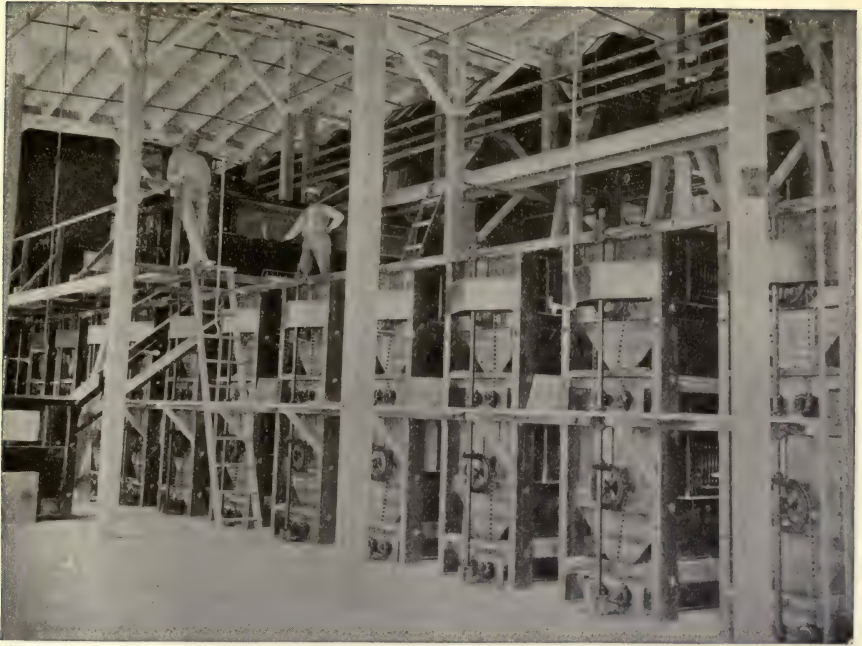
eighties several of these mills between San José and San Luis Obispo, finding competition very sharp, united their interests and formed a company called the Central Milling Company. Their principal brands of flour were the Drifted Snow, so well known throughout the State, and the Victor of Hollister. As business became more and more closely competed, several efforts were made to effect a union of the principal mills, but they were not successful until 1892, when a new company was formed called The Sperry Flour Company, which purchased the properties and business of the six companies mentioned above. It was thought that by combining them under one management their trade could be benefited and greater economy effected in the manufacture and sale of their products, and when the Sperry Flour Company was finally formed in September, 1892, it inherited the property and business of these different concerns. It has today under its control, ten flour mills, stretching all the way from Chico to San Luis Obispo, with a joint capacity of about six thousand barrels per diem, besides two mills that are run exclusively upon barley. They employ steam power

everywhere, with the exception of the Fresno mill, which is propelled by electricity derived from a mountain stream thirty-five miles away.

The combination of these mills is in no sense a monopoly, as they do not comprise more than twenty-five or thirty per cent of the milling capacity of the State, for many other large mills besides these have been erected at different points during the period above referred to. It has, however, been successful in the matter of greater economy of production and more intelligent management of the business, and so far it has been a public benefit.

The mills of the Sperry Flour Company are roller mills, constructed with all modern improvements and making a high grade of flour with every possible economy. The manufacturing of flour is by no means a simple process, although the impression prevails that nothing is necessary but to open the sack and pour in the wheat, and it comes out first class flour. But in fact when the wheat is received from the ranch, it contains a plentiful sprinkling of oats, barley, straw-joints, and other similar impurities, besides a good proportion of real estate in



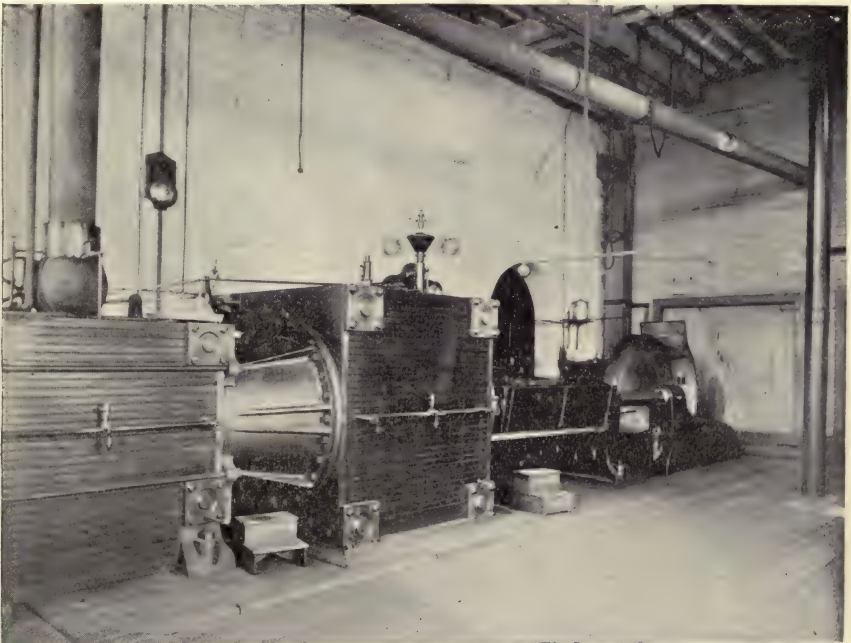


THE BOLTERS USED IN THE UNION MILLS.

Photograph by Rothery.

the solid form. First all these have to be carefully separated by machinery adapted for the purpose, then the wheat must be scoured, and all the field dust and other dirt

knocked off from the berry before it is fit to be reduced. Then it is passed through a series of corrugated rollers, whose function it is to separate the flour from the



Photograph by Rothery.

THE 750 H. P. COMPOUND TANDEM ENGINE WHICH MOVES ALL THE MACHINERY OF THE LARGE UNION MILLS, STOCKTON.
VOL. xxix.—43.



MAKING CASES FOR GERMEA.

Photograph by Rothery.

bran, or skin of the wheat, and from the germ. The germ, which is a sweetish oily product, is segregated so far as it can be, and is put up mixed with more or

less of the sharp unground middlings for a breakfast food under the well-known name of GERMEA. The packing of this is represented in one of the illustrations.



A CORNER IN THE GERMEA PACKING ROOM.

Photograph by Rothery.



VIEW FROM ROOF OF UNION MILLS, SHOWING SPERRY MILLS, WATER FRONT, ETC., AND A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STOCKTON.

Photograph by Rothery.

The angular fragments of wheat that are broken out from the bran are then crushed in a series of smooth and highly polished rollers, and after each rolling, whether corrugated or smooth, the product is carefully sifted through a cylinder covered with silk prepared for the purpose, commonly called bolting cloth. When all this is done, we have on the one side, flour; on the other side, mill offals, commonly called bran and middlings.

And when the flour is made it must still be sacked and weighed, and every day

test. Every day a skilled baker mixes dough, and bakes the bread out of the day's run, to ensure absolute certainty as to its quality.

The flour is divided into two or three grades according to the business it is intended for, and the offals are separated into bran and middlings, the bran being generally fed to cows, because it is especially conducive to the production of milk, and the middlings being better fed to horses as having more strength and nourishment.

For all this work the company keeps



A CORNER IN THE FLOUR PACKING DEPARTMENT.

Photograph by Rothery.

the quality must be tested by actual baking. The sacks, holding usually forty-nine pounds, or one quarter of a barrel, are made and printed by the company. They are filled by machinery, but are weighed always by hand to ensure perfect accuracy.

Then after every care has been exercised in the choice of wheat, in the cleaning of it, in the grinding and separation of the constituent parts, and after the flour has been actually sacked and weighed, there still remains the baking

on its pay-roll about five hundred employees. It pays good wages, going on the principle that good work calls for good pay and it has many men who have worked in its mills for twenty-five to thirty years.

The business of the company, as may be supposed, extends over a vast area of territory and is adapted to a great variety of customers. Its domestic trade includes not only the State of California, but a portion of Nevada, and reaches away down to the border of Texas. The

export covers pretty much all the northern half of the Pacific ocean, reaching from Alaska to Guyaquil in South America, and clear across the Pacific ocean to Japan, Siberia, China, and well down into the East Indies. Each section of territory has its own class of flour which it prefers, and usually its own favorite brands. The Golden Gate, which is the oldest brand on the Pacific Coast now in use, is the favorite in San Francisco and Japan. The Sperry flour has a large local circulation, and is especially sought for throughout China and the East Indies.

The experiment of combining these different mills with a view to effecting better business conditions and greater economy, is of more importance than most of our people would consider. The notion prevails here that California has the call upon all flour used within our own territory, to say nothing of our export customers, but the fact is, we are subjected to an exceedingly sharp competition. Oregon is right at our elbow with ample supplies of wheat cheaper than our own, constantly offering flour for less prices than ours, and surprising as it may



MAKING AND PRINTING THE COTTON BAGS, SPERRY MILLS.

Photograph by Rothery.

The Drifted Snow is a favorite in the southern part of the State. The Snowflake, Pioneer, and Buckeye, have excellent local reputations and are also well known abroad. Some of the flours are distinguished for their strength and glutinous quality; these are generally ranked as Bakers' Flour. Among these we might mention The Victor, Big Loaf, the Rising Sun, and the White Rose. There are also other brands with high local reputation, such as the Fresno and the Banner, which are not often seen in San Francisco.

seem to our readers, whenever wheat is proportionately high in this State as compared with other markets, more or less Minneapolis flour is brought clear across the continent and finds a market in California, especially in the cities of the South through the influences of the Santa Fé railroad working for the long haul; and it may be a point of interest to our readers to know that flour from Minneapolis and Dakota has been sent during the last year clear across the continent for shipment to China and Australia. If

any means can be devised whereby our millers can effect greater economy and get out a cheaper product, it certainly ought to be hailed with satisfaction by our own people. The competition in bus-

iness methods today is sharper than it ever has been and I, for one, am glad of any move that will help our State to retain its trade and meet foreign competition under a prosperous business.

Thank you



HON. HORACE DAVIS.

HON. HORACE DAVIS has long been identified with all that is stable in business affairs and best in the social and intellectual life of California, to say nothing of a political career which has led to his election to Congress and to an influence felt in every campaign for many years. A son of "Honest John Davis" of Boston, he was graduated at Harvard in the class of '49, and came to California in 1852. His son graduated in the class of 1897, of the University of California, an institution of which Mr. Davis was for a time President.

Mr. Davis has frequently contributed to OVERLAND pages in past days, the first time being in October, 1868, when he wrote the first article ever printed on wheat raising in California. It was widely copied and was translated into several European languages.

Mr. Davis is a Vice-President General of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, a Vice-President of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and is identified in some prominent way with a great number of institutions and associations that make for good on the West Coast. He is the best type of the progressive and substantial business man.—[Ed. OVERLAND.]





A BEAUTIFUL HOME, BUILT BY THE AID OF THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION.

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS

WHAT THEY ARE DOING IN CALIFORNIA

BY WILLIAM CORBIN, MANAGER OF THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION



DESIRE for a home of one's own is as natural to mankind as the desire for a congenial helpmate to adorn it, and a family to grow up around its hearthstone.

But the desire is not always accompanied with the necessary money to acquire one. Such being the case, some method of co-operation was devised whereby the certain sums of money paid by individuals at regular stated periods could be lumped in a common amount, and this amount invested in land and a building, which was to be occupied by one of the number, subject to certain conditions, and which in time, on the fulfillment of these conditions, would become absolutely his property; the next common amount providing for another contributor, and so forth. This arrangement worked satisfactorily, pro-

vided homes, and is, with extension, expansion, and the addition of the loan feature, the practical Building and Loan Association of today.

These are associations of men of moderate means, for two purposes, namely: to assist one another to acquire homes, and to provide a medium through which those already in possession of the coveted goal, a home, secured possibly by inheritance, may invest their savings profitably and safely, to be loaned to those desiring homes, but who are without the necessary means or credit. The system allows the acquired home to be paid for in an easy manner and at convenient intervals, while at the same time amply protecting the investment of his associate whose savings were loaned to assist in its acquirement.

The general United States history of the inception and success of Building and



A SHAREHOLDER'S COTTAGE, BUILT BY THE AID OF THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION.

Loan Associations is a matter of pleasant and profitable history, but is too long to retell in a magazine article, and it is my purpose now to write of California Associations and the great amount of good they have accomplished in the State in the little over twenty-one years since the formation of the first company, the number of homes built by their aid alone, and the amount of money distributed among the laboring classes of the State.

Prior to 1892 and the formation of a Board of Commissioners of the Building and Loan Associations, the different association accounts were kept individually and as pleased the management. So no very definite figures can be arrived at as to the number of houses built by their aid, and the amount of money received and distributed by them; but from the third annual report of the Building and Loan Commissioners the following approximate fact is obtained, that since their organization these associations have been instrumental in the founding of 9,343 homes. Of these 1,001 were built during the fiscal year covered by this report. That more than nine thousand, and up to the present date more than 11,750, citizens of California can look to this system of co-operation as the chief

means through which they acquired that great desideratum, a home of their own, is one of the proudest boasts of Building and Loan institutions. That these homes are increasing at the rate of more than a thousand a year, through such times of stringency as these, is no less a cause of congratulation than of wonderment.

As before stated, one of the original aims of the founders of this system was to provide a medium through which the working man could procure a home. I doubt much if the originator ever thought of the multitude of benefits that would accrue to the communities in which building and loan associations are in active operation. In California alone over one thousand houses were built in the year 1896. Assuming that every family averages five members, we can safely assert that over five thousand more people were domiciled in their own homes in this State at the end of 1896 than at the close of 1895. And the proportionate increase promised for 1897 is even greater. These thousand houses not only house persons whose interests are with good government, who are of necessity opposed to any subversion of law or order, but house persons whose example encourages others to follow, aiding the prosperity of the State.



A TYPICAL LOS ANGELES HOME, BUILT BY THE AID OF THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION.

In building the average house will be required the services of three carpenters, two laborers, one plasterer, two painters, and one plumber, total number employed, nine. Consequently, in building one thousand houses nine thousand men are required, who are nearly all skilled laborers and receive the pay of such. Now, assuming that it requires about six weeks to build the average house, we find that these associations have given employment to 1,125 men for an entire year. Again, using our average of five to a family, we have 5,625 more people whose support has been derived from and who are directly benefited by this mutual system. Carrying it still further, consider the material used in the construction of these houses, by far the greater proportion of which is the product of our own State, the stone and brick used, the lumber, hardware, plumbers' supplies. In preparing this material for the builders, etc., still more men are employed in our forests, brickyards, quarries, planing mills, pipe foundries, and other establishments, who also feel the direct benefits of these building operations. And the dealer—think of the benefits that must have come from the disbursing of over a million dollars among the material men

of the State in such a stringent year as 1896.

To go still further, the houses being finished and ready for occupancy, they have to be furnished, and then again is reached another class of supply men and workmen, the carpet houses, the furniture stores, the stove and tinshops, — the purveyors of everything of use or adornment in a home, are called on, and they too feel the benefits and derive no inconsiderable sum; for with the home comes a desire for its adornment.

In fact, practically all branches of business and labor are fostered and benefited, and this in all parts of the State.

It must be understood, too, that this large amount was kept in circulation in a year of stagnation in business, when all banking institutions in the State and Nation were calling in every cent possible, and avoiding as much as they possibly could the making of new loans, excepting only the mutual banks which we term Building and Loan Associations.

The question is often asked, if these associations are as solid, and as profitable to the investor, as claimed, why don't the rich men take hold of them? It must be understood that the moment a banker gets hold of an institution of this



A UKIAH DWELLING, BUILT BY THE AID OF THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION.

kind it ceases to be mutual and merges into a private bank. To obviate such danger, most Building and Loan Associations limit the amount of stock that can be carried from ten to two hundred shares, the limit usually being governed by the capital stock authorized to be issued. Many bankers and moneyed men carry the full limit, but the full limit is so small compared with the amount of capital carried by the people at large that it is not noticed, and naturally brings forth the query above quoted. While these associations are as a rule operated by men in the ordinary walks of life, the elements of strength are so prominent that they have shown that no form of banking has been so successful and safe. Of all moneys invested in these associations in the past thirty years, which has amounted to many millions, the loss sustained has been about one tenth of one per cent, while the amount returned to stockholders has been nearly twenty-five per cent more than that paid in.

By referring to the last report of the Building and Loan Commissioners, we learn that at that time there were in active operation in California one hundred and fifty-three associations, with resources of \$21,470,309.88, and that their

receipts for the year past had been \$13,484,792.94, and their disbursements, \$545,374.28 less than that amount. By estimates, not exact figures, obtained from reliable sources, it can be predicted that the report for 1897 will show a decided gain both in resources and the number of outstanding shares.

The growth of Building and Loan Associations in California can best be shown by a comparison.

The Continental Building and Loan Association had on June 30, 1894, 6,507 shares in force. By its eighth semi-annual statement of December 31, 1896, there were 39,861, and at the present time the number of shares reaches over 50,000. Its assets were on June 30, 1894, \$109,377.90; on December 31, 1896, \$395,559.44; and now are something over \$500,000. This money has all been invested in first mortgages on real estate and has been loaned by the Association for the purpose of building homes,—over 350 located in all parts of California having been built by its aid.

This company is only a sample of all the other associations, and its statement is merely used to show the beneficial results of this form of mutual investment and co-operation.

William Corbin.

